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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

MEET PRINCESS MARGARET

PAGE 16

July 17, 1948

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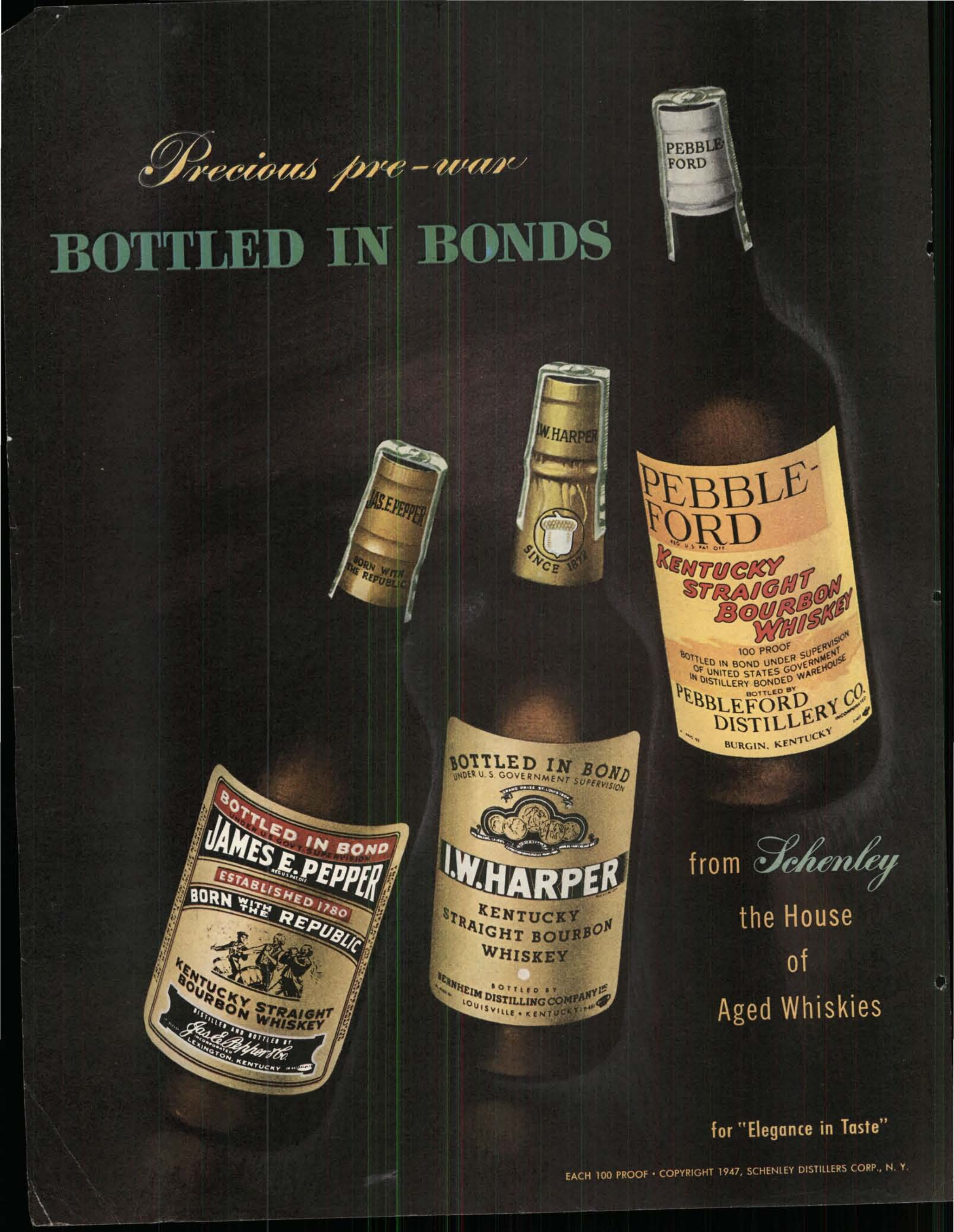

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There are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world put together. The United States has one telephone for about every four people, compared to one telephone for every ninety people for the rest of the world.

Sweden comes closest with one telephone for every five people. In the British Isles there's one telephone for every eleven people. In Russia the estimate is about one in a hundred.

New York leads the world's cities with the most telephones. It has 2,600,000—more than in all of France. In relation to population, San Francisco is on top with about one telephone for every two people. Washington ranks a close second.

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July 17, 1948

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COVER By *TONI FRISSELL*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

OLYMPICS FORECAST!

DEAR EDITOR: I recently came across an old copy of Collier's (July 5, 1947) in which Bill Davidson made predictions for the Olympics of 1948. Davidson's predictions have stood up surprisingly well—or else he was surprisingly lucky.

He made three major mistakes or omissions: Olympic coach, javelin throw and the discus throw. But in every other event, the Collier's article seems to have been correct. I consider this pretty good long-range prognostication. What is Davidson's *short-range* forecast for the Olympics? FRANK MILLER, Chicago, Ill.

"To stick my neck out again," says Bill Davidson, "it still looks as if the United States will win by amassing a crushing number of points in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, the high hurdles, the high jump, the shot-put, the pole vault and the broad jump. Conversely, the Swedes and the Finns both have their *strength—the 800, 1,500, 5,000 and 10,000 meters, the marathon, javelin, hammer, 400-meter hurdles and the hop, step and jump—so that they will tend to cancel each other out in the point score. The Swedes should end up second to the U.S., with the Finns third.*

"If Mel Patton's brittle legs do not hold up, we may be challenged in the sprints by Panama, Australia and Trinidad. Besides we may lose points to Great Britain and Sweden in the high jump, and to the Russians (if they compete) in the shot-put.

"Fortune Gordien's prodigious discus heaves certainly make him a potential scorer; and so does the 52.2-second, 400-meter hurdles time turned in by converted quarter miler Roy Cochrane. If the U.S. can place in the javelin, hammer and discus, and can break in for points in the 400 and 800 meters—then the Wembley Stadium doings in London should be a runaway for Uncle Sam."

SLEEP, BLESSED SLEEP!

MY DEAR MR. DUGAN: Re your Go to Sleep article, May 29th:

One day when I was a very young girl, a group of us went to Proctor's (vaudeville) to see a hypnotist. He called a number of teen-age boys to the stage and told them that as he placed his fingers upon a boy's eyelids, that boy was to roll his eyes upward and back. He rubbed the temples a little, and each boy as he did so was almost immediately hypnotized.

I got to wondering and found that if I

(Continued on page 53)

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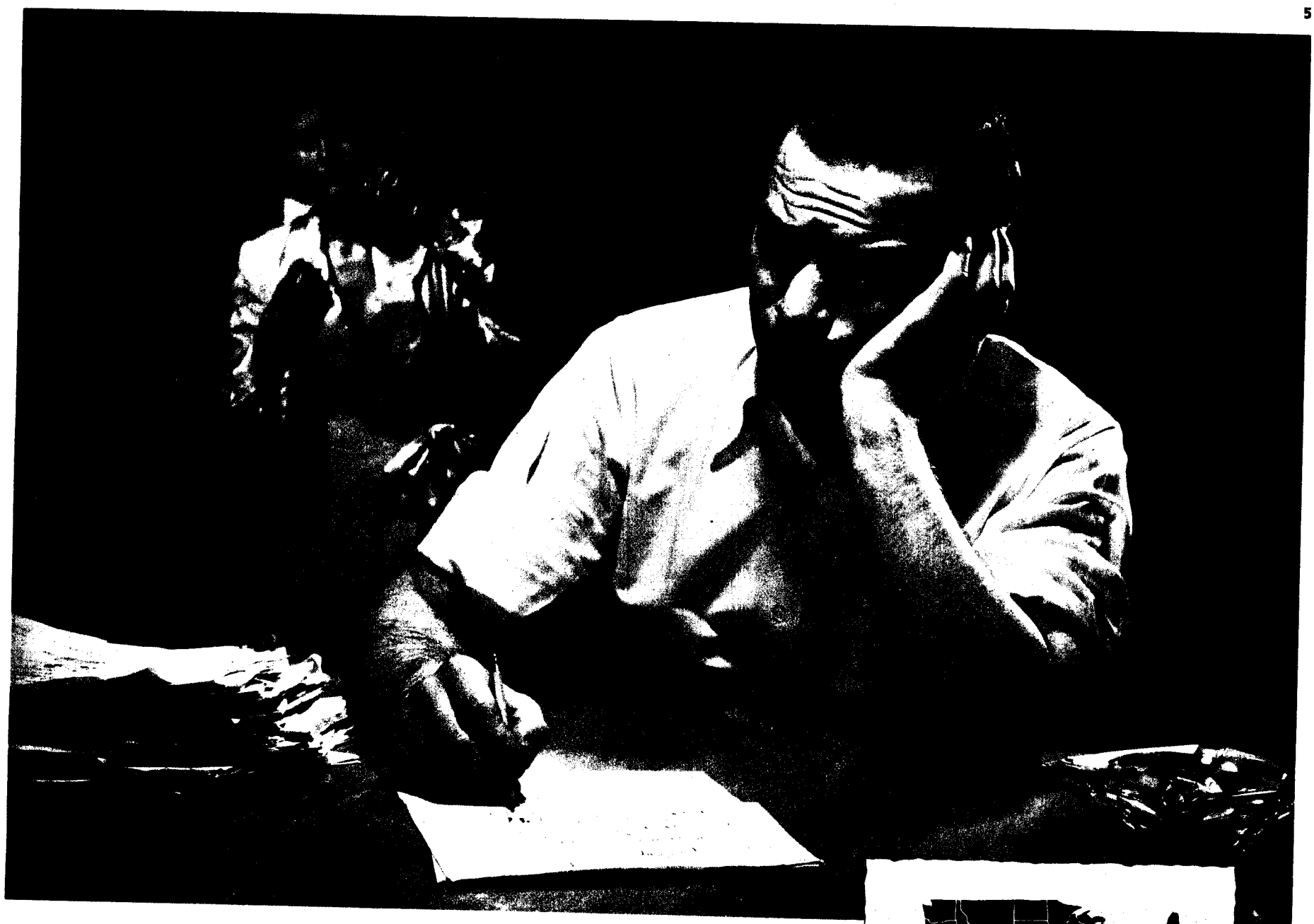

Motorist in $11,000 jam!

Have you ever tried to raise $11,000 in a hurry? This salesman had to do it in 60 days—or face the threat of losing all driving privileges under his state's financial responsibility law.

Most states have these stringent laws! If *you* should have an accident in any one of them you could lose your driver's license, your automobile registration or be required to put up cash or security in sums as high as $11,000. You could lose this amount—or more—as the result of a court judgment.

Insurance protection is your most practical solution!

These laws are complicated . . . vary from state to state . . . change from year to year. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

In *every* state you can, of course, be sued for damages, which might mean the loss of your home, your property, your savings. The most practical and economical way to comply with requirements of the law and protect yourself against shattering losses is to carry the right insurance.

Why it pays to insure with State Farm

1. *State Farm Mutual's rates are low*—because State Farm policyholders are "preferred risks"—people we *know* drive carefully.
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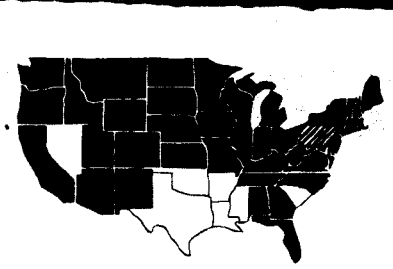
4. *State Farm Mutual is big*—the largest automobile insurance company in the world.
5. *7,500 representatives* at your service, coast to coast, in the U. S. and Canada.

Get the details from your State Farm representative today. If you are a responsible driver, you can qualify for membership in State Farm Mutual.



The states are cracking down!
The 40 states, and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you, under certain circumstances, to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. A similar law has already been passed by Pennsylvania but is not yet in effect.

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Pitcher George Munger (left) and Manager Eddie Dyer of the St. Louis Cardinals. Both like night games

NIGHT LIFE OF THE CARDS

BY BILL FAY

GEORGE MUNGER sat down in the St. Louis dugout. A reporter asked, "How's the arm?"

"Fine." Munger obligingly rolled up the right sleeve of his sweat shirt. "Almost gone," he said, pointing to the little straight scars from his winter elbow operation.

"So's your sunburn," another reporter observed.

"We only let George pitch at night," Marty Marion explained.

Marty was close to the truth. Munger won 12 of his 16 victories last year after dark. His fast ball—which, in artificial light, looks faster than it really is—scored five shutouts and four three-hitters.

The Cardinals have a hunch the 1948 National League pennant will be won at night and they are counting heavily on the arc-light artistry of Munger and Harry Brecheen to win it for them. While the Cards scrimmage 64 times after supper, the New York Giants engage in only 30 night games; the Brooklyn Dodgers, 34; and the Boston Braves, 54.

"The extra night games may be a big help," Manager Eddie Dyer admits. "Everybody says the Cards play better at night. Maybe we do. Last year we won 47 and lost 46 day games, while we were winning 42 against 19 losses at night."

Good pitchers are better at night, and the Cards have five good pitchers behind Munger and Brecheen: Pollet, Dickson, Brazle, Hearn and Wilks. Another big factor behind the Cards' nocturnal success is the psychological. They like night baseball because Dyer has convinced them it is healthy financial exercise.

"Don't waste time grousing about missed suppers and late hours and glaring lights," Dyer told them. "Start liking it, because it brings out the crowds that make your big salaries possible. True to Eddie's prediction, Cardinal home attendance soared over 1,000,000 in 1946 (previous high was 770,000 in 1928). Last year the home attendance was 1,250,000 and the club pay roll was the biggest in the National League. Last month, the Cards scheduled 14 of their 17 weekday games at night. Two of the three day games were listed for Chicago's Wrigley Field, the only unlighted park in the major leagues.

A Cardinal pennant would be something of a personal triumph for Dyer. Most of the Cardinals played for Eddie somewhere in the minors. At Houston, Eddie bought Brecheen for $3,000 despite protests from Branch Rickey, then St. Louis general manager. Rickey claimed Brecheen wasn't big enough. At Columbus, Georgia, Eddie talked a despondent young outfielder with a .220 batting average into staying with the team one more month. "Stop swinging at bad pitches and you'll be a big-leaguer in three years," Eddie promised Enos Slaughter.

Dyer's reputation for treating players fairly held the Cardinals together when the Pasquels tempted Terry Moore, Slaughter and Stan Musial with fabulous Mexican League salaries. Dyer said he would talk to president Sam Breadon, but told the players bluntly, "I won't hold a gun to the man's head if a bonus is the only way to keep you from jumping contracts to which you already have agreed."

Max Lanier, Fred Martin and Lou Klein leaped into Mexican League oblivion, but at season's end the stars who stuck with Dyer received bonuses ranging from $1,000 to $5,000.

Typical of Dyer's ruthless honesty is a decision Eddie made as player-manager of the Cardinal farm at Scottdale, Pennsylvania, in 1929. When Breadon requested a report on a rookie infielder, who was to receive a $1,000 bonus if retained after May 15th, Dyer wired the rookie had no big-league future and recommended his release.

The rookie (who lost the $1,000) was Eddie's brother.

TOO-TOO GORGEOUS

As Gorgeous George, the marcelled rassler, undulates down the aisle, a lackey sprays his corner with perfume, and the London Symphony Orchestra plays Pomp and Circumstance by courtesy of the public-address system. Everything is quiet, refined and in impeccable taste. Like a Lana Turner wedding.

SPLIT-SECOND SPLIT DECISION

Three of the five officials who timed Mel Patton's world-record-breaking 100-yard dash caught the Southern California sprinter in 0:09.3. Two judges snapped 0:09.4. It was a Supreme Court decision, three watches to two.

Dink Templeton, former Stanford coach, stood near the judges and filed a minority opinion. Dink's watch showed 0:09.5. "It didn't look like a 0:09.3 hundred to me," Dink declared. "Lloyd La Beach was slow off the blocks, but he picked up two yards on Patton in the middle of the race. Nobody does that to Patton when he's on the way to a record."

Probably the controversy over Patton's record will continue until Mel or somebody else runs 0:09.2. Arguments are inevitable when split-second timing is done by human hands. Did Patton really run faster than Jesse Owens, who shared the 0:09.4 record with three other sprinters? Maybe. Maybe not. Mel and Jesse raced on different tracks, with different starters, different judges, different watches, different guns, different shells. Eyesight and reflexes vary. Some judges start their watches with the gun flash; others wait for the smoke puff. Shells with extra heavy charges give a quicker, brighter flash.

The timing of dash events should be done electrically in fiftieths or hundredths of a second to be conclusive.

(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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THE ONE AND ONLY *Zenith-Armstrong FM* . . .

Once you hear FM on a Zenith you'll never be satisfied with any other. For only Zenith combines the genuine Armstrong FM circuits with Zenith's patented "power-line" antenna. This brings you FM at its finest . . . on both FM bands . . . *without an aerial!* Just plug in—and enjoy glorious static-free fidelity and sharp non-fade tuning not possible with imitation FM sets. You also get the famous Radiorgan Tone Control and other "exclusives" assuring Zenith tone perfection for *every* kind of radio program.

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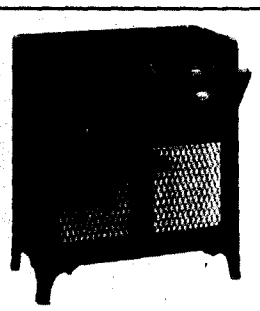

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye ... until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking ... loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp ... and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils ... contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair... and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Of the hundreds of elephants that have been exhibited in the United States by zoos, carnivals and circuses during the past 150 years, approximately 30 were born in this country. Among them, no more than six are known to have been conceived here and, therefore, it is presumed that the mothers of the other 24 were pregnant at the time of their capture.

On Bali, an island of the Dutch East Indies, a strange two-sided belief prevails concerning the twin birth of a boy and a girl. Among the nobility, it is considered a joyous event, a reincarnation of a once noble couple who are still happily married. Among the common people, however, it is regarded as a calamity, as the infants are believed to be guilty of prenatal incest and they and their parents have to undergo a long and costly purifying process.

No proper name equals that of Elizabeth in the number of variant forms and spellings, of which more than 50 are known. Among them in the English language are Bess, Bessy, Beth, Betsey, Betty, Eliza, Elsie, Libby, Lisa and Lizzie.

The expression "to show the white feather," meaning to betray cowardice, came from cockfighting and originated in the old belief that a mongrel gamecock, unlike a purebred, lacked courage and had a white feather in its tail, which would show when the bird, fearful of its life, turned and attempted to escape from the pit.

Many historians have accepted as true claims that various individuals have lived for generations beyond the normal life-span, some of the most famous, with their reputed age at death, being Parr (152), Agha (156), Jenkins (169), and Czarten (185). Yet, authenticated reports of persons living over a century are virtually unknown. In fact, an examination of nearly 1,000,000 cases of alleged unusual longevity revealed none who had lived more than 100 years and only 30 who had reached that age.

The value of the photo-finish camera in horse racing is proved by the fact that in 1935, before its adoption, only 20 dead heats were acknowledged by the judges; whereas in 1938, when most tracks were using these cameras, 264 dead heats were recorded. This shows that in the past, thousands of these close finishes must have been misjudged.—*By Frank G. Eckert, Denver, Colo.*

After cracking a large office safe in Poland recently, a gang of criminals unwittingly left behind a single and extremely unusual clue. When the safe door was ripped apart, its inside packing released a fine dust which settled on near-by objects, including the ripping tool of the safecrackers that was lying on a table. Thus, a silhouette of the tool was made by the dust and left on the table where it was found and photographed in its actual size by detectives. Later, the gang was caught and identified by means of this picture as its peculiar outline was the same as that of the ripping tool in their possession.

The world's worst railroad wreck, and one so appalling that its inside story was suppressed for 20 years, occurred near Modane, France, on the night of December 12, 1917. At Modane the train was boarded by nearly 1,200 French soldiers and, consequently, became so overloaded that the engineer refused to proceed, claiming that the brakes would not hold the heavy cars on the Alpine slopes beyond the town. Being ordered to carry on, at the point of a gun, the engineer began the journey. Within a short time, the train was racing down a steep grade, out of control and with the car floors afire from the sparks of the slipping brakes. Suddenly the train hit a sharp curve, left the rails and piled up in a flaming heap, killing 543 and injuring 243 of these soldiers who were homeward bound on Christmas leave.

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NEW LOW-PRESSURE COMFORT! This spectacular U. S. Rubber development provides far more air at less pressure. You "float" over the road on bigger, softer cushions of air that *smother* bumps. Your tires take the jolts—your car rides softly, evenly, smoother than ever!

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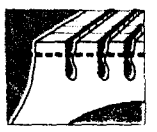

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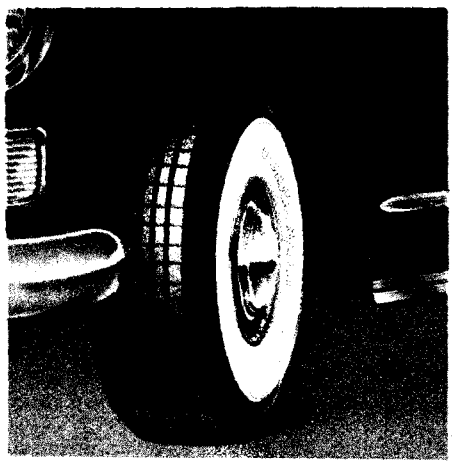

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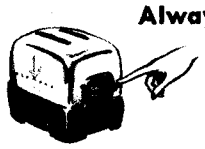
SAYS ART LINKLETTER, *GENIAL M.C. OF "THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUSE PARTY"**

It's a toaster with a *conscience* . . . this General Electric Automatic Toaster that pops up your toast or keeps it warm.

Simply can't serve up a piece of toast that's not exactly to your taste.

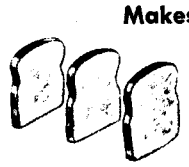
See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your retailer's.

Always warm, even if you wait!



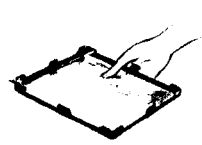
Want your toast now? This G-E pops it up. Or just set the control knob, and a special built-in device will keep it warm and waiting.

Makes toast your way!



This toaster serves up toast *your way* . . . light, dark, or medium. Just set the knob on this new General Electric. Toast for two or twelve, and every slice is perfect every time.

And what a snap to clean!



Never, never do you have to turn this toaster upside down to shake out the crumbs. Snap out the crumb tray, brush it clean, snap it back in. It takes 10 seconds. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

* Listen to General Electric's hilarious House Party, Monday through Friday, CBS., 3:30 p.m., E.D.S.T.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE WEEK'S WORK

Gibbs chats with Ranger Judge, of Grand Teton Park

RAFE GIBBS says that writing about our great Western National Parks as he does in Trail of the Leaning S (p. 48) was a labor of love, even if he did visit them in the unrecommended month of April. "This gives me something in common with President T.R.," Rafe claims. "Against all advice he insisted on seeing Yellowstone in April of 1903, preferring to travel by horseback and sleigh instead of stagecoach. T.R. said he liked to rough it. It's rough—and also snowy—in April all right."

Rafe says it was eerie to watch Old Faithful perform for him alone—a show without an audience. It was also tough to break the road through eight inches of new snow (remember snow?) over Wyoming's Twogwotee Pass. It was even tougher to get his first gold-panning demonstration in the mountain country east of Butte—and not even strike silver.

WE ARE pleased to announce a collection of that famous Collier's capsuled story invention, the Short Short, has been put together by Barthold Fles, from our very rich story files. The Best Short Short Stories from Collier's contains mystery, love, adventure, suspense, humor and a long, long measure of pleasure.

THE nostalgics of On Bakeoven Grade (p. 24) got Ernest Haycox recalling it was 18 years ago that Fiction Editor Littauer bought his first Haycox. "He's a pretty old horse himself," observes Mr. Haycox. "I think he can remember back to the day they brought movable type into the shop, straight from Gutenberg's factory. Much sound and fury has passed since. Somebody's always popping up with a new notion which, on close inspection, proves to be something Pericles thought of—he borrowing it from some chap who forgot to have it copyrighted a couple of thousand years earlier.

"It doesn't seem to make any difference: The redheaded girl on the beach, waiting for the handsome (but shy) lad to find a plausible way of tripping over her sun lotion is new every day of the century; and so is the wonderful sensation of a bean sandwich and cold water to a hungry man in the hills."

Mr. Haycox says Bakeoven (which we looked up and couldn't find in Pericles) came to him without the usual writer's anguish. "This one more or less lighted on the brim of my hat when I passed through Deschutes Canyon, Oregon, where the early freighters pitched camp and the stages rolled through, creating a moment of excitement for the lonely Deschuteans," he confides.

"In the sixties a trader, on his way to Canyon City with a pack string of flour, was raided by the Indians at the spot and lost his horses. So he built a clay oven, baked the flour into bread and sold it to the passing prospectors. That was Bakeoven—and it was not named for the local heat. Today Bakeoven is a house, barn and row of poplars lying halfway up the long climb from the bottom of Deschutes Canyon to the tableland of the wheat country. The private-venture system is a hardy thing."

THIS week's Short Short Story Laughter Must Be Shared (p. 26) comes to us all the way from Durban, in, as they say, Brighter Africa. It is the product of William Chadwick, who was born in 1910 in Ixopo, Natal, one of the world's smaller, and more unpronounceably named villages—for non-Zulu speakers. "You say, 'Eee,' then add a click as if encouraging a horse, then end off with 'orpor.' Most people just say Ikopo."

Zulu was the first language Mr. Chadwick spoke; but at eight he began writing in English, breaking into print at thirteen with a poem about love. "The journal folded up shortly afterward," he says. "Ah well, love remains!"

At seventeen Mr. Chadwick got a summer vacation job on a small Natal newspaper and never went back to school. Today he's a couple of editors on The Natal Sunday Post. He's done every sort of newspaper writing possible, including running an Aunt Hannah Says column. He is also well known in Africa for his short stories and articles.

Mr. Chadwick's short short came to him one night at his home at Winkle Spruit on the south coast of Natal. His wife was asleep, and he got to thinking about writing something about his Pekingese, Ah Chu. Instead he got round to remembering a little figure he'd seen on leave in a shop in Cairo when he was serving as cipher officer with the South Africa Air Force. "I woke my wife at midnight and read the finished product," he says. "I seem to have an unusual wife. She didn't shoot me but said for me to send it to Collier's. I did. It's my first sale in America."

This week's cover: Lobster à la Maine. Toni Frissell captured the Way Down East scene at the Rockport Lobster Fishery, Rockport, Maine. The girl is Arline Daucett, fifteen, Rockport High student, descended of two generations of French-American clipper sailors. Her companion is Stan Robins, worker in a lobster cannery, renowned for his "fish yarns." The fresh-caught lobsters are red because they are boiled right in the factory on the dock for immediate canning—so please don't write in. . . . TED SHANE

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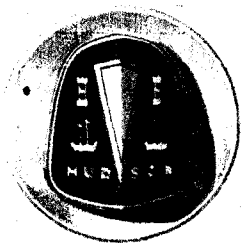
Why "Stepping Down" is so important to you



Hudson amazes motor-car world by using vital "step-down" zone—not available in any other car—to bring you riding qualities and safety beyond anything known before!

Word's going 'round—and fast, too—that the sensational Hudson, the only car you step down into, gives you a "sweet," smooth, safe ride that is a new high mark in motor-car performance!

Perhaps you've heard pleased and proud Hudson owners talking about this exciting new motoring experience, but here's something you may have missed hearing:

The key to this amazing new ride lies in that area just under the floor of the average car, which in the New Hudson becomes the "step-down" zone —as illustrated in the sketches below.

This "step-down" zone is all-important, because experience has shown that the *lower to the ground* a car can be built, the better it will handle, the more stability it will have, the safer it will be, and thus the more enjoyable and comfortable will be your ride.

Hudson, and Hudson alone, has accomplished a near miracle of low-built streamlining and smooth, safe, comfortable riding with an ingenious foundation frame and "step-down" zone. This new type of base frame surrounds the passenger compartment, and thus permits the floor to be lowered *down* within it. Recessing the floor creates the "step-down" zone and a center of gravity that is the *lowest in any American stock car*—yet road clearance is ample!

That's why Hudson has a hug-the-road way of going, even in cross-winds, and on every conceivable kind of highway. *When you see how this car takes even the sharpest curves, it will spoil you for any other type of automobile!* You sense this delightful conformity to the road the minute you begin your ride; and this stability, plus the protection of riding encircled by a sturdy box-section steel frame, gives you a grand feeling of *safe well being.*

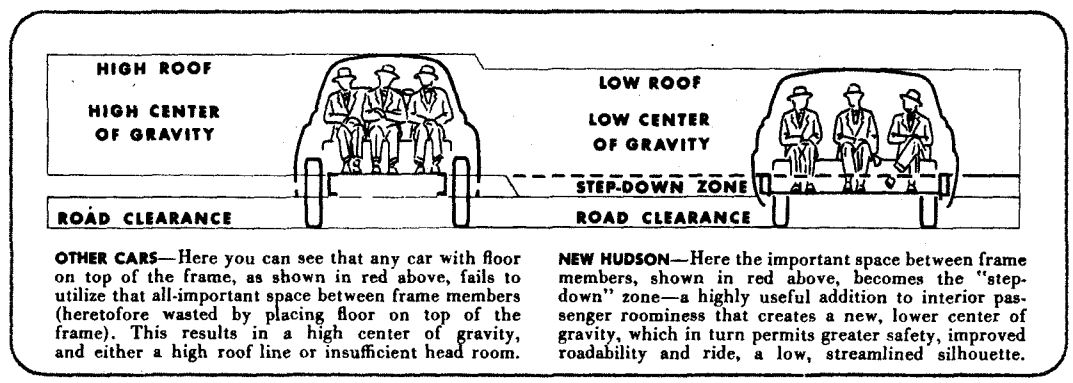
Then, as you get out in the open spaces, the rest of the story unfolds.

Sitting in this car is as downright satisfying as stretching out in your favorite easy chair. You ride on seats that are lowered and cradled ahead of the rear wheels, and even with its low silhouette, this breathtakingly beautiful motor car gives you *more head room* than any other mass-produced car built today! The remarkable roadability and comfort of the New Hudson bring you to the end of even your longest trips pleasantly relaxed.

Hudson's use of the vital "step-down" zone in its exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* is a development that required years of engineering work, the perfection of new production techniques, and millions of dollars in highly specialized *new* plant investment. Perhaps this explains why Hudson alone offers this new design principle today.

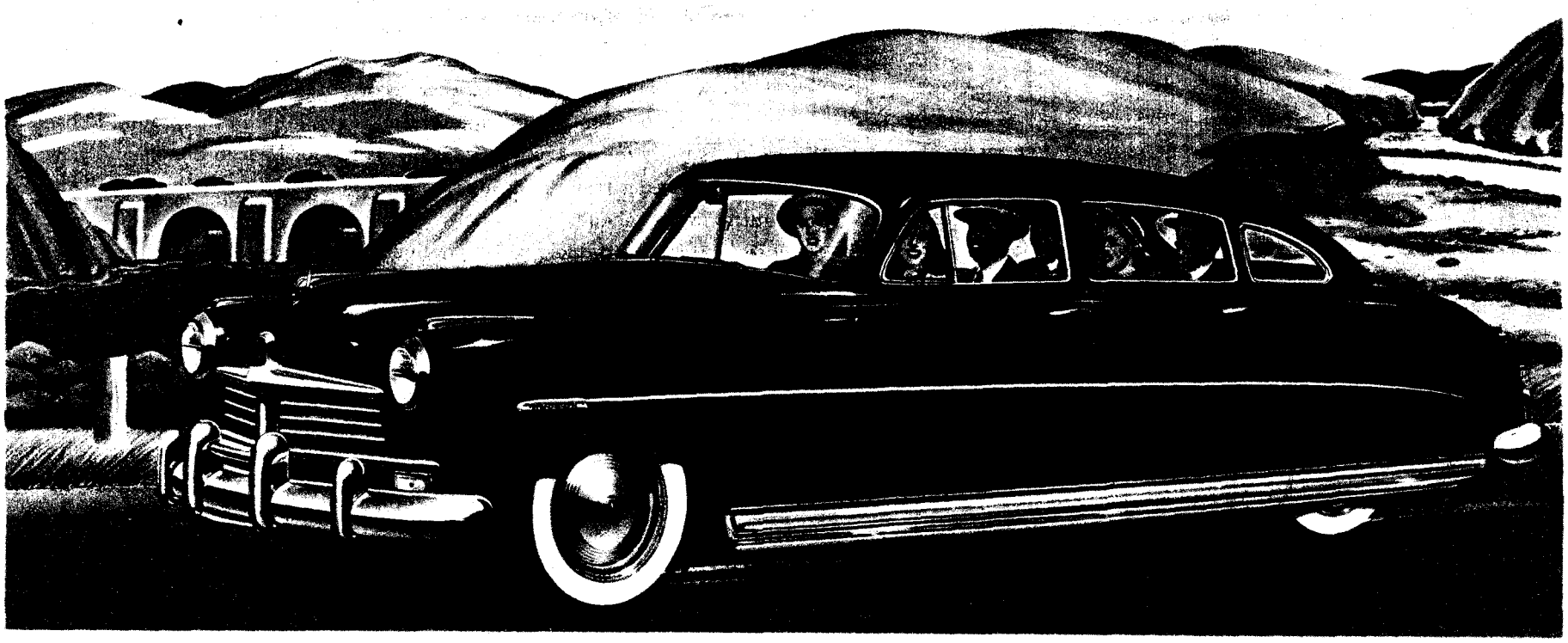
"Stepping down" is the most thrilling motor-car story in years, and the nearest Hudson dealer has a booklet—yours for the asking—which more fully explains how "stepping down" brings you riding qualities and safety—as well as beauty, roominess and comfort—beyond anything you've known before! Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Trade-mark and patents pending.



OTHER CARS—Here you can see that any car with floor on top of the frame, as shown in red above, fails to utilize that all-important space between frame members (heretofore wasted by placing floor on top of the frame). This results in a high center of gravity, and either a high roof line or insufficient head room.

NEW HUDSON—Here the important space between frame members, shown in red above, becomes the "step-down" zone—a highly useful addition to interior passenger roominess that creates a new, lower center of gravity, which in turn permits greater safety, improved roadability and ride, a low, streamlined silhouette.



Eight body styles in Super Series, and Commodore Custom Series, with luxuriously panelled, beautifully fitted interiors. Your choice, 121 h.p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h.p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

This time it's Hudson

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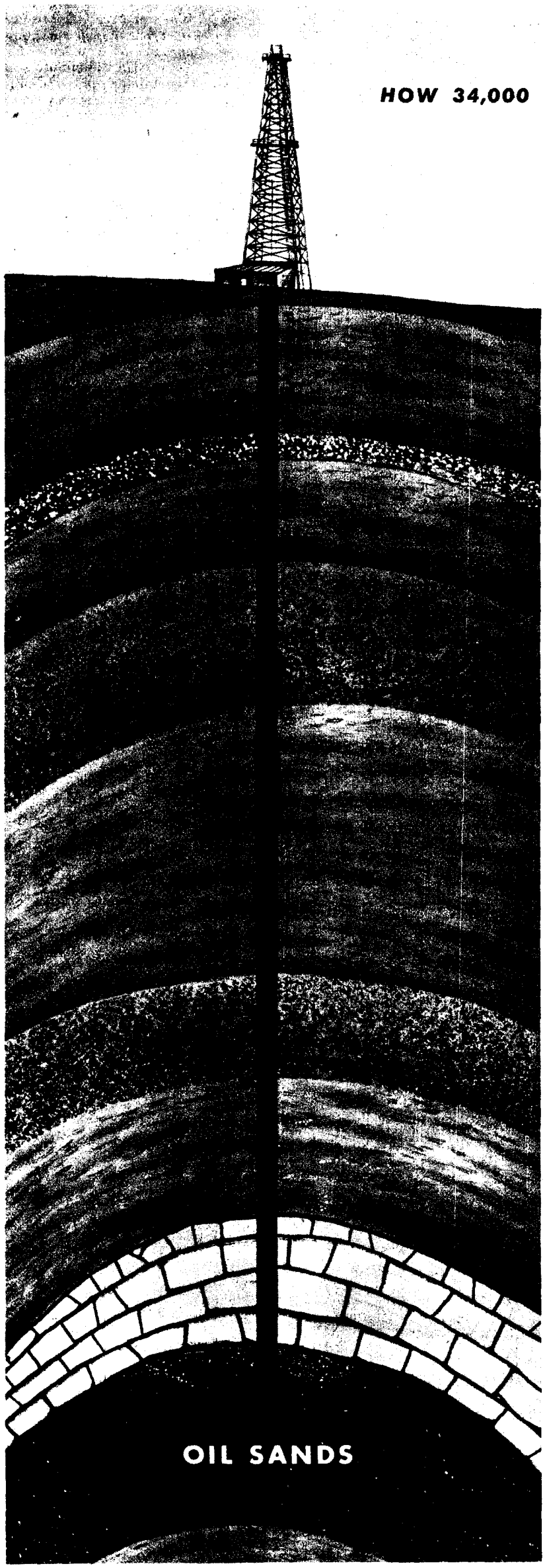
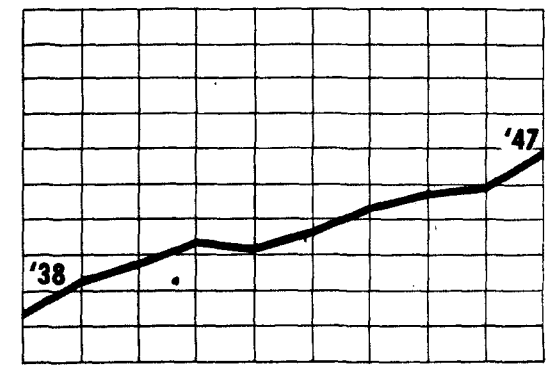


HOW 34,000 OIL COMPANIES SERVE THE NATION AS...

Oil Breaks Production Records Again

• Never before has America used so much oil—not even in the peak year of the war. In the face of this enormous demand, the 34,000 companies in the oil industry—firms engaged in producing, refining, transporting and distribution—are breaking records that seemed beyond reach.

In the production field, for example, 33,098 new wells were drilled in 1947. The total footage was the greatest in history.



HERE'S HOW OIL CONSUMPTION HAS INCREASED

To meet increased demand for more cars, more planes and diesel trains, more farm machinery—America's consumption of oil has increased greatly with the years. Over 200 million gallons were produced daily last year to meet your ever-growing needs.

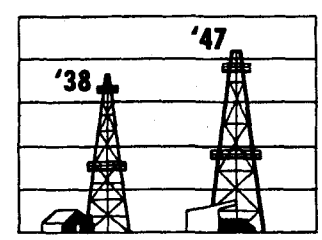
Total production of crude oil reached an all-time high of over 77 billion gallons. A vast new expansion program now under way will make 1948 another record-breaking year.

A proved reserve of a trillion gallons of oil is available in the ground to back up the current supply for cars and trucks, for planes, for heat in homes and power in industry, for farming, trains and ships . . . oil is the liquid energy that keeps America constantly forging ahead.

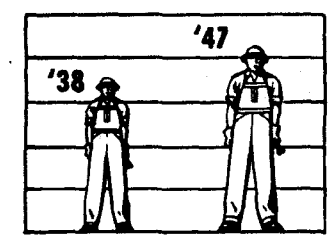
More petroleum products will be delivered this year. Be sure to use them *efficiently*. Oil is energy for America. Oil means more comfort, better living, greater convenience—for *you*.

OIL INDUSTRY INFORMATION COMMITTEE

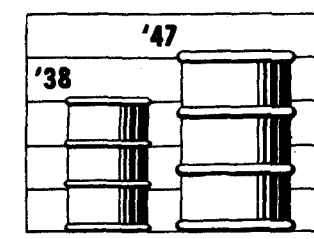
670 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



In the never-ending search for petroleum, *new wells are drilled every* day. There are now over 430,000 producing wells in the United States, compared to 369,640 wells in 1938.



More and more workers are needed *as oil producers extend the search* for new oil deposits. Since 1938, the number of people employed by production companies alone is up 20%.



America's total petroleum output *goes higher each year . . . is today* higher than ever. Over 77 billion gallons of crude oil was produced last year...a 53% increase over 1938.

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ONE DAY, ONE LIFE

The story of Eleanor Huntington, who married for money—which could buy her neither forgetfulness nor release from the conditions of her bargain

3 p.m. - Lecture at Feinstein Gallery
1 p.m. lunch at Colony
11 a.m. - Church packages for poor
4 30 p.m. Book shop
5 p.m. Back home
5 15 Bath
10 a.m. - walk Papa Moreau

BY FREDERICK BORG

SHORTLY after she was married, Eleanor had Cartier design an appointment book for her. It was like a businessman's engagement pad except that it was smaller and of course more elegant, being bound in lizard with gold trim, and had a facsimile of her signature on a gold plate set in the cover. Inside, it was a little different, too; for, though her day began the same time as a day in the office—at nine—it did not end at five but went right on, past midnight, to one in the morning. A little gold pencil, no bigger than a wooden match, went into a leather sheath at the edge of the book, and with it she jotted down the things that kept her busy. Occasionally there were blank spaces, but not very often, for besides being beautiful and rich she was one of the most active young women in New York.

This is how, with the aid of her little book, she spent the thirteenth of November, 1947. . . .

Promptly at nine, after having been awake for nearly an hour, she arose and did her exercises. These lasted the usual ten minutes, and as usual they were strenuous. When she was finished she stood glowing and panting before the full-length mirror, searching her body for signs of fat. There were none. At twenty-eight she had the figure of a dryad, with flat hips and stomach, long legs, and a small, enchanting bosom. Satisfied with what she saw, she got back into bed and closed her eyes, and then, to take the place of the unpleasant thoughts that had been scurrying through her mind, began reciting memory selections she had learned as a child.

Halfway through Thanatopsis, at nine fifteen exactly, she was interrupted by Angela, her English maid, with breakfast—half a grapefruit, two slices of Melba toast, and a small pot of coffee. Also on the tray were the Times and the Herald Tribune.

At nine thirty, nourished and informed, she got up again and bathed, allowing herself the customary ten minutes; dried herself with long, brisk strokes to stimulate the circulation, and was dressed and waiting for the elevator with Papa Moreau at one minute before ten. Papa Moreau was a French poodle with a long, sad face

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and the wise and patient eyes of one who has seen and done everything the world can offer. He was a birthday gift from Clay, her husband.

Joseph, the old elevator operator, opened the door and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Huntington." On the way down he took out his watch and said, "You're late, Mrs. Huntington, it's one minute past ten." It was an old joke between them, for everyone knew Eleanor was as reliable as the bells of the Church of the Redemption, which were chiming as she stepped out into the lobby.

HAVING walked Papa Moreau down the waterfront to Fifty-third, and north again as far as the bridge, she was back in her bedroom at ten thirty, looking over her appointments for the day. These she knew as well as she knew her own name, but it gave her a certain satisfaction to see them in black and white. At eleven, she saw, she was due at the church to help make up packages for the poor in Europe; at one she was having lunch at the Colony with Mildred Stahle; at three there was a lecture by Tetsuo Fujihara at the Feinstein Galleries on Eighth Street . . . and so on, hour after hour, till one in the morning, where, as usual, she had printed in extra-large letters the word BED. That was one entry she could always be sure of. She was always in bed by one.

She walked the six blocks to the Church of the Redemption and arrived at one minute to eleven. In the parish hall the Reverend Doctor Standfast was at the bulletin board, putting up an announcement. He turned at the sound of her heels, and a broad smile appeared on his round, red, innocent face.

"Right on time," he said, as the bells began their metallic conversation. "You know, Mrs. Huntington, if all our ladies were as prompt as you, we'd really *hum,*" and the marble walls echoed the word. "How's your husband?" he asked, as they started toward the assembly room.

"Fine," said Eleanor. "Very busy, of course."

"I can imagine. Captains of finance." He sighed. "And their wives, too. Sometimes I wonder how you manage to stay so fresh and young-looking, keeping yourself geared to such a frantic schedule." He paused. "Which brings me to another matter . . . ah . . . You remember last week my mentioning our projected drive for completing the orphanage? Well, I was wondering—of course I know how busy you are—but I was wondering if you could possibly spare next Thursday afternoon to gather with the trustees and myself . . ."

"What time?" asked Eleanor, getting the book out of her bag. She turned to *Thursday 20 November* and saw she had no engagements for the afternoon at all, and only one—*Pick up Lowestoft teapot at Fix-It Shop*—for eleven in the morning. She held the book at such an angle that the Reverend Doctor Standfast could not see how empty the page was.

"Would four be convenient?"

"Four," said Eleanor, frowning a little as she consulted the book again. "Four—yes, I believe I can just sandwich it in. It won't be long, will it? I have to be home by five."

"Half an hour at the most."

Together they entered the assembly room, where long tables had been set up on trestles. Against the walls were hundreds of cartons of canned goods, pyramids of sugar in cotton bags, and boxes of surgical supplies and vitamin tablets; while on the tables were the cardboard containers in which these articles were going to Europe.

"The other ladies seem to be a little late," the Reverend Doctor Standfast said.

"They'll be here."

"Well . . . I'll just be running along, then. Thank you, Mrs. Huntington. I only wish they were all as prompt and energetic as you."

After a while, in twos and threes, chattering, laughing, the rest of the volunteers came in—sleek young women like herself, mostly, though there were a few exceptions like Mrs. Vandercamp, the chairman, who was over sixty; and Eleanor's mother-in-law, Mrs. Douglas Huntington, who was nearly eighty and who did not choose to arrive till nearly one, just as Eleanor was getting ready to leave.

Ordinarily the old woman spoke to her daughter-in-law only when it was absolutely necessary, for she had never become reconciled to her son's marriage; but now she came straight to her and in her harsh voice demanded: "What's the matter *now?*"

Eleanor wedged a can of coffee into a corner of the container, closed the cover and sealed it with gummed tape. She looked up and said, "What do you mean?"

"What's wrong with you and Clay?"

"What makes you think—"

"He probably told you I had lunch with him yesterday."

"Yes."

"Of course he didn't *say* anything—he never does—but I didn't think he looked particularly happy. You two haven't been quarreling, have you?"

"Of course not."

"I know this sounds silly, coming from an old woman, but after all he's my only son, and I don't think I could bear it if I thought he'd made a mess of things. He's always been so successful in everything else . . ." Her voice trailed off. She was tall and very lean, with a nose like a scimitar and bright brown eyes that glittered with an almost feverish intensity. She was one of the wealthiest women in New York, with vast holdings on upper Fifth Avenue, where her father's sheep had once roamed.

Eleanor put a hand on her arm.

"I'm very happy," she said.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I was just thinking last night, when I should've been asleep, that Clay's exactly twice your age. Did you ever realize that? You're twenty-eight and he'll be fifty-six next month. It came as quite a shock—"

"Age doesn't mean a *thing.*"

"I suppose not, if people love each other. Well . . . How about lunch?"

"Today?"

"Of course."

Eleanor picked up her bag and jerked at the zipper. Perversely, the little leather tab came off in her hand, and she uttered a soft exclamation. Then, with sudden clarity, as if the book were already open, she saw the page for tomorrow, Thursday, and that annoying gap in the afternoon between *Lunch with Duncan—Waldorf* and *Bendel, for fitting;* and she smiled, for now she knew how she would fill that gap. She would take the bag to the Fix-It Shop, and while she was at it she would drop into that little French bookstore on the corner and pick up a few of those paper-backed novels that looked so effective on the library table. Still smiling, she dropped the tab into the bag, took out the little book and opened it to *Thursday 13 November.*

"Look what I'm up against," she said, tapping the page with a sharp red nail; and then, trying to keep the triumph out of her voice, for it was seldom she got the best of the old woman, she went on: "Some other time, perhaps? Tomorrow, say?" and turned the page.

"All right."

"Oh, sorry," said Eleanor, as though she had just discovered what she had known for the past three days. "Tomorrow I'm having lunch with Duncan Strove."

"Who?"

"You know, the decorator. I was thinking of having Clay's room done over—something a little lighter, perhaps, than all that Jacobean stuff."

"You just had it redecorated last year."

"I thought he might want a change."

"He might, at that." The old woman sighed, and the cords in her thin neck stood out. "I'll call you one of these days," she said. "Maybe I can catch you when you're not so busy."

"You do that," said Eleanor, and went down to the end of the table, where Mrs. Vandercamp was working. "Terribly sorry," she said, "but I'm afraid I'll have to run along. I'm supposed to be at the Colony at one and I've only got ten minutes to make it." Abruptly, unconsciously, her hand went toward the evidence in the bag; but Mrs. Vandercamp was smiling that easy smile of hers, and Eleanor changed her mind. Poised and serene, she completed her excuses, knowing the others were taking her in, tabulating the cost of her outfit, from the smart hat to the snakeskin shoes that a little man on Madison Avenue had made for her; and inwardly she smiled, because she knew there was no one in the room who did not envy her.

"Thanks, Eleanor," said Mrs. Vandercamp.

"I'll be around next week."

"I really appreciate it. I know how busy you are. Give my regards to Clay and tell him I think he's got a wonderful little wife."

ELEANOR arrived at the Colony punctually at one. She went up the steps and through the door, and there was Mildred waiting for her.

"Darling."

"Hello, Eleanor. My, don't *you* look swell!"

"Thanks, dear. Shall we go in?"

Following the headwaiter to their table, Eleanor was conscious of a change in the rhythm of the eating and the talking around them; it was like a split-second break in a power line, when the lights go dim but do not go out, or when a motor slows down but does not stop. A few yards away she saw Frances Benham and Martha Giovanni. Martha had stopped her everlasting chatter right in the middle of a sentence, apparently, with her mouth still open, and Frances was holding a forkful of salad an inch above her plate. They were appraising her, as were the others in this small, elegant, and somehow formidable room, those who knew her and those who did not know her but remembered seeing her pictures in the fifty-cent magazines—photographs of Eleanor at her dressing table and Eleanor standing at the Adam mantel, under the Gainsborough, and Eleanor, like a naiad, letting the breeze blow her hair back as she posed on the terrace looking at a fuzzy bridge and a still more fuzzy shore line on the other side of the river. They were appraising her hat which two weeks hence would blossom by the hundreds down in Union Square, and her man-tailored suit and the amusing scarf she had picked up in a little Korean shop on Second Avenue. A smile tucked up the corners of Eleanor's mouth. She knew what she looked like: she looked proud and beautiful and essential all at the same time; a woman who, despite a schedule that would drive a man to drink, still managed to achieve the serenity of a Renaissance madonna.

She watched Mildred slide into her seat—collapse was more like it, for Mildred, never particularly graceful, was going to have another baby, and her movements, governed by consideration for the little life so obviously burgeoning within her, were slow and awkward. There was no glamor about Mildred. Her hair under the exuberant hat she had probably purchased in a White Plains department store, was dull and discouraged-looking, with strands emerging here and there and waving with each turn of her head as if they were endowed with independent motion. Her skin was good, but it had been too long in the sun—after all, this was November, when the summer tan has yielded to the pallor of autumn—and her hands were rough. As for her eyes—well, they were bright, all right, but it was the brightness of a little girl with a new doll, or of the traditional yokel on first seeing the Empire State Building. She could not help turning around, for example, to stare at Ilona Case, who was lunching two tables away with a well-known dress designer; she was breathless with the realization that she was sitting with immortals. Eleanor felt sorry for her.

Over their cocktails—Mildred had an old-fashioned and Eleanor a dry sherry—they talked about what had happened in the six years since graduation.

Mildred said, "Remember Alice Koestler?"

"No," said Eleanor, putting her glass down. "I don't believe I do." But she did. Alice was the class poet, the class intellectual, a short, dumpy girl with a face like an unbaked pie and thick glasses that made nightmares of her eyes. She came from somewhere in the West, and her father was several times a millionaire. Eleanor did not even speak to her. She was afraid to, because every time she thought of how rich Alice was—fat, dumpy Alice—and how poor she herself was, her throat grew tight and her nails dug into her palms and she wanted to scream.

Well, she could speak to her now without screaming. "What about her?" she asked.

"My dear, she's married. I ran into her a couple of weeks ago in the Biltmore. That was the day I called you—remember?—and you couldn't make it because you were rolling bandages or something."

"Packing clothes for China."

"Well, anyway, she married this instructor from Columbia. You knew she took a postgraduate there, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

"Her husband teaches political history and I guess he gets his orders from the Kremlin; but they did seem terribly happy. First thing she did was take me upstairs, and, my dear, they're living in a suite that must set them back fifty dollars a day—set *her* back, I mean—and the pay-off, the absolute pay-off . . ." She plucked the cherry

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

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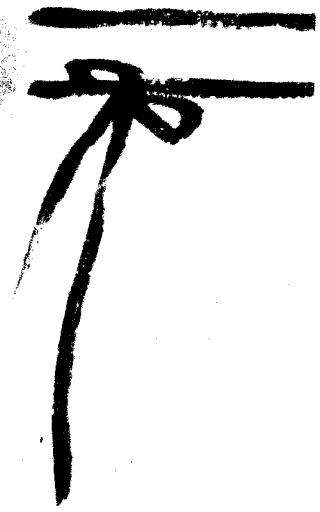

In the mirror she could see that he was regarding her with a speculative eye. "You need any help?" he asked

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The Blooming of Margaret Rose

BY COLLIE SMALL

Elizabeth is safely married. The spotlight in England turns on her little sister. Here is a close-up of the 17-year-old girl whose chances of becoming queen are very slight

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, the Princess Margaret Rose, has been described at various times as beautiful, not beautiful, tall, short, slim and graceful, narrow-shouldered and bandy-legged, excruciatingly witty, unbearably precocious, and both delighted and dismayed at the fate that cast her as the kid sister of Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh and heiress presumptive to the throne of England.

The confusion generated by this sort of reporting is naturally very disconcerting to the average Englishman, who likes to keep a steady eye on the royal family, but until recently, of course, hardly anyone had bothered to describe Margaret at all except as an afterthought. The architects of the royal legend were too busy concentrating on Elizabeth.

Now, with Elizabeth safely married to the Duke of Edinburgh, the microscope has been trained on Margaret. Margaret is the new *idée fixe*, and whether she enjoys it or not (there being no overwhelming evidence that she doesn't), she has suddenly become Britain's number-one item for public scrutiny. At the moment, in the realm of controversial subjects, Princess Margaret is running miles ahead of Commons, the Prime Minister and the hard-currency question.

Opinion, naturally, is divided. A youth leader in Kent, although she has never been any closer to Princess Margaret than a newspaper clipping, thinks her eyes are too close together and suspects that she may be bad-tempered because of it. A civil servant in Harrow is sure she is charming and unspoiled. A miner in Newcastle, representing a definite minority but exercising what is undoubtedly an inalienable right, refuses to pay any attention to Margaret whatsoever, on grounds that princesses belong in fairy tales.

Everyone feels obliged to pass his own judgment on Margaret and to a young American naval officer has fallen the distinction of supplying the crowning absurdity. Having been introduced to the young British princess at a royal garden party, he concluded patriotically, "Why, she's cute as a button—just like an American girl!"

If there is anything that Princess Margaret is *not* like, of course, it is an American girl. Although she will be eighteen in August, Margaret has never sat anywhere at the movies except in the specially constructed royal box. She has never hailed a taxi, and, so far as is known, she has never been caught out in the rain.

She has never mixed with crowds except on V-E Night, when she and Elizabeth walked with two detectives from Buckingham Palace to Charing Cross, a distance of about two miles. She has had only one subway ride, a ten-minute jump from St. James's Park to Tottenham Court Road, and even then she was reprimanded by the ticket collector for failing to hand in her ticket, which she tried unsuccessfully to keep for a souvenir.

As for her other characteristics, they are mostly human instead of British, American or anything else.

Physically, Margaret is shorter than Elizabeth, being only a shade over five feet. Her hair, which distresses her because it is not naturally curly, is darker than her sister's. By the usual standards she is not beautiful but she is blessed with intense blue eyes, impossibly lovely skin, and an engaging smile. Margaret actually *is* bandy-legged and narrow-shouldered. She tends to be witty, but her audiences are exceedingly indulgent and in their haste to applaud they sometimes fail to distinguish between Margaret's "wit" and what is simply native exuberance.

Fortunately, Margaret is aware that this sort of acclaim accrues to her because of her royal station as much as for her own legitimate conquests. She has known it, in fact, ever since she and Elizabeth won prizes at the Windsor Horse Show some years ago.

"Were the prizes for us just because we are princesses?" they asked their governess.

"Well, partly," the governess conceded.

"Oh," the princesses said, the dawn breaking over their heads. "We see."

Not Eager for the Cares of Empire

According to palace intimates, Margaret is not disposed to brood over the fact that, barring almost total disaster, she can never be queen. In this connection, a rather moth-eaten anecdote is frequently trotted out to illustrate Margaret's lack of concern with the throne. According to most versions, Princess Elizabeth, acting as councilor of state in the temporary absence of King George, was required one day to reprimand Margaret rather sharply for some breach of court etiquette. In her anger, Margaret is supposed to have snapped, "Oh, go mind your empire and leave me alone!"

This anecdote, of course, can also be used—and sometimes is—to illustrate exactly the opposite: that Margaret is actually jealous of Elizabeth's position and gives herself away by occasional fits of temper. Most people who have entry to Buckingham Palace, however, believe Margaret is sincerely not interested. The only thing that she seriously objects to is the tendency of people to look upon her as Elizabeth's little sister.

In any case, she could ascend to the throne as Queen Margaret I, only if her father (the king) and a childless Princess Elizabeth should both expire. One thing seems fairly sure, though: Should they, unhappily, die, their demises would probably not occur simultaneously, since the royal family takes special precautions not to tax the laws of chance and probability.

The king and Princess Elizabeth, for example, never fly in the same aircraft together if they can help it. The usual arrangement is for the king and Princess Margaret to go in one, with the Queen and Princess Elizabeth in the other. When Elizabeth has her expected baby, this arrangement will hardly be necessary since Margaret will then be demoted even further down the line of succession to make room for the newcomer.

Margaret's life inside the plush, red-carpeted palace is anything but easy. For a seventeen-year-old girl, her days are full to overflowing, and ordinarily by eight, she is up and dressed and at breakfast, which she sometimes has alone and sometimes shares with the king before proceeding to the business at hand. The queen is reputed to have a notoriously difficult time getting up early, and consequently she seldom appears at breakfast.

Lunch is usually a family affair. If the king and queen are away, Princess Margaret lunches with the Lord Chamberlain, the king's equerry, and other members of the royal household in *their* dining room. Elizabeth was different. If the family was gone, she ate alone. Until recently, Margaret was considered too young to appear at the family dinner table and was required to eat a so-called "nursery dinner" in her rooms. Now, however, she has been promoted.

Margaret is still studying under special tutors and spends most of her mornings in close communion with constitutional history, taught her by the provost of Eton; French, in which she excells; geography, with special reference to Australia and New Zealand in anticipation of the royal visit next year; the English novel as exemplified by Jane Austen and the Brontë sisters, her favorite authors; and the piano.

Margaret's talent for music is considerable, and while in the eyes of her teacher she appears to have less real feeling for music than Elizabeth, her technique is superior, a fact which Elizabeth is gracious in acknowledging. Margaret plays for the queen nearly every morning about eleven, and also takes a leading part in promoting the regular Thursday-night madrigal sessions.

The palace has a list of about thirty-five people who can carry their weight in madrigals, which are Elizabethan part songs, and a different group of eight or ten is invited each Thursday night to the

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Here is Princess Margaret Rose (right) with her sister Elizabeth, who'll be England's next queen, and Elizabeth's husband, the Duke of Edinburgh

BRITISH COMBINE

palace to participate. Margaret is also fond of the conga and recently led a wildly squirming conga line through the state rooms of Buckingham without apparent damage to either the furniture or the royal atmosphere.

Outside of $80,000 left her by Mrs. Ronald Greville, a onetime family friend and famous hostess who died not long ago, and an unspecified sum left her by the late King George V in his private will, Margaret has no money of her own. She is not the beneficiary of any state grants, and consequently must depend on her father for whatever allowance she receives, the exact amount being a palace secret. Elizabeth, of course, receives $160,000 a year as heiress presumptive, while the king receives $1,640,000 annually to provide for his personal needs and the upkeep of such royal establishments as Buckingham Palace, Sandringham and Windsor Castle.

Taboo on Gifts to Royalty

It goes without saying that Margaret's possessions are beautiful and costly, as befits a princess, but she is not permitted to supplement them with gifts from the "outside." Though people frequently try to press even their most prized possessions on the king and queen or one of the princesses, no member of the royal family accepts presents except on special occasions, and usually then only from such sources as national bodies, Cabinet members, or close friends.

Margaret does not have her own staff. She has a bedroom, sitting room and study overlooking the palace gardens and is attended only by her governess, her maid and a footman who is available to her on request. When she appears in public, she borrows a lady in waiting from either the queen or Princess Elizabeth. Elizabeth, by contrast, has now succeeded to a full staff comprising, among other people, a comptroller, a private secretary, three ladies in waiting and an equerry.

The Palace servants call Margaret "Your Royal Highness," but most people are instructed simply to call her "Ma'am." Her governess, Mrs. Buthley, who is still boss, calls her "Princess." To her intimate friends, she is simply Margaret, which she prefers to Margaret Rose, her full name.

Margaret, like Elizabeth, is a stickler for form, but she does not go to the extremes that Elizabeth has been known to reach in demanding strict observance of the rules of royal etiquette. Elizabeth, for example, once passed a sentry box at Windsor Castle with her dog, who promptly rushed at the sentry and got tangled in his feet as the harassed young man stepped forward to salute. The unfortunate result was that he got his bayonet stuck in the ceiling of the sentry box and nearly fell on his face. Though the fault lay with the frisky dog, Elizabeth looked him up and down severely and said coolly, "I'll overlook it this time." Margaret would undoubtedly have collapsed, laughing.

At Windsor, young officers on duty are frequently invited to dine at the

(Continued on page 58)

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TRAVELING COMPANION

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

From its 139 offices scattered over the world, the American Express Company finds lost relatives, attends weddings and provides a touch of America for the American tourist or businessman away from home

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

ONE day last summer the London office of the American Express Company opened for business and found a cablegram waiting. A New York businessman believed his daughter was being married at eleven o'clock that morning at St. Martin's Church in London and he wanted to be positive she was legally wed. "Please have American Express witness the ceremony," the cable ended.

The American Express Company, which is not supposed to be a daughter-sitting agency, took this unusual request in its usual no-comment style. Two men were assigned to witness the ceremony. They rang up St. Martin's Church in London. "There is no such wedding scheduled here this morning," said a clipped English voice at the other end of the wire. Calls to every other church in London revealed no trace of the wedding—and finally it was 15 minutes before the romantic deadline. Desperately they called the dean of Westminster Abbey for advice.

"I think you're looking for St. Martin's registry, not a church," said that official. The two wedding envoys seized their hats, a bouquet of roses, and rushed to the registry office. There they duly witnessed the ceremony, presented the roses and then cabled the worried father that all was legal. Cost? Nothing—to the father.

"We're still slightly dazed over the way our fellow Americans expect us to lend the helping hand," said one official of the company wryly. "We started out strictly as a travel agency, you see."

Forced on them by the public, the guardian-angel role is an established fact. Every few days the London or Paris office gets a standard frantic cable from America: "PLEASE LOCATE MY RELATIVE MISSING SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE LIFE OR DEATH," it invariably states. Amexco then telephones all its 39 offices dotting Europe, and usually finds the missing Yank in two or three hours. Then it cables its reply: "RELATIVE LOCATED IN MOUNTAIN CABIN ABOVE SWISS TOWN ASCONA NOTIFIED TO CABLE YOU." Again the cost is nothing—to the customers.

Often the problems of traveling Americans seem insolvable. In Rome, a suddenly orphaned baby had to be flown back to its relatives in the United States with an escort—American Express Company found a woman who, flying home herself, agreed to care for the baby on the way. In Peru, an elderly man had a heart attack crossing the Andes—Amexco pulled him off the regular train, hired a special locomotive, freight car and nurse, and rushed him down to doctors at sea level.

In Calcutta, a young man was stricken with malignant malaria and had to be sent home at once—Amexco talked a freighter into leaving half its load on the dock, in order to hasten the sick man to a U.S.-bound steamer at Panang. In all three of these emergency cases, the hapless traveler originally had bought a ticket through the American Express Company. But the ride-to-the-rescue was free—including the Peruvian locomotive. Why?

"What else can we do?" asks

An American Express "sitter" aids an anxious mother arriving by boat train at Gare St. Lazare, Paris

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Amexco plaintively. "Our customers expect it, so we do it. It's like the time a sick man on one of our Oriental cruises asked if he could see Mt. Fujiyama from his cabin window. The only way he could see it was if the ship was turned around—so we turned it around. Just because he seemed to *expect* it!"

Amexco, with 139 far-flung offices, is an invisible giant whose services are used by an estimated 90 per cent of all traveling Americans, as well as foreigners of every nationality. From a world-coverage standpoint, it is the largest shipping agency in the world. In countries such as Italy, Switzerland, England, France and Germany it is a bank of no mean proportions; in Germany the official American bank by U.S. Army contract. It is the biggest private mail service in the world.

And behind all of this, strong as a granite rock, flutters a small piece of paper known as the American Express Travelers Cheque, one of the greatest inventions since the electric light bulb.

The travelers cheque appeared when Amexco was middle-aged. The company was born in 1850, the year after the California gold rush; it was the name given to a combine of five famous horse-and-buggy express companies. The Wells-Fargo pony express was bought a year later. Amexco was still a simple domestic freight company in 1891, when its president, James C. Fargo, went on a harrowing trip to Europe and invented the travelers cheque in a spell of sheer rage.

He started for Europe armed with a little money and a large letter of credit, with which he tried in a series of angry arguments to wrest some money out of the countries he wanted to travel through. He returned to the United States sadder, wiser, and far poorer. He also returned convinced that some new medium of exchange for travelers ought to be invented.

"A paper that would represent solid dollars, and would therefore be easily converted into francs, lire, rubles, pounds, or whatever," he ruminated. "Furthermore it should be better than cash, so that if it were lost or stolen the owner could get his money refunded."

Thus he designed the travelers cheque which has the simple but superb device of a double signature by the owner. He signs his name when he buys the cheque under the watchful eye of the seller, and signs it again when he cashes it—this time under the eye of the person who cashes it. A further check on the cheque is an identification number in the upper right-hand corner.

Since few thieves run the risk of forging a signature, that worry is almost entirely eliminated.

Refunds for Lost Cheques

As for the owner, if he loses his cheques he always gets his money refunded by Amexco. Purchasers pay 75 cents for every $100 worth of cheques bought. By this time, several million Americans a year buy the cheques in most banks in the country, in Western Union offices, Railway Express offices and some hotels.

They bought the cheques right from the start in 1891, and then set about forcing the structure of Amexco into what it is today. When they went to Europe, they demanded Amexco offices in which to cash their cheques. Once the dazed company had opened offices—the first being a cubbyhole in Paris in 1895—the public bustled in and demanded travel information while the cash register jingled. "What trains leave on Monday morning for Switzerland?" they asked. "What's a good hotel in Florence?"

And so the American Express Company became a travel agency, pushed into it by the public. In 1918 it gave up its original destiny by presenting all its domestic express business to the Railway Express Agency in exchange for that company's foreign shipping. (Although they are often confused, there is no actual connection between these two. The railroads own Railway Express; 30,000 stockholders own Amexco.)

By this time, Amexco's Paris cubbyhole has grown into a six-story landmark for all tourists. Beyond those 139 offices straddling the globe, there are thousands of "bureaus" or representative offices in every byway of the world. The cubbyhole has become a colossus . . . by public demand.

The traveling public had become a colossus too, at exactly the same time. By 1900, tourism had developed such importance it was a department in most European governments, and tagged by Europeans "the great invisible export." Until then, only the very rich had traveled, but toward the beginning of the 20th century, with the aid of the industrial revolution and the steam engine, the great middle classes began to move. The result was that the end of World War I brought the greatest era of international travel in history. Between the two wars, traveling Americans spent a cool $8,000,000,000 in foreign countries.

"Foreign nations gained more money from traveling Americans than from any other source during that period—more than by the sales of coffee, rubber, sugar, copper or tin," says Ralph T. Reed, president of American Express. "And as soon as the recent war was over, they began doing it again. The State Department only let down the bars on postwar European pleasure travel this last June; yet even on such short notice about their favorite vacation place, Americans spent $600,000,000 traveling there and elsewhere in 1947."

Like cats after catnip, traveling Yanks search out American ground away from America . . . with their first love still their favorite: Paris. In Paris, as many as 12,000 Americans a day tell one another, "Meet me at American Express!"—and rush to the world-famous Amexco office at 11 Rue Scribe. Here they bustle up to the mail desk to collect mail from home, make out forwarding slips to have future mail follow them to their next stop, and scream greetings to one another. Here they scan the registry book on the desk to see where other American friends are staying in Paris.

At the cashier's cages they cash their travelers cheques into francs. At the information desks they go wild. They have French messages translated, they want trunks and furniture put in storage, and they machine-gun questions. They ask about sight-seeing tours, about hotels, boats, doctors, dentists, hairdressers, and where to buy perfume.

In the big Paris office—the largest outside of New York City—15 clerks work all day long giving free information. Upstairs in the huge fourth-floor mail room, more clerks turn over the 20,000 letters that arrive in a single day. This too is free.

One of Amexco's firmest policies (usually aided by the laws of the country) is to employ the citizens of each country in which they open offices. In the big Paris office, for instance, out of the 220 employees only four are American. The rest are English-speaking French. Ordinarily, the sole American in an office is the manager. "All we try to do is keep a touch of America in each office," explains President Reed.

Even away from the offices Amexco has created an American atmosphere —every international train and plane all over the globe finds an Amexco "sitter" awaiting its arrival. He wears a navy-blue uniform and he speaks four languages, one being English. There are 140 such sitters in the airports, stations and harbors of the world, ready to rush up to any overexcited stranger and help him past customs, through the mysteries of baggage and tipping, and finally into a taxi headed for his hotel. Again this is a free service. On New York's piers, newly arrived Europeans treat American Express Company sitters like human reference books.

Group Tours Are Popular

The estimated 90 per cent of traveling Americans who use Amexco offices can be explained by the fact that Amexco handles not only thousands of individual globe-trotters a year, but also endless cruises—and dozens of big groups. In 1947 they handled the British movie magnate J. Arthur Rank's entourage on its triumphal tour of America, as well as fifty America-bound groups of French, Swiss and Italian businessmen.

Meanwhile, they were further responsible for all the seals, gorillas, Shetland ponies, chimpanzees, polar bears and elephants that were sent from a dozen ports to America for the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus.

Corpses are an irregular but steady part of their shipping department. Americans die everywhere, but always want to be buried in America. Amexco does everything: witnesses the funeral service if there is one abroad, obtains the undertaker's certificate and the doctor's death

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Sweden, a two-month-old tiger cub, had her passage arranged by Amexco from Malmö, Sweden, to a U.S. circus

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MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN *MURDER*

I reached inside the door and snapped on the light. At first glance I saw what had brought that look into Patricia's eyes. It was Conchita

CONTINUING

A NOVEL OF A

TENDER LOVE AND

CRIMINAL INTRIGUE

The Story:

STEVE BLAKE, young aeronautical engineer, is on trial for the murder of JEFF NULTY, ex-convict, who had managed the Casa Linda night club. Testimony has shown that on the afternoon of October 4th, Nulty barged in on Steve's cocktail party, already drunk. When Steve asked him to leave, Nulty became ugly, knocked Steve down and kicked him in the face. Blake, violently angry, threatened to kill him, but other guests hustled Nulty out.

That night, Nulty was found in his apartment, shot to death with a .38 which the police can't find. Neighbors fixed the time of the shot at 10 P.M.

Blake's defense is that he went to see Nulty that evening to settle accounts, but found him docile and apologetic. Blake also says that he left Nulty at 9 P.M. and arrived home at 9:20 P.M. He says he didn't leave his apartment all night, he does not know where his own .38 is. But he has no proof of his statements.

Suddenly BRIAN GARLAND, Blake's chubby attorney, produces a MRS. PATRICIA KINGSLEY, whom Blake cannot place. Under oath, she testifies that she knows Blake was in his apartment at 10

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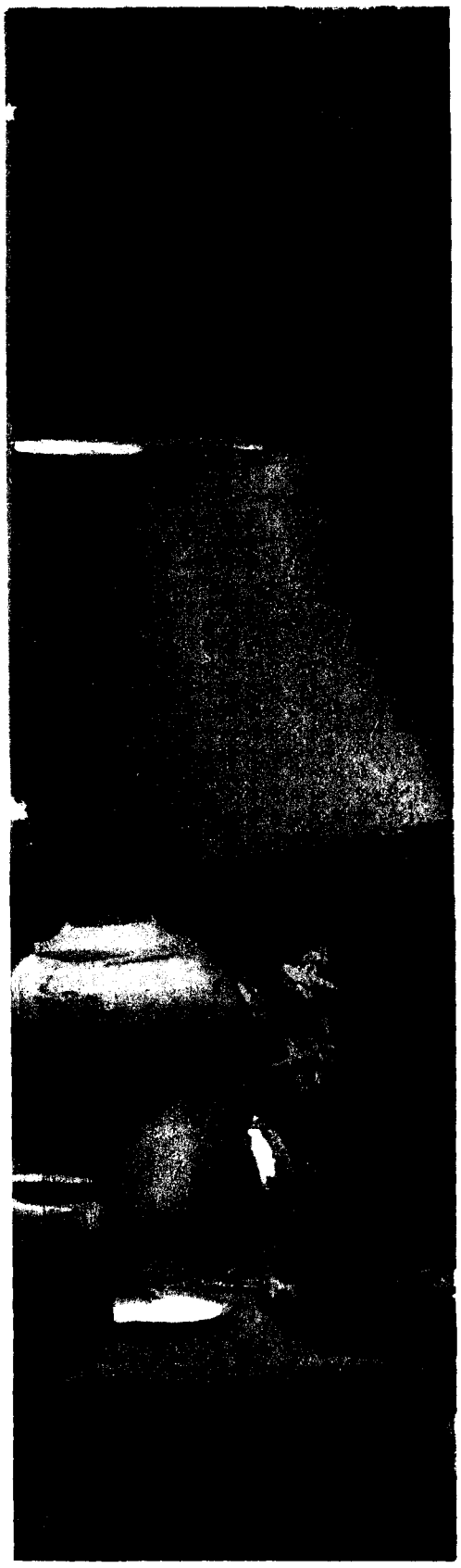
BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



P.M. on the fourth, because she spent the night with him. She frankly admits to being Steve's mistress. Only Blake, sitting there stunned, knows her statements are utterly false.

He is at first relieved to be provided with an alibi, but then, on impulse, not wanting his acquittal through perjury, he takes the stand himself and flatly denies her statements.

COURT reconvened at two o'clock. Noon editions of the papers had blazoned the news to an eager public. I knew all the lurid details had been on the air.

The state and the defense did their summing up. Both Walderson and Garland played it cagey. Neither ranted, neither raved. They were like two poker players, each of whom thinks he has the winning hand. For my money, Walderson made the better showing—he had more to go on.

Simply and graphically, he dwelt on me. He lauded my fearless honesty—which was a smart move. He established me as a man to whom lying was an impossibility, except perhaps on the little matter of claiming that I hadn't killed Jeff Nulty. He stated that he rarely had seen such courage, or heard such unequivocal truth. Voluntarily—without guidance or coercion—I had sworn that Pat Kingsley's testimony was false.

Garland played it the other way. He ignored my testimony and dwelt on Mrs. Kingsley's story. He drew a graphic picture of Mrs. Kingsley's social position and reputation; he reminded the jury that she was so obviously a lady. And, he claimed, her testimony must therefore be believed.

The jury retired. The guards trotted me back to my cell, but came back for me shortly before five o'clock.

The expressions of the seven men and five women in the jury box told me nothing. The quiet was something you could cut with a knife.

Judge Gaston said that the verdict would now be read by the clerk. He warned against any demonstration. Every muscle in my body was rigid. My head was throbbing.

The foreman of the jury handed an envelope to the clerk. The clerk opened it. Veteran though he was, his fingers were unsteady. He started to speak and his voice cracked. He gulped some water and started again. He read the preamble . . . he reminded everybody that this was the case of the People of the State of California versus Steven Blake. He said, "We, the jury, find the defendant . . ."

He paused again. He drew a deep breath, and then he said, "Not guilty!"

I didn't move. Not even when an incredulous Brian Garland started pumping my hand, not when George Walderson came over to congratulate me. The strength had drained from my body.

Photographers' flash bulbs were popping all over the place. One young man shoved a microphone at me and asked me to say something to my millions of well-wishers. I shoved the microphone away.

"Not guilty!" The sheer surprise of it drained me, left me flat.

An ample-bosomed lady shoved through the crowd and took one of my hands in both of hers. I recognized her as a member of the jury. She was crying.

She said, "I'm so happy, Mr. Blake; so very, very happy. Your effort to save that woman's reputation was the most heroic thing I've ever heard."

FREE. Now I could do what I wanted, when I wanted, how I wanted. I was amazed that there wasn't any red tape. The jury said, "Not guilty," and I was as free as anybody. No papers to be signed, no formalities, no nothing. I could answer questions if I chose, and refuse to answer them if I didn't choose.

I got through the crowd somehow, although dozens of people tried to talk to me. I felt like a fighter who had been awarded a close decision. I thanked Brian Garland for what he'd done and left him standing by the elevator looking as dazed as I felt.

Down on the ground floor there were a lot of people. Nobody knew me. Nobody cared about me. I was just someone walking out of the Hall of Justice. I went down Temple Street to Spring. I looked up at the magnificent white city hall, stretching high up into the clear dusk. I walked up the wide steps and stood between two of the massive pillars near the bronze entrance doors and smoked two cigarettes. I was thinking about what I intended to do, about what I had to do. Maybe it made sense—and maybe it didn't.

I went inside the building. I walked down a long, impressive corridor that angled off to the right through an archway. Leaning against the wall was a painted sign informing Mr. John Q. Public that he might proceed only if he wished to transact police business.

I went ahead, because that was what I wanted to do.

I HAD been in this corridor before, but not alone. I'd been brought here for questioning. I could turn around now and walk right out. The other time had been different.

Down the hall was a door marked "Homicide Division 43 Entrance in Room 42." I went to Room 42 and walked in.

I stood just inside the entrance and looked around. Conversation eased off. The Homicide detectives all looked at me. I had a feeling that they recognized me. They didn't say so, but I knew. They looked neither hostile nor friendly. I asked whether Lieutenant Marty Walsh was in, and a heavy-set detective with a slight Spanish accent motioned toward a larger room on the north side of the one in which I was standing.

That was the room where the big shots of Homicide had their desks. It was the same size as the reception room, and the desks were newer and neater, but the calendars on the walls were still advertisements for morticians.

The skipper—the captain of Homicide Division—was at his desk. Two men were talking to him. One was Marty Walsh.

Walsh had given my case his personal attention. He was slender, but that slenderness was deceptive. He was wiry as a coiled spring of tempered steel. He was one of the conservative dressers. He had brown hair and cold brown eyes. He was the smallest man in the room.

As I walked in, another man got up from a desk in the corner and moved forward. I recognized him, too. He was Sergeant Vic Tremont, who had been the partner of Lieutenant Walsh on my case. He was a big man, as straight up and down as six o'clock. He had a face like granite and a deceptively soft voice.

Obviously the skipper recognized me. He jerked his head in my direction and started reading a memorandum on his desk, which was the same as saying to Marty Walsh that he wasn't butting in. I noticed that the next room had quieted down, as though the detectives there were all humanly curious about what had brought me over to Homicide fifteen minutes after having been turned out of superior court.

Walsh straightened up. That still left him shorter than I was. He looked straight at me, but his eyes told me nothing. He said, in a flat voice, "You played that mighty cute, Blake."

"How?" I asked.

"Taking the stand. Defending a woman's honor. I didn't know you were that smart."

I shook my head. "You get hold of an idea, Marty—you never let go, do you?"

"It was very nice. On Mrs. Kingsley's testimony alone, they might still have convicted you. There wasn't any rule they had to believe her. But when you made your pitch, fella, that slew 'em. You handed 'em so much reasonable doubt they couldn't ignore it."

Two or three of the boys drifted in from the next room. They were as curious as a bunch of women. I said, "You don't agree with the jury, do you, Marty?"

"There's lots of things I don't have to agree with."

I said, "You and Tremont here rode me pretty hard."

"That's our job. We try to be smart. But we ain't ever half as smart as a slick lawyer."

I smiled. It was the first time I'd smiled in a long while. I said, "Why do you think I'm here?"

"To gloat. You got the right. You're just a citizen again. You can laugh at cops all you want."

"I came for something else, Marty." I looked around. "Could it be just you and me and Tremont?"

"Sure." He shooed most of the others out of the room and closed the door. The nice-looking man with the prematurely gray hair remained seated behind the desk. "You can't object to him, Blake," said Marty Walsh. "He's the skipper. Meet Captain Carnes."

I shook hands with Captain Carnes. He had a hard grip, but he didn't overdo it. I took the chair that Tremont shoved forward. I said, "I've come here to find out whether you're willing to help me."

Marty looked puzzled. He said, "You seem to be doing all right. Why do you need help now?"

I spoke carefully, "As I understand the law, I could confess to the murder of Jeff Nulty and you couldn't touch me."

"Right. You thinking of doing it?"

"No. What I wanted to tell you is that you've still got an unsolved murder on your hands. Jeff Nulty was murdered. I didn't do it. I'd like to know who did."

MARTY and the skipper glanced briefly at each other. Then Lieutenant Walsh faced me. He said, "Maybe you ain't as bright as I thought. Look, fella—you're clean. They washed you and hung you out to dry. Even if it's true you didn't knock Jeff Nulty off, what's it to you who did?"

"Can't you figure that one, Marty? Let me diagram it for you. My statement to the jury was the truth: nothing added, nothing held back. I've heard of Patricia Kingsley, but I never saw her before, except casually at my cocktail party. But fully half the citizens of this town are going to think your way. I'll always have the feeling that I'm suspected of murder, whether I'm technically free or not. It's a feeling I don't like."

"Just the same, it looks as though you're stuck with it."

"Not quite. You did a lot of talking about your job. Well, isn't it your job to find out who killed Jeff Nulty?"

"*That* again. I still think you did."

"Would I be here if that were true?

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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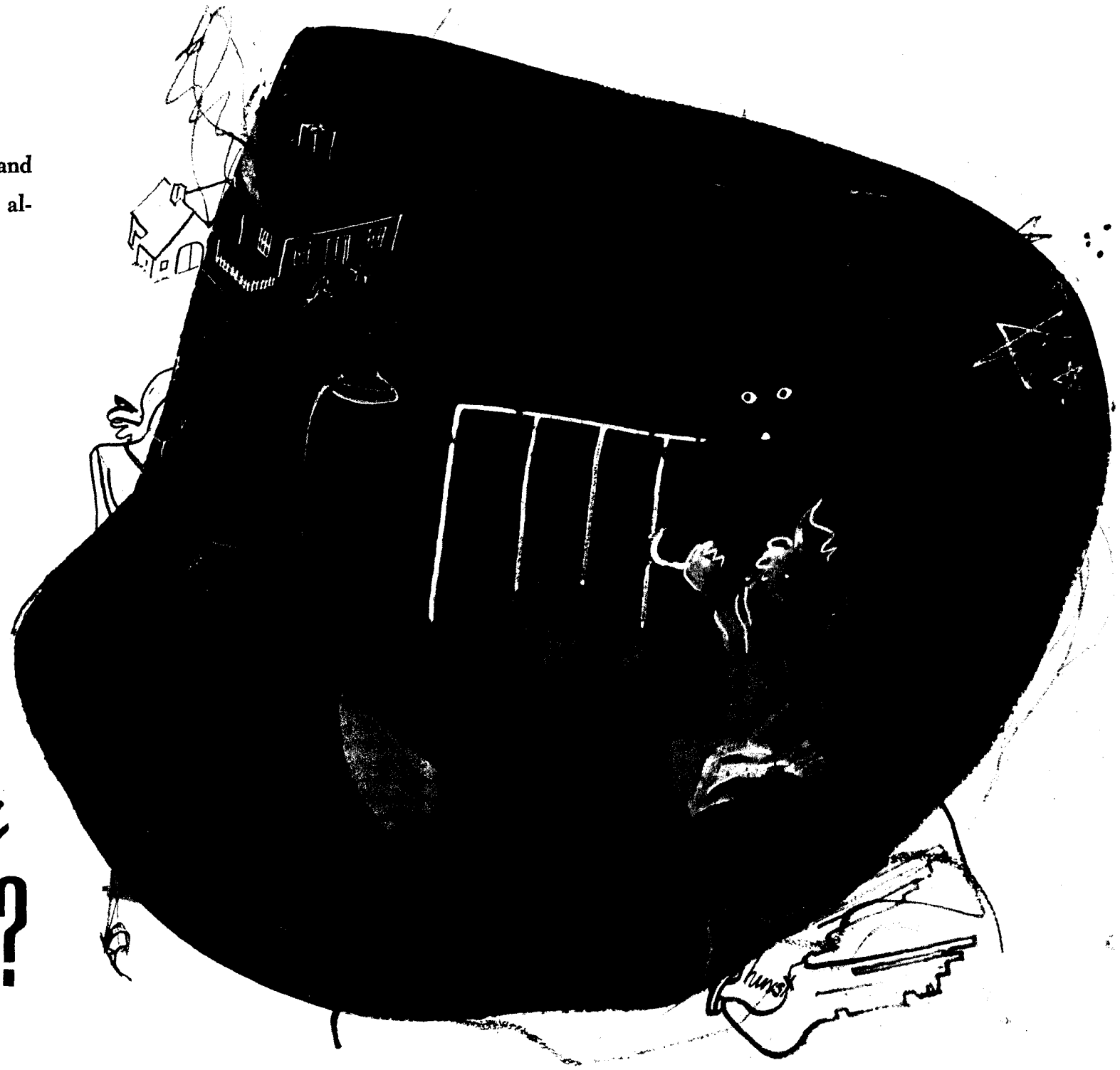
Ella was an old hand at worrying. She'd always worry more about less—and twice as often



Are You SURE?

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

He was trying to go to sleep when she said, "Clyde, did I pull out the iron cord, or—"

ONE thing you can say about Clyde and Ella Harris. They certainly are a source of contentment for others. After an evening at Clyde and Ella's, you notice couples leaving arm in arm, feeling pretty good about each other. And in the street during the short pause while men get out their car keys and the women remind one another of next Wednesday afternoon at three, somebody will say, "Poor Clyde." A wife will remind her husband, "You think *you've* got it rough." He will grin and admit he could have done worse. "He was always such an easygoing guy," somebody will say. The answer to that is that that's why he takes it. And generally there will be the old prediction about the redheaded stenographer: "You just wait. He'll take off with some dumb babe one of these days. There's a limit." Then somebody always mentions that trip to L.A., which is good for a laugh as we drive off.

Personally, I think Clyde and Ella are a very happy couple. But I've learned not to argue the point. All I get is that knowing look. Well, okay, Clyde did beat me out with Ella. She married him instead of me. But that's over, and so is what I felt for Ella. And it's not merely a case of taking fiendish pleasure in seeing Clyde on the rack. I'm just saying there's a Jill for every Jack.

Okay, *take* that trip to L.A. I know something about that. I got involved in it.

That was shortly after they'd moved into the new house. Over the long week end—Monday was a holiday—they'd planned to get the lawn in. But when Clyde called up Friday afternoon to arrange for renting a power tiller and a roller, he found that the equipment had already been reserved for the week end.

"Clyde, I *told* you to arrange for that stuff early this week," Ella said. "I should have done it myself, and made sure."

Clyde shrugged. He wasn't one to worry. "Why do we have to put the lawn in this week, anyhow?"

"What's more important?"

"We've been tied down to the place. Why don't we just take off and go someplace?"

"Where?"

"How about dropping in on Bill and Elaine in L.A.?"

So they packed up that night and got off in good time next morning, nothing planned ahead, the sort of trip you always have the most fun on.

They stopped in Gilroy for breakfast. As they ate, Ella said, "Clyde, did you lock up the house?"

"You watched me do it."

"As long as we're sure." Presently she looked about. "My purse! Did I leave it in the car? Did you lock the car?" Almost immediately she found the purse beside her on the bench. She looked through it, making sure she hadn't forgotten her sun glasses and address book, the credit card, the extra car key she always carried in case Clyde lost his, and other things she'd made sure of a dozen times before. "Clyde, we ought to do this oftener. Just take off. It does something to you."

"We had a grind with the house. But now we're in."

"Just pick up and go and forget everything for a couple of days. Clyde—"

"What?"

"You know, we could lose everything. I've heard of people who watch. Particularly with new houses, before you get to know the neighbors. They wait until you're out, and then back up a truck and simply strip everything to the bare walls. It's happened while people have just stepped out to go to the grocery store."

"We've got the best locks money can buy."

"Yes; but did you lock up? Are you sure?"

"You were right there when I locked the door. You looked up and down the street to make sure nobody was watching while I dropped the key in the mailbox."

"But that was the front door, Clyde. What about the back?"

"I locked it from inside. Then I went through the house checking the windows, and locked the front door as I came out."

She said, "I wonder if we'd ought to give Bill and Elaine a ring. Maybe they'll have company, or be away, or have something else planned. There's a phone right over there. We could just say hello and tell them we'll be dropping in."

"And put them to a lot of fuss getting ready and planning ahead," he said. "We'll just pop in. Take things as they are. You always have more fun that way."

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

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The Secret Papers of HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The war in the Pacific becomes desperate. Roosevelt's suggestions on India arouse Churchill. The British agree to 1943 invasion of Europe

PART VIII—WE PREPARE FOR A SECOND FRONT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Winston Churchill announced at the beginning of 1942 that the United Nations had formed a great coalition against the Axis but within one month there were alarming evidences that it was about to be knocked to pieces. The danger came from blows delivered by the reinforced Germans in Africa and the staggering procession of Japanese conquests southward and westward.

The most dreadful of all prospects, which came perilously close to realization, was that of a German breakthrough into the Middle East and a Japanese march through India, which would have enabled the two powerful Axis partners to join up and pool resources. This, of course, did not happen; but there were many moments in subsequent months when the "best informed sources" would not dare to bet against it.

Harry L. Hopkins was very much worried about public morale. (He always worried a lot more than Roosevelt did.) He was afraid that the flood of bad news would produce a resurgence of isolationist sentiment.

Hopkins at this time was virtually hospitalized, but on January 24th, he drove to the White House for an evening with the President and subsequently noted:

It is perfectly clear that the President is going to have to go through just what Lincoln had to go through with this Senate committee on the war and I fancy he is going to do it with the same imperturbability as did Lincoln.

He is going to have many of the same problems that Lincoln had with generals and admirals whose records look awfully good but who well may turn out to be the McClellans of this war. The only difference between Lincoln and Roosevelt is that I think Roosevelt will act much faster in replacing these fellows.

This war can't be won with . . . men who are thinking only about retiring to farms somewhere and who won't take great and bold risks, and Roosevelt has got a whole hatful of them in the Army and Navy that will have to be liquidated before we really get on with our fighting.

Fortunately he has got in King, Marshall and Arnold three people who really like to fight.

At this time the Russian front provided almost the only good news of a military nature and Roosevelt kept pressing to get supplies to the Red Army. In mid-January, he wrote to Admiral Land saying:

I am still terribly disturbed about the fact that an adequate number of ships are not available for Russia. . . . This government has made a firm pledge to Russia and we simply cannot go back on it. . . . You simply must find some ships that can be diverted at once for this Russian business.

Roosevelt cabled Stalin as to progress and added:

Our reports suggest that you are getting on well in pushing back the enemy. I believe that despite our Far East difficulties, we will have that area reinforced in the near future to such an extent that we can stop the Japs, but we are prepared for some further setbacks.

(Continued on page 54)

ACME

When President Roosevelt brought MacArthur (shown arriving in Melbourne) from Corregidor it was like ordering the captain to be the first to leave a sinking ship, but Roosevelt did it to bolster the morale of the people of Australia and New Zealand

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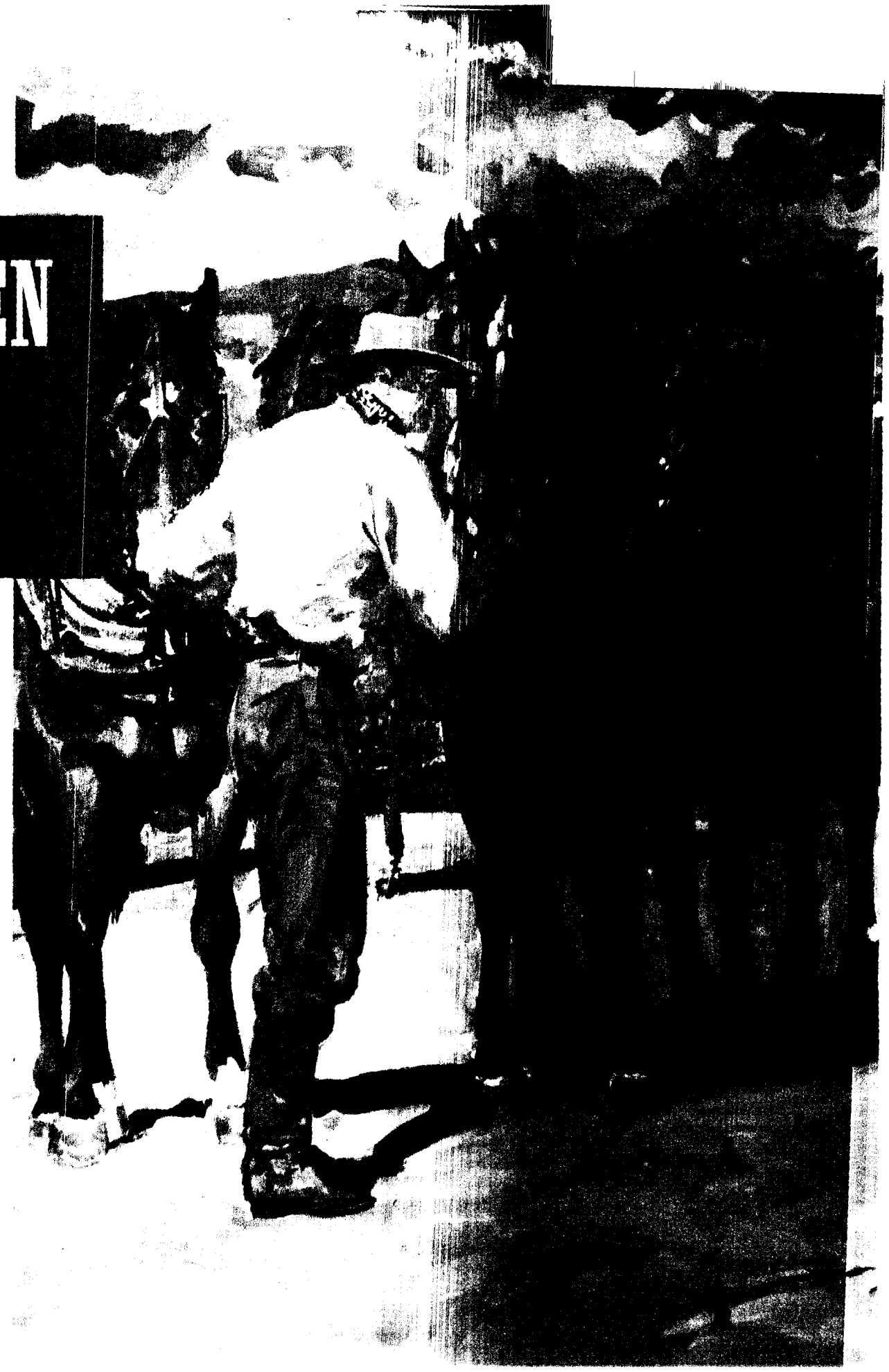
ON BAKEOVEN GRADE



Web Gordon had the common disease of the country: He thought old. But Ellen had the cure: She acted young

AT ELEVEN o'clock, with September's aromatic heat full upon the land, the Antelope stage appeared on the bench rim five miles above John Whitman's ranch and swept along the loops of Bakeoven Grade.

John Whitman stood in the barn's doorway and felt a puff of hay-fragrant air come from the loft. Every driver has his own style and, noting the reckless way the stage traveled, Whitman guessed it would be Ek Long at the ribbons; someday Ek would turn a stage over on that grade and kill his passengers. The road, leaving the hairpin curves, traveled beside Bakeoven Creek—meager waters now, moistening a rocky bottom—and split the yard of John Whitman's ranch, separating the barn from a long, low house weathered into the universal tan-gray of the country. He saw his wife's face at the kitchen window and he called, "Stage in sight."

She gave him a short glance from a face more thoughtful than usual. Something worked on her mind and would come out when it suited her to let it out. His daughter Ellen stood in the young orchard with Web Gordon, who had come from his father's ranch two miles away; in the last few months Web had done a lot of aimless riding in this direction, and rather suddenly it occurred to John Whitman that his daughter was nineteen and ready to have men on her heels. He thought to himself: Hard to think time's gone that fast, and returned his attention to the stage and to the land, which, rising bench on bench, knew no flatness till it reached the high, rolling desert ten miles away.

That was eastward. To the west, it pitched down over other successive benches until it reached the deep canyon of the Deschutes twenty miles distant. In any direction from this ranch the land was up or down, never level, and though John Whitman had lived here for ten years he still had the occasional feeling that he walked with one leg braced against a tilted earth.

When the stage was two miles away he observed that nobody rode on the boot with Ek Long. He called to his wife, "Light load today," and went into the barn to water and harness the fresh relay horses.

Ellen said in her quietest, gentlest voice, "I wish for the rain to come," and looked beyond Web Gordon to the parched row of fruit trees jammed like spikes into the iron-dry ground. They needed water soon, she thought; it was a quick thought that broke into her other thoughts and went away, leaving her discontented with herself and with Web. What had begun with such rising excitement three months earlier had settled into something silent, something desperate. Everything turned old too soon in this country; the sun and the wind dried out the grass and the trees and every living thing. Nothing happened on the grade; it was a thousand miles from anywhere. The earth was forever brown and dusty; the ridges lay frozen in shapes that would never change. Even people got frozen into their shapes and lost the power to grow.

Web said, "Never wish for rain. It can drive people crazy."

She knew him, but of late she was uncertain about him. He wasn't talkative. He was a young man with a round hard body and a face made deeper than amber by the sun. It was a restful, easy, healthy face; his eyes had a powdery-blue depth in the sunlight. He looked at her with his honest concern; he felt the change between them, too, and couldn't understand it.

She said, "When we stop wishing, we stop expecting anything—and then we're old."

"No use wishing for things you can't do anything about. Better to keep your mind on things that we know we can get."

"No. People get in a rut by just being practical. You've got to want a lot of things, and want them hard."

His smile came as he watched her with his troubled wonder. "Well," he said, and he had no malice in his voice, "wish for the moon, but you won't get it."

His fingers sought his shirt pocket for cigarette pouch and papers: he rolled a smoke, his calmness not as good a thing to her as it had been before. He liked his life, he endured the monotony and the work and the heat and the dust; he took it all without complaint. She waited for him to say the one

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thing she wanted to hear, and at last she knew he wouldn't say it. She decided to prompt him.

"There's a dance at Antelope tomorrow night."

He drew in a breath of smoke and expelled it. He looked down at the hard earth. "Dad and I have got to light out for the mountains tomorrow and start hauling wood." He raised his head and caught her guarded disappointment. "It's getting late in the year," he added.

She said in her lightest tone, "There was a dance last week, too."

"I was down in the canyon working fences for Cronin. I'd have lost two days' wages, coming back for the dance."

The stage turned the last loop of the road, a mile distant. She said, "Time to dish up for the passengers," and walked away. He stood still, not able to identify the trouble between them. He rubbed a film of sweat from his face and looked at the dull brass sky. . .

The stage rolled into the yard and came to a tearing stop. Ek Long threw down the reins to John Whitman and dropped from the seat, all legs and torso and rangy arms. He was a redheaded young man with a hard bright smile, and an assurance that rushed out of every feature and expressed itself in every gesture. He grinned at Whitman and walked into the house for dinner, preceding the passengers who crawled stiffly from the coach. Whitman unhitched the old horses, ran them into the corral and led out the fresh set. The sudden racket of dishes and people's voices came out of the house, and from the barn's arch he saw Ellen standing beside Ek Long at the head of the table, Ek smiling at her and she smiling at him. Web Gordon strolled forward and stood a moment in the barn's opening

"You're too easy with other men's girls," Web Gordon said. "I've got to teach you better." But Ek Long jabbed Web's face three times

with John Whitman. He said nothing but he, too, saw Ellen's smile for Ek Long, and presently he went to his horse and rode out through the hard sunshine toward the Gordon ranch.

These meal stops were always short and hurried things. In twenty minutes the passengers returned to the coach while Ek Long paused in the house doorway to say one last word to Ellen and to receive her nod; then he climbed the boot, caught the reins which John Whitman tossed to him and kicked off the brake in a single motion, breaking the horses from a standstill *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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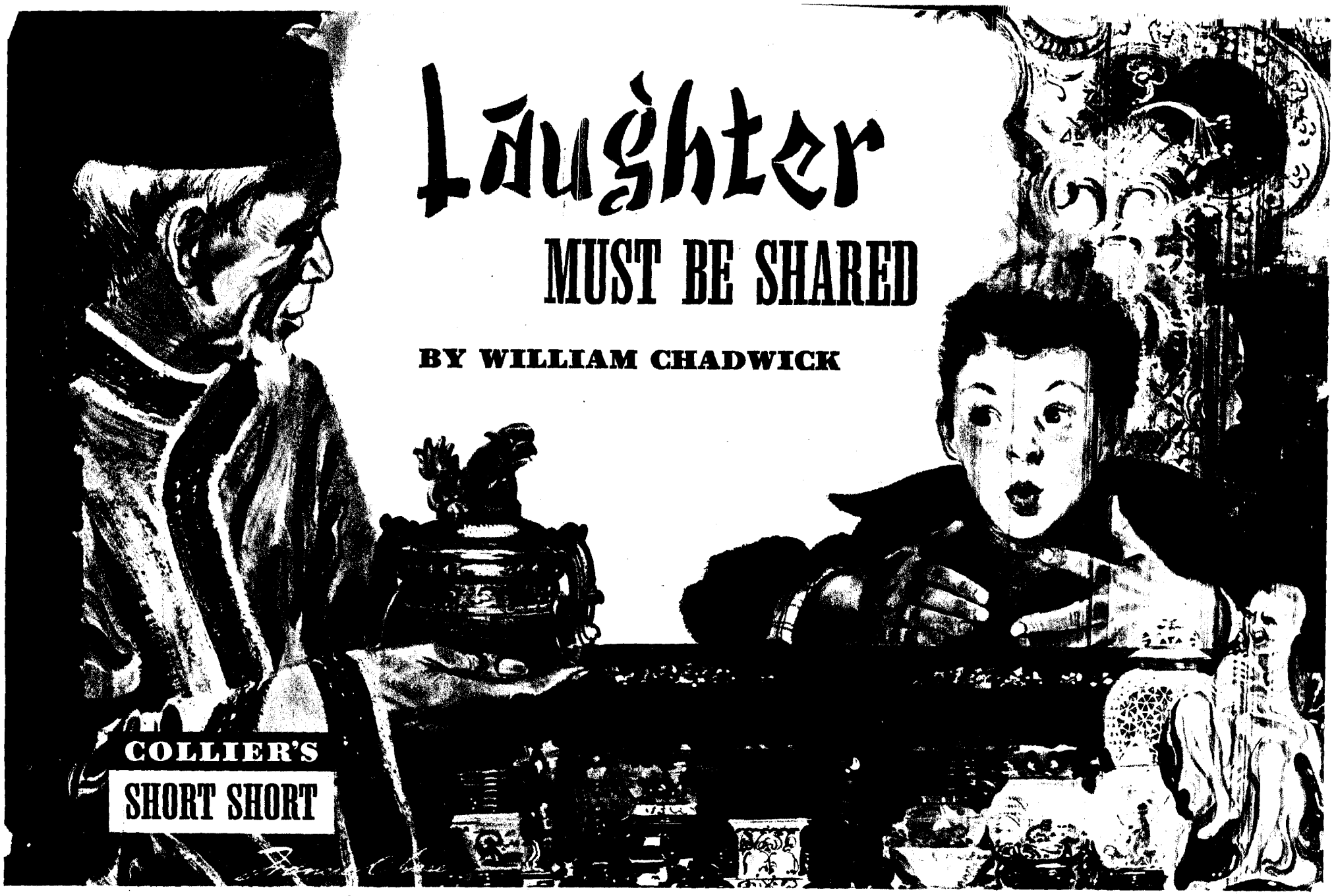

Laughter MUST BE SHARED

BY WILLIAM CHADWICK

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

"May you have happiness," Mr. Li said. "I have saved a special incense cone for this important occasion"

THE evening that my beautiful, slender, black-haired mother went with me to Mr. Li Fu's shop the clouds were hanging black and swollen over the city, threatening snow. I had been to the shop often before. But only to look. This evening I had come to buy.

My mother halted at the door of Mr. Li's shop. I went forward into the yellow lamplight, then paused and looked back at her, expectantly.

"I'll wait here, Bud," she said.

But I could not go the rest of the way inside. Remorse prevented me, even though I still kept my two dollars clenched in my fist. For in the last year I had become money-wise. The nickels and dimes which my father used to give me casually to spend just as casually belonged now to the past. There had been no talk between my mother and me about money since he had died, but I had become conscious of the lack of security.

For months Mother and I had discussed my birthday. She had promised me two dollars. And now two dollars I had. At first in my imagination I had spent it easily on a thousand things. But then a selective instinct had developed in me which changed to a heavy doubt. And it was doubt that had first led me into the side street and at last to Mr. Li's shop.

I had realized at once that Mr. Li was no ordinary shopkeeper. For as I had peered in his door he had said, "You must come in, for it is only from the center that one sees the whole."

"I'm only looking," I had said. "I'm not buying *yet*."

"That is wise," Mr. Li had said. "Before one buys, one should search diligently." Then he showed me the wonders of his shop, the rose jade and crystal, the fans and carved chests and heavy silks.

I told of my approaching birthday and promised, "I shall spend all my birthday money here."

"In which case," he had replied gravely, "you must come here frequently to see all that I have and take note of anything new that has come from China."

But now as I stood at the threshold of Mr. Li's shop the lump of coins in my hand seemed enormous. It was one thing to spend it only in imagination, and another to part with it recklessly. My mother had saved this vast sum. Now was the time to return it to her, for I knew she needed it. Then I recalled my promise to Mr. Li. And my face must have shown my anxiety for my mother bent over me and whispered:

"Hurry, honey. I'm so excited I just can't wait to see your present."

I TOOK a deep breath and with beating heart marched to the far end of the shop where Mr. Li in his yellow robe sat patiently watching me. Carefully I placed my two dollars on the counter and said, "I have come to buy my birthday present."

"May you have happiness," he said. "I have saved a special incense cone for this occasion. It is only once in a lifetime that a man may celebrate his eighth birthday and himself select the present which he desires. Would you, little Bud, like to see one more thing from China before you decide?"

My heart had been set on one of those wonderful boxes. You opened it and found another box inside; and inside that, another little box; and another and another until at last you came to the final box and inside that you would find, carved out of ivory, a miniature figure of a man in a peasant's straw hat, quite perfect and beautiful. I hesitated. Then with my eyes on the money I nodded.

"Do you like to laugh?" Mr. Li said, and with the gesture of an Oriental magician reached under the counter and put before me the queerest little ivory man I have ever seen. He was fat. His head was bent to one side. His mouth was wide open and his two teeth were showing as his hands clasped his belly in a paroxysm of mirth. He looked as if he were sore from so much laughing. And I began to laugh, too, until tears squeezed from my eyes. "Laughter is like good wine," Mr. Li said. "It must be shared."

"I want to buy him," I said. "How much is he?"

"Let me see," Mr. Li said. His head sank in thought. "Two dollars. The price includes his box."

"Just what I have! I'll take him."

"Just a moment," my mother said from behind me. "You are good and thoughtful, Mr. Li, but this is a collector's piece. You must have had high offers for it. Bud only has two dollars. You must sell him something worth two dollars. Nothing more."

Mr. Li folded his hands into the sleeves of his robe. "It is true that I have had many offers for this ivory figure. But not one was as high as the offer I have had from little Bud this evening. He has offered all he has and that is a great price."

From beneath his counter he produced a sandalwood box and in it he placed the little man and round it he wrapped a piece of white paper stenciled with green dragons. With one of his rare smiles he handed the box to me and said, "Su Tungp'o, a great Chinese poet wrote: A single hour in an evening of spring is worth a fortune of gold. Let him keep it. Laughter is the balm which eases the pain of life."

I looked doubtfully at my mother.

"It's yours, Bud," she said. "Thank Mr. Li for his goodness."

AT THE door of Mr. Li's shop I put the parcel under my coat. We passed out into the darkness and as I caught my mother's hand the first snowflake fell on my shoulder. I looked up at my mother's face and it was set and strained as we hurried through the snow. I bent my head down and pressed my nose against the parcel. Through the paper I caught the faint scent of warm sandalwood and I thought of the little man inside and I felt the laughter bubbling in me like a spring of water.

I stumbled. My mother jerked my arm.

"Bud! What on earth are you doing?"

"I'm laughing!" I spluttered. "I'm laughing with my little man!"

At the thought of him my mirth burst and I laughed until I shouted. In the darkness I glanced at my mother and saw the gleam of her teeth and heard the sudden rush of her own laughter. Then we were walking home through the New York snow, laughing and laughing. And next to my heart the little man in his sandalwood box was doubled up with mirth. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

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BY W. B. COURTNEY

Shoved about like pawns in a game of high international politics are a million and a half desperate people, Europe's DPs. Their only crime was that they were brave enough to hold out for liberty; their only desire is to become useful citizens

The first boatload of Displaced Persons and Refugees landed in America on the 21st of December, 1620; some 100 women and children and men of humble means and simple crafts. They were not the first permanent colonists here. But they are the most venerated in our history because they were the first arrivals who had been displaced by political oppression and made fugitives by religious persecution—and in that sense remain a foundation symbol of the United States of America.

ONE day, 327 years after the Mayflower, I talked with a man in a camp near Munich, Germany, sardine-packed with 6,000 modern Displaced Persons and Refugees. The man had been a professor in a Baltic university until the Reds gobbled it.

He quoted an item he had read in an American newspaper describing objections by a patriotic ancestral society in the United States to the admission there of Displaced Persons. Then he added, gently:

"Perhaps if we all were Anglo-Saxons and Episcopalians we'd be welcomed in the United States readily enough!"

Though it stung, I liked him for saying it. And I liked him for how he said it: without either timidity or ill feeling, but as one quietly trying to figure out what a thing really meant.

For what it really meant to me, I recalled a day, when Yanks were dying so that people like the professor could have freedom and homes again and our own could be secure. In what had been a Normandy meadow I watched identification squads do their bookkeeping in the human debris of battle. Perhaps some of these poor fragments were in direct line from the Pilgrims; but more, far more, stemmed from ancestors who had flocked much later through America's Open Gate.

Amid the stench of quick decay in that summer heat, and the commotion of near-by fighting, I thought there could be nothing worse about war. Here was its Last Mile, the end of a boy's progress from school and family to a quaking slot of earth. I thought, also, that in a fresh military cemetery like this, and not in palaces, the makers of peace should be compelled to hold their wranglings.

But that was maudlin nonsense of course. There are longer and worse Last Miles of war for the blinded, the maimed, the bereaved. And there is another, seldom remembered; but measureless and tragic because it is trod by *whole* and *living* people.

One and a half million such people are drifting along that sort of Last Mile now—Displaced Persons and Refugees for whom there is no Plymouth Rock anywhere. Human beings who are nothing more than "Official Statistics." One million and a half men, women and children dutifully checked, identified, sifted for spies, catalogued, stamped and filed away by the International Refugee Organization. Impersonal columns of figures, expressionless thumbtacks, faceless circles on the charts of a vague and distant "problem."

Absolute precision in human records, as in those of any perishable and expendable goods, is not possible—varying from hour to hour with deaths, births, desertions. Actually, the number is somewhat larger: about 1,100,000 in Europe and nearly 600,000 elsewhere. But 1,500,000 is a nice round, impressive statistic—easy to remember: It's equal to the population of Detroit, for example.

"Statistics" begin to break down when you leave IRO headquarters and visit the camps. Visit many in a rush, and they, at least, break down into persons. Visit a few, more leisurely, and persons break down into people like those you see in the pictures on these pages. Visit just one camp; see its folks crowded like goldfish in a pet-shop globe; inspect their handicrafts; watch their native dances; listen to their haunting old-country songs—or the thin and wistful laughter that sweeps a room when they hear an American Forces Network broadcast that deals with the pleasures of life in the United States or extols the virtues of the American system. Then statistics at last break down into individual human beings. Like the professor you have already met.

But they break down into something else, too: 1,500,000 broken promises.

Camps Are Hotbeds of Future Wars

Here is a place for the holding of a peace conference! Any one of these camps in which the living human debris of war is dumped. In such camps lie more seeds of future wars than in fields where the killed in action are finished with pain and suffering. Because it is not what is done in war, but what is left *undone* after war, that corrodes the years of peace.

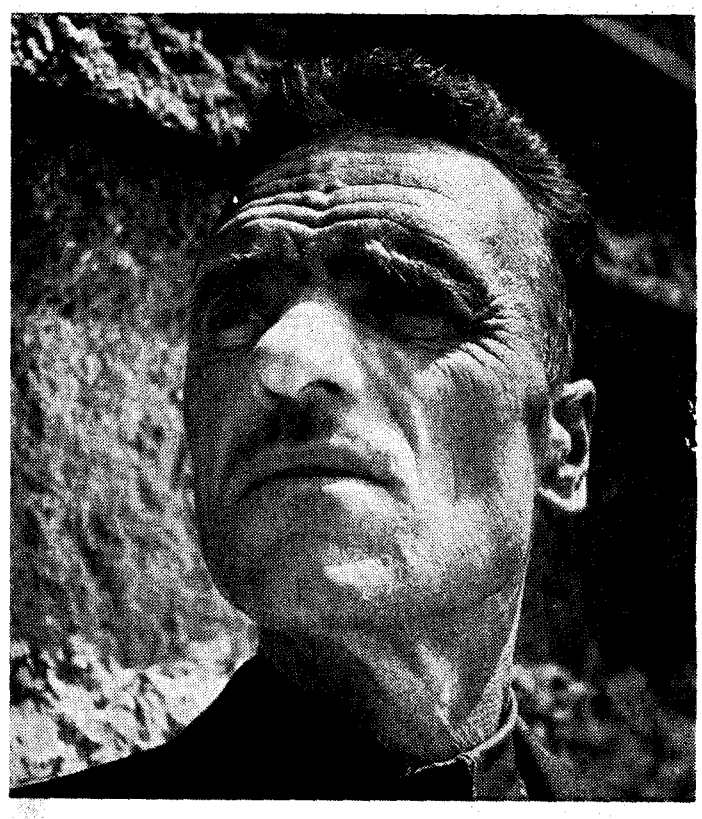
Nowadays the wealth, power and voice of the United States are fully extended to convince what's left of Europe that democracy's way of life is better. Yet in these camps you find refugees from the Communist way of life who are:

1. Bereft of human dignity by the sordid nickname which callousness and nonchalance have added to commonplace daily usage in our language—"DPs."

2. Pawed, selected, bargained for, swapped

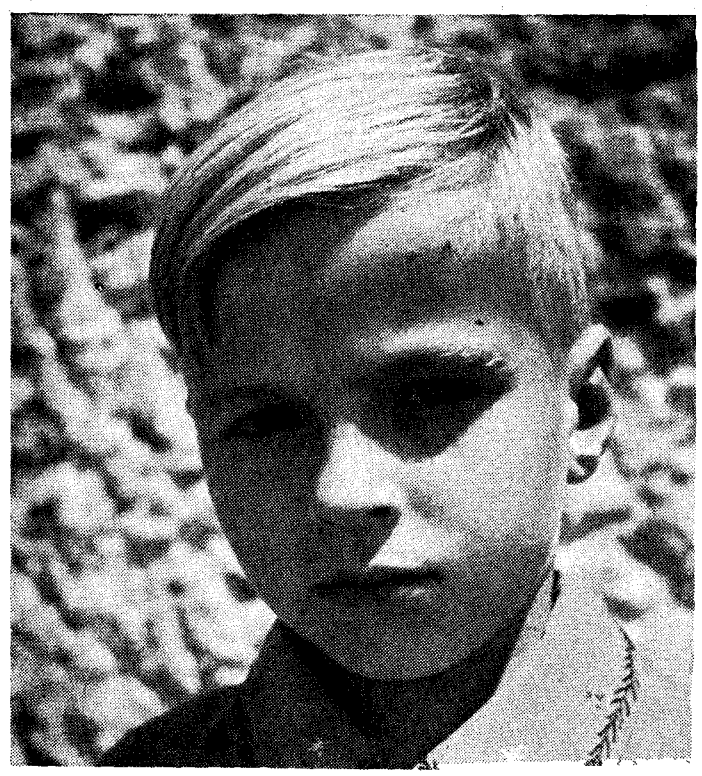
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY A. L. ZEGART

RUSSIAN: TATIANA PRONIN



POLE: ROBERT WALS

LATVIAN: ROLAND KALNINS



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YUGOSLAV: WITOMIR MITROWITSCH

ESTONIAN: SAK MAJ

LITHUANIAN: HERMAN SERKAS

Mr. Walter Davenport
Editor of Collier's
250 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. Davenport:

I have read the article entitled "Unwanted" by W. B. Courtney. It is a fine presentation of the Displaced Persons problem.

We Americans cannot dismiss this topic as one represented by statistics only, we must think of it in terms of human beings. Articles such as yours will most certainly result in a more sympathetic understanding of this situation.

Sincerely,

William G. Stratton

William G. Stratton
Congressman at Large

around—in what is virtually a "refined" slave mart.

3. Cared for at a cost of about 30 cents a day each—the price of a hamburger and a cup of coffee in an American drugstore.

4. Listed in, and picked from, a human mail-order catalogue.

5. Shuffled out like cards in resettlement schemes; families often torn apart.

6. Bullied with threats of redeportation to Germany as the price of refusing forced labor contrary to agreements under which they were resettled.

7. Used as a means by some countries to build up dollar credits.

8. Shoved around like pawns in a game of high international politics.

9. Reviled and subtly persecuted—alike by the natives of the late enemy countries in which they are confined and by some of the occupation personnel of the Western armies that "liberated" them.

10. Eager, with fervor akin to religious exaltation, to be useful citizens of free Western society; but slowly being churned into 1,500,000 potential human political time bombs, whose final disillusionment could explode them into its sourest enemies.

The mockery of their situation makes the DPs immensely useful to the propaganda of the nation that hates them most—Russia. The Soviet and satellite radio and press incessantly point to them as evidence of American philosophy that dollars alone are the world's cure-all; that America's wallet is bigger than its reason; that America's mouth is bigger than its mind.

When it became apparent that UNRRA would expire, leaving many loose threads in the universal misery, the United Nations formed an International Refugee Organization to handle the human ravelings. That was in December, 1946.

To date, of the almost 60 United Nations less than one third have shown interest enough in this human salvage problem to join IRO; and not all of these have paid their pledged dues.

Seventy-five per cent of the budget was barely reached. IRO has available for this year $117,000,000, or $78 per DP. The situation is partially saved because many DPs manage supplementary earnings outside the camps; otherwise there wouldn't be even 30 cents a day for their average care.

From the outset the humanitarian mission of IRO was hamstrung by military autocracy and big-stuff international politics. The British forced an agreement cutting IRO staff permitted in their zone to nearly zero; and gave the bulk of jobs pertaining to its work to British soldiers and military government officials. Their salaries must be paid by IRO (which has nothing to do with selecting the workers) to the British government in London in dollars. The government, in turn, pays the zonal personnel in occupation currency.

Lack of Tough Leadership a Drawback

IRO, meanwhile, profited neither from UNRRA's few mistakes nor huge successes and experience. Working among 50-odd nations is like working in the midst of 50 loaded rifles held by 50 trigger-happy marksmen. The chief reason for IRO's lack of momentum is lack of tough leadership; a disinclination to cry out the scandal of the DPs to the forgetful citizens of all countries in fear of stepping on nationalistic corns.

When DP administration got under way, all soft pedals were down with respect to Russia. The Soviet Union has always insisted that the only true DPs in Europe are the 200,000 Spanish Republicans now sheltered in France. For others, repatriation (and not resettlement) was the only thing to be considered. So—we bribed the hesitant with 60-day rations and other pressure devices to get them to submit to disappearing behind the Iron Curtain. Even today, IRO's Russian-appeasing constitution still insists upon the ugly fiction that its chief task is to persuade DPs to go home—although it is fully known and established that 100 per cent are refugees from Communism and that return for them could only mean torture and murder.

Over the DP camps hovers the air of a market for what Hugo E. Rogers, Borough President of Manhattan, has called "refined slave labor." Governments may thumb through IRO's DP "catalogue" like farmers through a Sears Roebuck annual; their representatives prowl in the camps as if in department-store bargain basements, where the marked-down price tags feature race, size, family status, age, skill, muscles.

IRO workers have cynical military puns for this shopping for humans. "Operation Maidenhead," to describe a Canadian millowner's picking of 100 Polish girls with the stipulation all must be Catholics and virgins; "Operation Blondie," to label Australia's search for blue-eyed Nordics.

Some countries offer to take single men or women but not families. Others will admit only DPs having relatives or friends already citizens who will sponsor and pay for them. Some dip into the DPs in carefully timed and keyed proportions by trades and skills, to replace native workers they are losing by emigration.

The score? Three years after "liberation": about 115,000 DPs actually resettled. Another 300,000 "on order" to 15 member nations of IRO. The United States is the only member nation that has ordered—0. Lack of shipping and funds, and interminable wrangles over visas and contracts, give scant hope the "orders" will be filled soon.

Most Europeans believe that the lion's share of blame for the DPs' continuing homelessness and hopelessness falls squarely upon the United States. This may jar Americans who remember how much and how freely we have always given of our national substance to lighten Europe's troubles; who know also that America's 46 per cent allotment of IRO's budget amounts to 80 per cent of the actual money the organization has available.

However, our aid is usually given with too much emphasis on *policies* involved, and not enough on *peoples* involved. While we have given more than all other nations combined to support DPs, we have done less than the smallest and poorest member nation of IRO to give them what they want most—*hands out* rather than handouts.

To understand the DPs and judge our further obligations, if any, toward them, it is necessary first to know who and what they are *not*—in answer to the misconceptions oftenest expressed to me here at home. Namely:

(A) That all, or most, DPs are Jews. Even though that is not true, it seems discreditable and off-American not to be able merely to retort, "So what?" Actually, more than 61 per cent are Catholics; the second highest sect is Lutheran. Moreover, be it noted, world Jewry *(Continued on page 60)*

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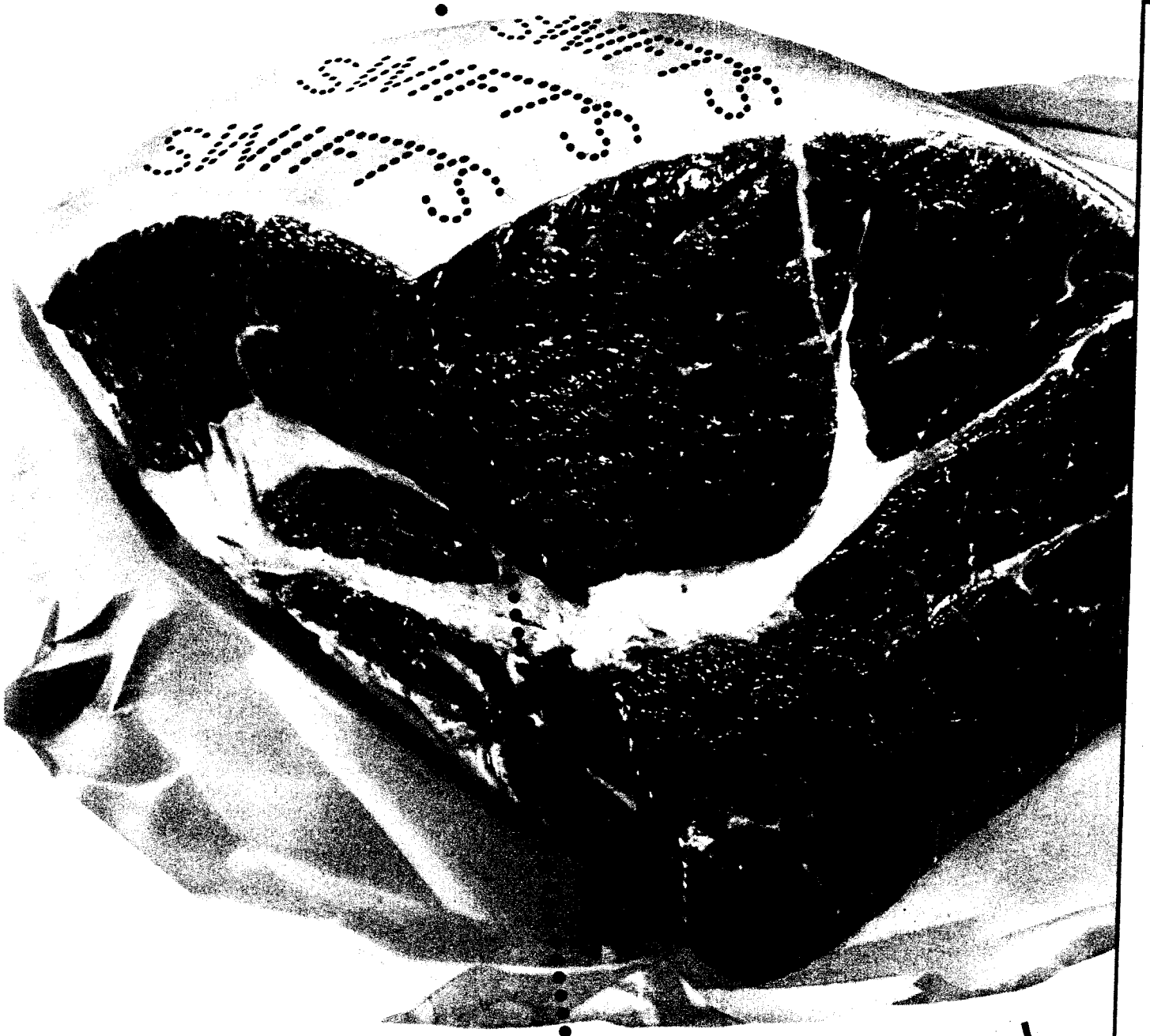
How to get fine beef every time...



Just look for a Swift brand: SWIFT'S PREMIUM, SWIFT'S SELECT or SWIFT'S ARROW right on the meat!

FROM THE FIRST WONDERFUL BITE to the last luscious leftover, you can always count on quality if you buy by a Swift brand name—*Swift's Premium*, *Swift's Select*, or *Swift's Arrow*. You don't have to guess. You *know* it will be delicious, because the brand name is stamped *right on the meat*. On a thrifty pot roast or a lordly steak, a Swift brand name means good eating for your family *every time!*

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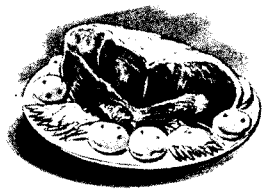
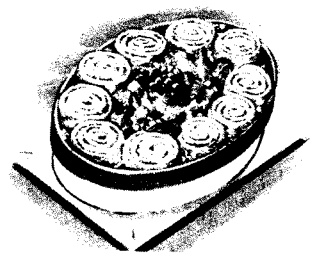
Swift's Home Economist, helps you get

MORE MEALS FROM A BEEF RUMP ROAST

DEVELOP TENDERNESS AND FLAVOR by braising this way: Brown meat in a little fat. Add a small amount of liquid and seasonings. Cover; cook slowly until meat is tender.



CARVE ONLY NEEDED SLICES. Leftover meat keeps better if unsliced. Keep in the refrigerator, of course. Suggested accompaniments for the roast: Cooked green beans and clove-spiced whole peaches.



SERVE LEFTOVER ROAST in different ways—as meat pie with biscuit top; slices heated in gravy; ground beef in Spanish sauce on rice; sandwiches.

CLEVER HOMEMAKERS keep a file of interesting ways to use cooked meat and plan on several meals from one roast. A ready fund of what-to-do ideas saves time, makes it easy to use every delicious remnant!

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MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 21

Wouldn't I be content to let well enough alone?"

"Look," he said patiently, "why don't you lay off? What's the percentage in probing any deeper?"

I said, "I figure I'm in the middle of something. Don't ask me what, because I haven't even got a theory. But no girl of Mrs. Kingsley's character is going to do what she did without a pretty strong reason. Somehow I'm mixed up in that reason. There's an angle that's puzzled me ever since I heard her lying on the stand. If she merely wanted to cover someone, she'd have kept her mouth shut. It was easy enough to stay away. But she went voluntarily to Brian Garland and offered to testify. On the other hand, if she knew who killed Nulty, there was plenty of opportunity to say so. So why did she wreck her own reputation—and tie horns on her husband's head?"

I turned to Captain Carnes. I said, "Just for a moment, Captain, put yourself in my place. Try to believe I'm telling the truth—even if only because this play would be idiotic if it weren't the truth. After what I've been through, it seems I'm entitled to a little help."

Carnes said gently, "You intend to try to find the murderer?"

"Yes. But I'm not a detective. I haven't the ability or the authority."

He said, "Maybe if you keep this thing stirred up, it wouldn't be so healthy. If you're telling the truth, maybe the person who killed Nulty wouldn't like you messing around."

"I've thought of that. It's still not the danger I was in until a few minutes ago."

Carnes turned to Walsh and Tremont. "He's got a point. Nobody could be as crazy as he sounds. Maybe it wouldn't do any harm to string along with him."

Marty Walsh turned to me. "How?" he asked.

"The newspapers have been trying to get me to make a statement. So far I haven't. It's my idea to let them know—for publication—that I have no intention of letting the matter drop."

"You'll be leading with your chin, Steve."

I glanced sharply at Marty Walsh. It was the first time he'd used my given name. Maybe that meant something, maybe it meant that he was coming over on my side. I said, "I can't figure any other way out. I'd never have a comfortable minute the way things stand now."

Someone opened the door. A mountainous detective said, "The newspaper boys are here. They know you got Blake. They're asking why."

I said, "I'll tell them."

Marty got up. "Better think twice."

"I've thought twice." I walked into the main office. I started telling the reporters what I'd been telling Marty. Behind my back I heard Captain Carnes say something to Walsh and Tremont.

"I know just how he feels," said Carnes. "I'd suggest that you fellows play along with him. I got a hunch he might be in a pretty tough spot."

I PICKED up a taxi on First Street and gave the driver the name and address of my apartment building in Hollywood. My taxi made good time and I added a fifty-cent tip to the fare.

The lobby of the Collins was small and neat, the sort of lobby you'd expect to find in a building which was lived in by a young aeronautical engineer who could afford something better, but hadn't succeeded in finding it. Off to the left there was an alcove containing a cabinet which was cut up into little boxes, one for each apartment. That was where the mail was put twice a day. There were two chairs in the lobby and one in the alcove. I went in to see whether there was anything in my box and someone got up from the chair.

Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley said, "I've been waiting a long time."

I stared at her. She still looked like a lady. She didn't look like someone who would publicly proclaim that she was having an affair with me or with anybody else.

She was still wearing the gray and maroon outfit which she had worn on the witness stand. She was smiling, but with her lips only—not with her eyes. She was nervous and ill at ease.

I took two envelopes out of my mailbox and turned back to her. I said, "Well . . . ?" and left it dangling. I wasn't cordial.

She said, slowly, "You don't have to make it more difficult than it is."

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**

"Yes, I am well aware that the nation's entire economic system would collapse overnight if it weren't for credit, Alfred, but I still want to see twenty cents in cash for a pineapple soda"

COLLIER'S

"That depends," I said, "on why you're here."

Obviously, she'd been expecting more co-operation. She said, "It's important that I talk to you. Alone. Would it be possible to go to your apartment?"

I said it was possible. Then I said, "Why didn't you let yourself in? You testified that you've got a key."

"Oh, that!" She gave me a tiny little smile. "I'm afraid I lost it."

Studying her, the situation made even less sense than it had in court. She wasn't someone to be brushed off; she wasn't a person to whom it was easy to be discourteous.

I did some fast thinking. My mind had been trained to work logically. I had made a statement to the press. I had announced that I wanted to find out what was behind all this. Well, here was my chance. Why not talk to the girl?

We walked upstairs and I unlocked the door of my apartment. I had a fair-sized living room with a nice view, a tiny bedroom, a little kitchen complete with dinette, and a tiled bath. She seated herself in an easy chair and watched me walk around, opening windows to rid the place of that musty odor which accumulates along with dust and disuse.

I said, "I'm fixing myself a drink. Will you have one?"

She said, "Thanks." I went into the kitchen and wrestled with a refrigerator which hadn't been defrosted for much too long. That's the trouble with being in jail: You lose out on your housework. I fixed two Scotch and sodas, putting a double dose in mine. She took the glass I handed her and sipped it gratefully. I sat down, gave her a cigarette, and took one myself. I held a match for her. Then I waited. But not long.

She said, "You didn't seem too surprised to find me downstairs."

I shrugged. "I've become hardened to surprises today."

"I came, Mr. Blake, because I felt there would be things we should discuss . . ."

This wasn't the way it should be. Not at all. I felt a sudden unreasoning surge of anger. I said, "Isn't that 'Mister' a trifle formal from one's mistress?"

She said steadily, "Must you be brutal?"

"I never used to be. What happened in the last couple of months may have changed me. But one thing has remained the same. I've never enjoyed being pushed around. I've never liked things I didn't understand. The position I'm in now is both awkward and ridiculous."

"How so? You're clear of a murder charge. You could admit killing Jeff Nulty and they couldn't touch you."

"I'm afraid that doesn't enthuse me much, Mrs. Kingsley—or should it be 'Pat'? Up to the time you testified for me, things were running by the book. The police were wrong about me, but they were doing their duty. That was something I understood, whether or not I liked it. It could turn out well or turn out badly. What I don't understand is you."

"That's what I'm here for: to explain."

"All right." I blew a cloud of smoke at the ceiling. "I don't know why I'm telling you this, except perhaps I feel you have a right to know. I'm in the middle of something I don't like. I have no intention of staying there."

"What does that mean?"

"If possible, I'm going to find out who killed Jeff Nulty and why. You're in it somewhere. In the course of my probing, you might get hurt."

She took her time about answering. Then she said, "So might you."

"Is that a threat?"

"No. You might call it a suggestion. Why not let well enough alone, Steve?"

"Because it isn't well enough. I don't feel that I've been acquitted. I feel that I've been turned loose under the old Scotch verdict, 'Not proven.' Half the people who've been reading about this case still think I'm guilty."

She said, "Arriving at the truth the wrong way doesn't make it any less the truth, does it?"

I got up and walked to the window. I could see all the garish neon glitter of Hollywood Boulevard, hear the roar of impatient traffic. Off to the right I could see the austere architectural beauty of the Casa Linda Apartments stretching upward into the night. That was where Jeff Nulty had been murdered. By someone.

UNFINISHED business. A hard, stubborn streak in me made me want to know. It was a deeply personal thing, something you couldn't expect another person to understand. I turned and fired a question at my visitor, "Why did you come here?"

She hesitated. "I thought you might be willing to help."

"How?"

"Testifying as I did wasn't easy. For a lot of reasons. When I went on the stand, I took a calculated risk. I committed perjury. By doing that, I exposed myself to the possibility of a term in the state prison of from one to fourteen years."

I shook my head. "Somebody has been giving you false ideas."

"What do you mean?"

"The perjury laws are written into the penal code to frighten people—to keep them from doing what you have just done. But they don't often prosecute for perjury."

"They would in this case."

"Why?"

"Because they believe you're guilty. If they could prove that by perjuring myself I had caused a guilty man to be acquitted they'd get sore. They'd throw the book at me."

I studied her. She was frightened. I could understand that. I'd been pretty badly frightened myself recently.

I still didn't believe that they'd prosecute her for what she'd done, but I realized that she believed it. That was the important thing. I tried to convince her that she had nothing to fear, but my arguments didn't get me to first base. She was scared all the way through. She said, "You see, I've got a guilty conscience. I'm not basically a coward, but I'm afraid of this. Your assurance that it isn't customary to prosecute for perjury doesn't make me any less frightened."

I saw her point, all right, even though I disagreed with her premise. It wasn't unnatural that even the remote possibility of a fourteen-year stretch in the penitentiary would frighten her.

But there were other factors to be considered. I asked abruptly, "Do you think I'm guilty?"

"I know you're not."

She made the statement simply, without emphasis or adornment. But it still carried a wallop. I asked, "How do you know?"

"I can't answer that."

"You mean you won't?"

"Perhaps."

"Who are you covering for?"

"I haven't said I was protecting anyone."

"Did you kill Nulty?"

"No."

"Then you must know who did. You're too sure about everything." I shook my head. "You know, even *that* doesn't make sense. If you were merely trying to protect a person you knew was guilty, you could have stayed on the side lines. If I'd been convicted, the per-

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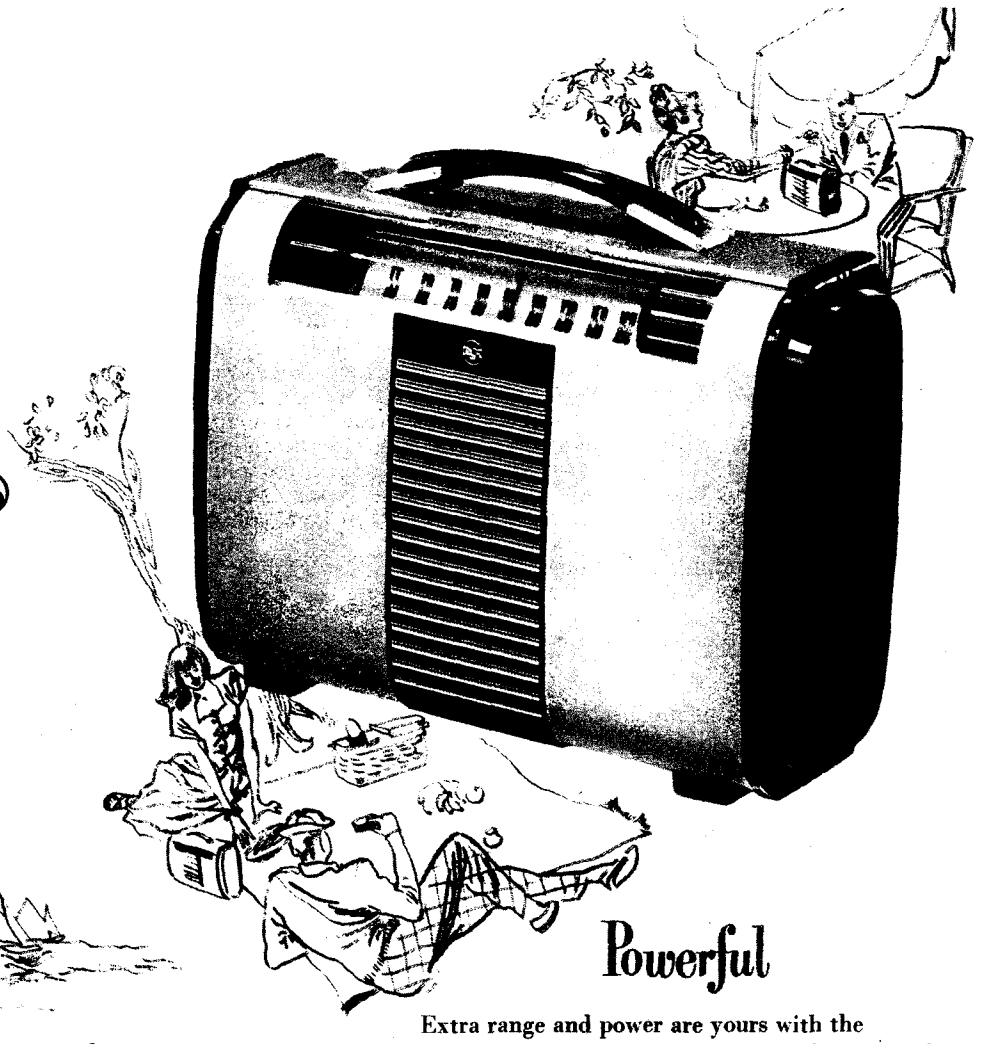
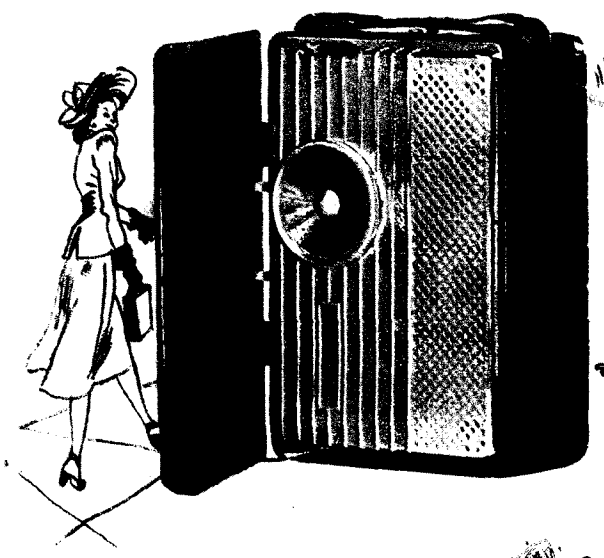
The pick of the Portables





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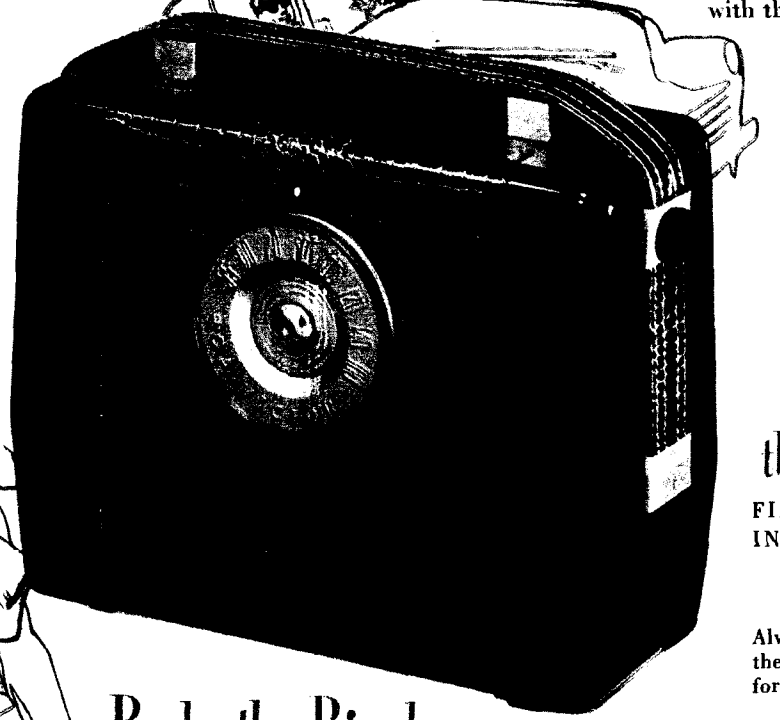

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son you were protecting would have been safe."

"I hoped you'd see that point."

"Sure, I see it. But that doesn't mean I understand. Your testimony got me off, but it didn't solve anything. Doesn't that make you understand why I can't drop it? What's this thing I'm in the middle of? What's the next move, and who makes it?"

She said, "I've never met anyone just like you, Steve. I suppose there *is* such a thing as compulsion. So I won't press the point. But I'm still going to ask the favor I came here to ask."

"Which is . . . ?"

"I'm not as brave—or as foolhardy—as you are. I loathed what I had to do on the stand. I'd hate even more being prosecuted for perjury. I'd like to give the impression that I had told the truth."

"That's reasonable enough. But where do I fit?"

She seemed to have difficulty putting it into words. "I wish we could act as we would if my story had been true. For a while at least I'd like to be seen in public with you."

THAT set me back on my heels. I said, "You and me? Playing the role of lovebirds?"

"I didn't put it quite that strongly."

"Suppose I did what you ask. Do you understand clearly that it wouldn't put me on your team? If I find the right answer, I'm turning it over to the police."

"That's a chance I'll have to take."

"There's one other chance. What about your husband?"

She said quietly, "I don't think we need worry about Rex."

"If he wanted to make trouble, he'd have a lot of unwritten law behind him."

"He won't make trouble."

"Do you intend to leave him?"

"Not now. No."

"Will he kick you out?"

"No."

She was sure of herself. Too sure.

I thought as hard as I could. She let me do it. Just sat there, and watched me. For some reason, my answer was important.

Then a thought came to me. It was simple, it was logical, and—in view of the little I knew—it seemed to be the only answer.

This girl's husband—Rex Kingsley—must have killed Jeff Nulty. She knew it. Being her husband, she couldn't quite bring herself to the point of turning him over to the police, but she also was too fine and too decent to let an innocent man be convicted.

It had to be that way. She looked like the sort of girl who could make a heroic gesture if she were pressed hard enough. And it explained why she wasn't afraid her husband would cause trouble, why she was so sure he wouldn't throw her out.

I had wanted to learn things. Well, I was learning them. My theory looked pretty neat. I thought Lieutenant Marty Walsh would see it that way, too.

I said, "Going around publicly with me won't help your reputation much."

"It won't be hurt, either. After today, it couldn't be."

"How do we start?"

"We might dine at the Club Casa Linda. Soon."

I blinked. She was throwing 'em fast. "Isn't your husband the manager there now?"

"Yes."

"Lovely setup. Family dinner. You, me and the third inglorious member of the trio."

"It'll accomplish what I want in the shortest time."

I took time out to fix a couple more drinks. She looked like she needed one, and I know I did. I had more time for thinking while I was in the kitchen.

Right or wrong, her position was understandable, her request reasonable. She had gone to bat for me for reasons of her own, reasons which she wasn't divulging. But the point remained that because of what she'd done, I was a free man—free to go and come as I pleased, free to seek my own peace of mind in whatever way I chose. For that, it was only natural that I should feel a certain degree of gratitude.

The setup was out of line, so far out as to be intriguing. I was honest enough to admit that it was no less intriguing by reason of the fact that she was young and beautiful. Forgetting the perjury element entirely, her position was not an enviable one. It would be even less pleasant if the man who had been publicly declared to be her lover should abandon her summarily after accepting the courageous sacrifice of her reputation.

I questioned myself. I inquired of me whether I'd been honest in saying I intended to follow through regardless, or whether I'd merely blown my top too impulsively. I could still back out. But if I *had* been sincere, I couldn't ask a better chance.

COLLIER'S — **"I couldn't be engaged to you very long, Philippe—I'm marrying George July 24th"** — LARRY REYNOLDS

I handed her a drink. I raised my glass. I said, "Here's to the Great Lovers."

"Your answer is yes?"

I nodded. I started to sip my drink, then put it down abruptly.

She had placed her glass on the little end table. Quite suddenly, her poise had vanished. She covered her face with her hands. She was crying.

I liked her better this way. I liked her a lot better.

THERE'S one thing about having been acquitted of a murder charge—it puts you and your friends in a silly position. They want to say something but they can't figure what. Especially when a rich, beautiful girl—who happens to be another man's wife—is involved.

I found out all about that at the plant Friday. I went into the designing department, and everything looked about as I had left it the day before Jeff Nulty was killed. The same faces, the same routine, the same scientific ideas. The boys all looked me over and said, "Hiya, keed!" and other bright things. All eyes were full of unasked questions.

Word must have gotten around that I was there because lots of people drifted into the room who ordinarily wouldn't have come in. Even the Old Man showed up. He walked over to me and said, "Nice going, old man," without explaining just what he meant. He said he was glad to have me back, and I said I was happy to be back. That kind of stuff. It was okay coming from the Old Man because it was his way of reassuring me about my job. I'm fond of my work. I wanted to go on with it. Besides, if they'd pitched me out on my ear, I wondered what my references would be like: "Mr. Blake is an excellent aeronautical engineer except that he is slightly addicted to murder and married women."...

I wasn't supposed to work Saturday, but I had a lot of catching up to do. I had bathed, shaved, dressed and had coffee, and was about to shove off for the plant, when the telephone rang. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello?"

A woman's voice said, "Mr. Blake?" It was quite a voice. Warm and vibrant. I said, "This is Blake."

"I'm Wilma Mason, Wade Ramsay's secretary. I'm calling for Mr. Ramsay. He wonders whether it would be convenient for you to drop by his office at the Casa Linda this morning about eleven."

"Anything special?"

"Oh, yes. I think you'll like it."

I said I'd be there. Miss Mason—provided it was "Miss"—sounded interesting. Also, there were possibilities tied up in a call from Wade Ramsay.

Ramsay was a nice guy. He had inherited the Casa Linda from his father. He wasn't in my league. He was older and he had a barrel of money. But I had known him for several years, and I'd been working on him in the effort to get an apartment in his building. They were the nicest apartments in Hollywood. Not the most expensive, but the nicest. Realizing that apartments are best obtained by pitching curves, I'd gone out of my way to be cordial to Wade Ramsay. I'd managed to establish what passed for friendship. I had invited him to my cocktail party on October 4th. That had been a good idea when I thought of it, but it hadn't worked out so well. He had brought Jeff Nulty with him. Also Pat Kingsley and her husband.

I drove to the Casa Linda. It was a truly beautiful building in the Hollywood area of Los Angeles, just east of the county line. It was at the corner of Sunset and Calzada. It was all white and plate-glass and chromium. It was twelve stories high, and from almost any apartment, except those right on the front, you could get a breath-taking view of the city.

On the street level, an awning stretched from doorway to curb. On the awning was a sign which said "Club Casa Linda." A neon sign facing Sunset verified the statement.

The lobby itself was immaculate and chaste. There were the usual sofas and chairs and smoking stands and tables and lamps: everything expensive, everything simple, everything in the best taste. There was a desk, backed by a mailbox grille. There was a clerk behind the desk. I said I had an appointment with Mr. Ramsay, and the clerk told me to walk right up to the office, which was on the mezzanine, just over the club.

The stairway was located at the right of the two elevators. I came out on a balcony which contained a couple of writing tables and a few chairs. There was a hallway to my left, and several doors. Sticking out in the hallway, though not intrusively, was a little sign which said "Office." I went there and knocked on the panel which was marked with the word "Entrance." The same sultry voice I'd heard over the telephone told me to come in.

I paid little attention to the office itself; to its big desk and little desk, its swivel chair and two club chairs, its two storage closets, its row of filing cabinets. Those things were all there, and I saw them; but when Miss Wilma Mason was in the picture, the average male wasn't supposed to take inventory of the furnishings.

She was probably on the near side of thirty, though not by much. She was radiantly blond, with lots of light corn-colored hair which looked as though it had grown that way and had not been subjected to retouching. There was more than a hint of red in it, too. She had deep violet eyes, a dimple and a manner as friendly as a Boston bull terrier.

MY FIRST thought was complimentary to Wade Ramsay. If this were his secretary, I'd better revise my opinion of him. Here was the sort of girl every wife thinks her husband prefers to employ . . . except that Ramsay was single. But I had never regarded him as the type. He was about forty-one, was naturally stocky and had the beginnings of a paunch; he was also rather fussy and fastidious, and definitely not the wolf type. I figured maybe I was doing him an injustice.

I said, "Miss Mason . . . ?"

"You're Mr. Blake?"

"Yes."

"You're early. Mr. Ramsay is tied up. Won't you have a seat?"

She motioned me to a chair which was strategically placed so that I could see the half of her which I hadn't seen before. It exceeded expectations.

She turned her dimple in my direction, and said, "You seem surprised."

"I am. I'm sorry I never visited Ramsay in his office before."

That seemed to amuse her. She said, "I think you're going to like this."

"You mean I'm getting an apartment here?"

"Well, I suppose Mr. Ramsay would rather tell you . . ."

I said, "Don't raise false hopes, Miss Mason—please."

"I'm sure I'm not. And my friends call me Rusty."

I said, "There's hardly any red in your hair."

"There's more than you think." She tapped the ash off the end of her cigarette. Then she looked straight at me. "You know," she said, "I think you're pretty wonderful."

"Huh?"

"What you did. The other day."

"Oh, *that!*"

"I probably shouldn't have mentioned it . . ."

"Why not? Everybody else has."

"Well, it's so personal. Of course, I've seen lots of pictures of you . . . but they didn't do you justice. Now I understand Mrs. Kingsley better."

This was coming fast. Too fast. She saw I was startled and said, quickly, "I shouldn't have said that, should I? I mean it, anyway. There are so few men

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"Sure. But I'm talking about something even better."

"What do you mean?"

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"That's right!"

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* * *

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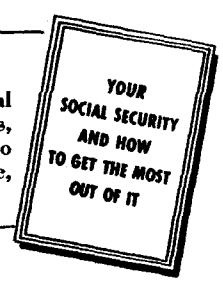

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like you nowadays. A girl gets to think chivalry died out long ago."

I was embarrassed. I said, "You'd be disappointed if things weren't really that way, wouldn't you?"

"A hundred people could tell me, and I'd never believe 'em. I guess I know a real gentleman when I see one."

The smile she gave me was full of invitation. "I hope things work out all right for you, Mr. Blake. And I don't care if you think I'm forward, I'm going to say it: If you move in here, I hope you let me see something of you. I think you're swell."

"Thanks, Rusty . . ." I didn't know how to go on. I didn't have to.

The door opened. Ramsay was personally conducting his visitor out of the office. He said, "Right with you, Steve."

He fairly shoved the man through the door and closed it after him. Then he came across the room and shook hands. He said, "Come on in, Steve."

I followed him into the room marked "Private." It wasn't as large as the outer office, but it was warmer and more relaxing. I took a chair and sat facing him, but my mind was elsewhere. I looked at the door through which we had just come and said, "Wow!"

He chuckled. "Rusty? She been working on you?"

"I don't know. But whatever it was, I liked it."

Ramsay said, "She's nice. And I mean exactly that. Enthusiastic, intelligent and friendly."

"How friendly?"

"Not that way. She's been with me for two years, and believe me, she's the most efficient secretary I ever had."

I said, "She was certainly giving me the business. Wants to see more of me. Thinks I'm chivalrous."

He said, "That's your business, Steve. And the thing I wanted to see you about is your business, too. It'll require a bit of thinking."

I waited.

"I've had you at the head of the tenant list for some time," he went on. "Apartment 7-B has just become vacant. One bedroom, kitchen and dinette, and bath. You can have it if you want."

"What makes you think I wouldn't?"

RAMSAY regarded me steadily, an older man who was willing to explain something, but who avoided giving advice. "You shouldn't jump too quickly, Steve. Things are different."

"I know. Jeff Nulty was killed here. The Kingsleys live here."

"That's the idea. After what Pat Kingsley testified—well, there'd be talk if you moved in."

"There's talk anyway."

"You'd probably run into them occasionally." He leaned forward earnestly. "I'll be frank with you, Steve. I'd hate to have anything else unpleasant happen here. There's always that chance if Rex Kingsley should decide that he is an outraged husband."

I said, "But you didn't have to tell me about the vacancy, did you?"

"No. Except it seemed fair. I know you, Steve. I know you're a gentleman. That you wouldn't provoke trouble."

"You're a little wrong on that last count, Wade. I'll probably be seeing Pat occasionally from now on. Publicly. Perhaps right downstairs in the Club Casa Linda."

"You're not serious!"

"Yes, I am. What damage might be done has been done already. If we ever had a secret, it's not secret any more."

He said, "There's something about this I don't understand."

"There are a lot more things that I don't understand. I told the truth in court. I stated afterward that I wasn't going to drop it there."

"Why not let well enough alone?"

"I don't believe I could. No matter what I did, or didn't do, I believe I'll hear more of this. Maybe someday I'll get the answer."

He shrugged. "If you intend to be seen with Pat—here—I don't see what difference it would make whether you lived here or not. But I still say you shouldn't jump too fast."

"You're right, of course. Can you hold your offer open for twenty-four hours?"

"Certainly." He looked at me curiously. "You've got something in mind, haven't you?"

"Yes." I told him briefly about my talk with Lieutenant Marty Walsh downtown at Homicide. "I'd like to talk it over with him."

Ramsay got up, which was a signal to me to do the same thing. He said, "Whatever you do, Steve—I'm wishing you luck. But watch out for Rex Kingsley."

"He's dangerous?"

"Not basically. But he's a prime louse. He's acutely sensitive to public opinion. Being a husband, he could get the idea that he was being shoved too hard. And *that* would make him dangerous."

THAT afternoon I saw Marty Walsh. I told him I had a chance to move into the Casa Linda, and I wanted his angle on it. He took his time about answering, and then stated emphatically that I was a screwball.

"What's in it for you?" he asked.

"A nice apartment—maybe a chance to learn something. Jeff Nulty was killed there. The Kingsleys live there. If anything else is in the cards, it's liable to break there."

"You ain't scared?"

"I scare as easily as anybody else—perhaps easier. But there are some things you do whether you're scared or not."

"Yes. But you're leading with your chin. You're inviting trouble. You're flushing the covey, provided there is any covey."

I smiled. "Of which you're still not quite sure."

"Something like that. Except it doesn't make sense any other way." He started chuckling. "Cozy," he said. "You and the gal friend and her husband."

"I'm not particularly worried about Kingsley. If he'd been the sort to do anything, he'd have done it before this."

"You haven't shoved yourself at him till now. Maybe that would be the touch he wouldn't like." He shook his head as though reluctantly becoming reconciled to something. "In my work you meet lots of guys off the beam. They got angles; maybe good ones, maybe bad. What I'll say for yours, it's different. So go ahead. Move in. It's your neck."

I got up and started for the door. I said, "Thanks, Marty. Come up and see me sometime."

"You ain't kidding, Steve. I'll be around. Maybe just socially."

Darkness was settling over the city when I went back to the Casa Linda. Wade Ramsay wasn't in. Rusty Mason was. She gave me a welcome of atomic-bomb quality, and said Mr. Ramsay had gone to play golf—his regular Saturday-afternoon foursome, but that he'd be in any minute—or maybe not until a lot later. She said she'd call me or I could have dinner downstairs and catch the show, and if she were with me, she could check every so often to see whether Ramsay had returned.

I got the idea. I said I hated to eat alone and asked whether she'd care to join me. She would, and did.

It was about eight-thirty when we entered the club. Rusty knew everybody or almost everybody—and the few men who didn't already know her seemed eager to remedy that oversight. She kidded with the dapper headwaiter, whom she called Mario, and we found ourselves at a ringside table. "You've seen the show?" she asked.

I said I probably hadn't, unless it was the same one they'd had before I went

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to jail. "It's all new," she told me. "Except Conchita."

"The cute little Cuban number?"

"Yes. She was out of the show for a bit—just about the time you got into trouble. But she's been back ever since Rex Kingsley took the reins. The public loves her."

I had a vague recollection of Conchita. Tiny, shapely, raven hair, flashing black eyes. Cute as a bug. Her act was a single: She sang Cuban numbers in Spanish, then one or two in delightfully accented English. And then did what she could do best: her rumba. She did it alone, a little whirling flame, an eyeful of seductiveness. Yes, I remembered. It was something no one could forget, or would want to.

I talked enthusiastically to Rusty about Conchita. The big blond girl leaned across the table and said, "You'd like to meet her?"

It was something I hadn't thought about. I'd always been strictly audience. I'd never been afflicted with backstage mania. But the man wasn't human who wouldn't enjoy meeting Conchita. I said I'd like to, and then did a little more wondering about Rusty.

She had forced herself on me as a dinner companion. She was still taking the angle that I was something special. And right along with it, she was offering to introduce me to someone who was really special. I didn't understand Rusty or the Conchita angle. Both girls had the attributes which tend to make optimists of the most gentlemanly gentlemen.

We had dry Martinis and a nice dinner. We got extra-special service. I told Rusty I'd be moving in as soon as they got 7-B ready for me. She asked about my place at The Collins; she had a friend who had been looking all over for that kind of an apartment, and maybe I'd be willing to sublet. I said I would, and asked her whether that was the angle.

"On what?" she asked.

"Being so nice to me? Can it be that you don't love me for myself alone, but that you're merely interested in my beautiful apartment?"

She thought that was very funny. I didn't, but I helped her laugh. She said, "I just like you, that's all."

"You embarrass me, Rusty."

The look she gave me embarrassed me even more. It said a lot of things which even the greatest egoist among men wouldn't expect to have said to him on such brief acquaintance. I didn't get it. She said, "There aren't many men like you, Steve. I'm glad you're moving in here. Maybe you'll take pity on a lonely blonde and look in on me occasionally."

I said maybe I would. I started to say something else, but we were interrupted. Someone bore down on us and banged me on the shoulder. It was Brian Garland, my friend and lawyer. He'd had maybe one too many. He wasn't drunk, but he wasn't feeling any pain, either. He said, "Freedom—it's wonderful!"

I introduced him to Rusty and invited him to pull up a chair. He was genial and expansive. He said to Rusty, "You know about this guy?"

"Oh, yes."

"He's lucky. He gets the smartest lawyer in the world—that's me. Then he double-crosses him. And he still goes free. That makes one of us something. I can't figure what."

"Steve is a wonderful person," stated Rusty; "the most wonderful man I've ever met."

I saw a question in Brian's eyes. He wasn't as far gone as he seemed. He looked from Rusty to me and back again.

I told him about getting an apartment here in the Casa Linda. About that time Rusty said she'd give the penthouse a buzz to see whether Wade Ramsay had come in yet.

BRIAN sobered up the minute she swayed across the room. He looked at me sharply and asked, "What gives?"

"With her?"

"Yes. You're a charming fellow, Steve. You have good looks and wit and strength of character . . . but not that much of any of 'em. Why is she making a pitch for you?"

"So you caught it?"

"Hell, a blind man couldn't miss. What's the gimmick? And who is she?"

"Wade Ramsay's secretary. Her attitude—what we might call her excessive cordiality—started the moment she met me."

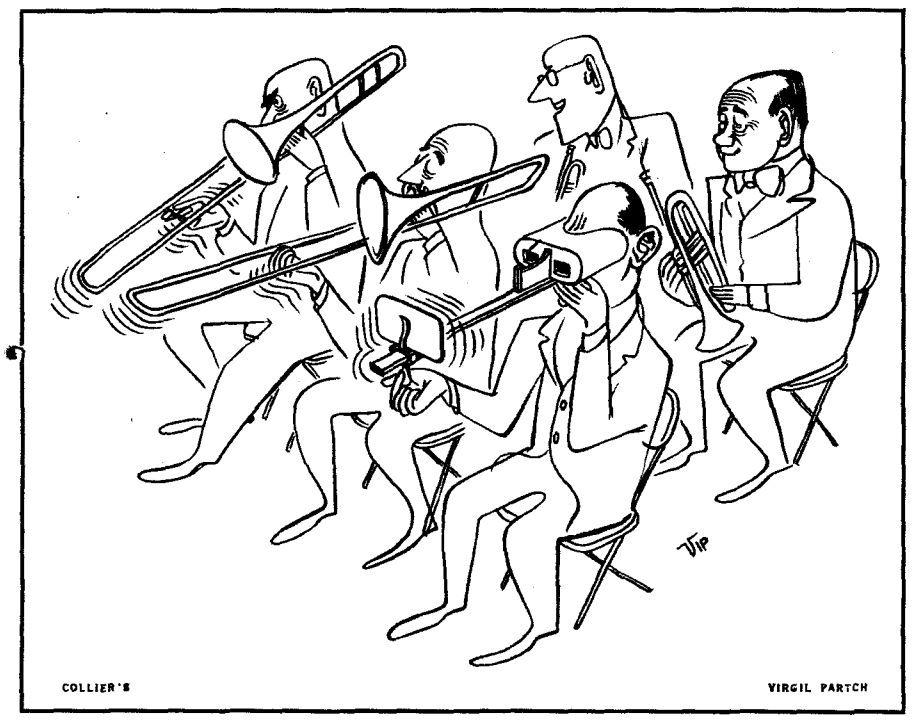
He said, "That's where I've seen her. Around here." He drummed on the table with his fingers and looked worried. He said, "I wonder how well she knew Jeff Nulty? Or how friendly she is with Rex Kingsley?"

"I'd like to find out," I said. "I've got a hunch she isn't doing all this for free."

"Check." He spoke seriously: "Maybe you're smart to move into the hornets' nest, Steve. I don't think so, but I know you too well to argue when your mind's made up. But you might watch your step."

I was just promising I would when Rusty returned to say that she hadn't gotten any answer from the penthouse. I ordered liqueurs for Rusty and myself and a highball for Brian. I wasn't worried about his sobriety any more; he was strictly among those present.

The orchestra returned to the rostrum after a brief rest. The lights went down,



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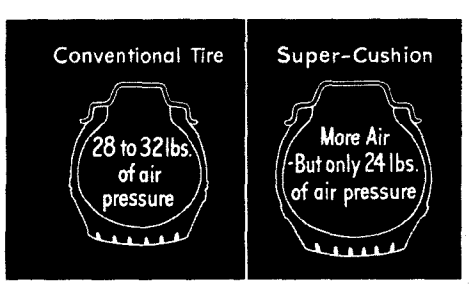

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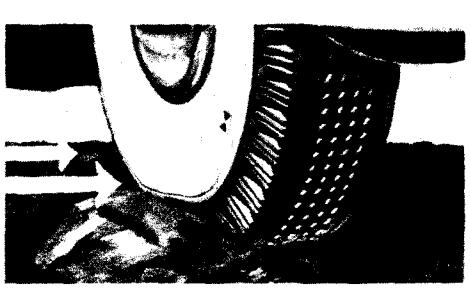

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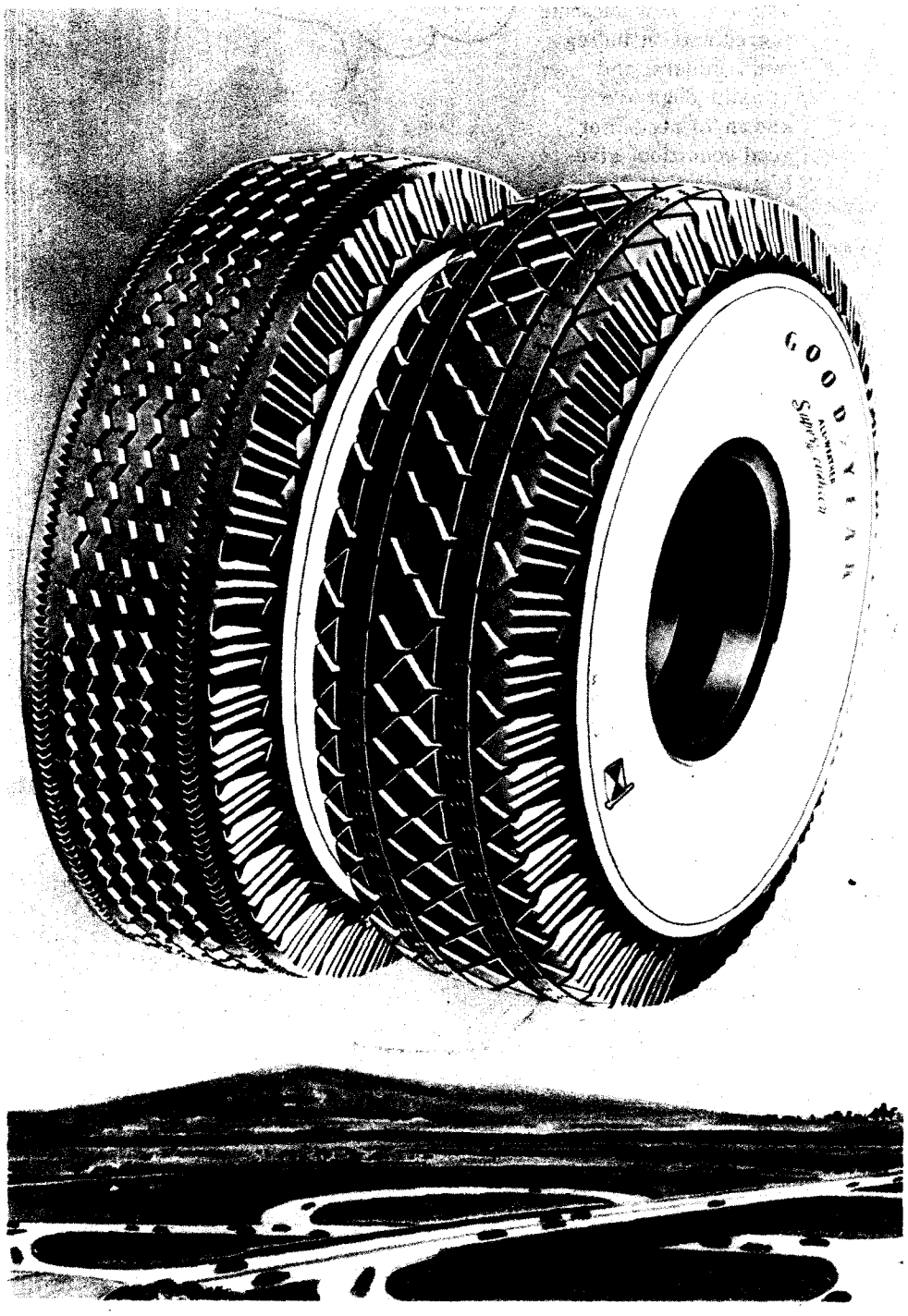

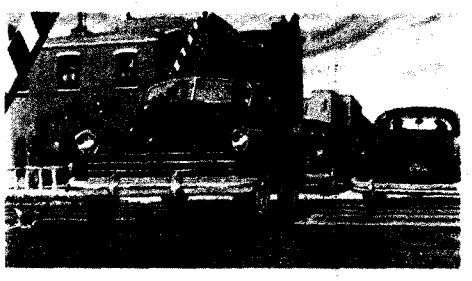

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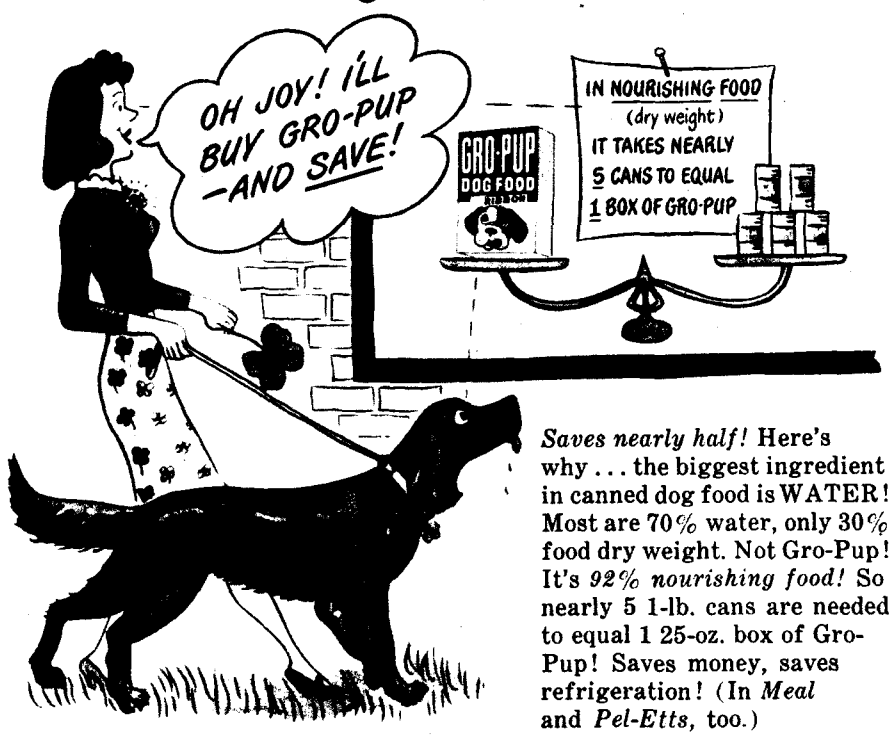

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a spotlight made a bright circle in the middle of the floor. The master of ceremonies walked out.

This wasn't the first time I'd seen Rex Kingsley, but it was the first time I'd ever noticed him. He came out into the spotlight, walking with a slight limp, and waited patiently—happily even—for complete silence.

Rex Kingsley was a tall young man. He was lithe and dark and handsome. He was dressed in immaculate and conservative dinner clothes, and when he smiled he showed a lot of shiny white teeth.

He wasn't more than twenty-eight. He had been one of the best tap dancers in the world. He'd had one shot at a big picture and hadn't done badly. Some enthusiasts had pegged him as a second Fred Astaire. Now—as Rusty explained to me in a whisper—he was all washed up. He had injured his foot in an automobile accident, and that had ended his career. He'd been a mediocre actor, just good enough to get by on the perfection of his dancing. Take the dancing away from him and he had nothing left except what he was doing—running a night club and filling in as master of ceremonies. I felt sorry for him. I wondered what it must feel like to be slapped off the top of the ladder, to lose the only thing that made you different from any Joe Blow in the world.

I felt sorry for him, but I didn't like him. The fact that he was oddly involved in my life right now had nothing to do with that. From the minute he started announcing the show certain things became obvious. In show business they'd call it lack of personality . . . the inability to establish that necessary subtle contact which flows between first-rate performers and audience.

I tried to avoid analyzing. I kept my thoughts to myself. Anything I might say would sound wrong. Brian Garland said softly, "If the guy can't dance, he ought to stay off the floor. As an m.c., he's repulsive."

I asked why he thought so.

"Ego," he snapped. "It sticks out all over him. Smugness. An extra-special brand of conceit."

REX KINGSLEY took a long time to say very little. Then he made way for the first act, which consisted of two comely young ladies with fresh, youthful figures. They did amazing acrobatic feats. Or maybe the stunts were only amazing because the girls didn't look as though they'd be able to do them.

Then came a group of three men. The waiters trundled out a tiny piano, and the trio started a zany act, kidding radio. It was clever and funny. It drew a lot of applause.

Then there was another dose of Rex Kingsley. He made quite a talk about the Cuban sensation who thus far had appeared exclusively at the Club Casa Linda, and who seemed destined for great things. He gave Conchita such a build-up that he made it tough for her to live up to it.

The crowd quieted. You could feel its warmth and its welcome. There probably weren't a dozen people in the room who hadn't caught her act before.

She looked tinier than I remembered her. She was the friendliest, brightest, most dynamic little trick I'd seen in years. She sang with an eager breathlessness, with just enough shyness and self-consciousnes to make the crowd love her. Her Spanish was nice; her English was charming.

And then she danced. Alone. Vince Mabry's band furnished a marvelous background.

Conchita was fire when she danced. The shyness was gone. She was the personification of uninhibited youth. She swayed and whirled and spun. She finished with mad, savage gyrations of her young body, and then vanished. When she came back into the thunder of applause, she was again the shy, almost childlike, demure youngster who was surprised and grateful.

The lights went on. The show was over. Rusty said, "I'll bring her over as soon as she's had a chance to change. You'll like her, Steve."

Brian Garland caught it. He said, "More and more I understand less and less."

That made Brian and myself all even.

WHEN some person stares long enough at the back of your head, you can feel it. You get uncomfortable, you fidget, then you look around. You find a pair of eyes boring into you: maybe friendly, maybe hostile, maybe curious. The starer usually looks away and you look away and you both feel embarrassed. But this man didn't look away. He didn't seem embarrassed. He didn't seem to give three hoots whether or not I knew he was staring at me.

He was sitting alone at a table which was up against the wall. He was a hefty lad, perhaps thirty-four years old and weighing about one-eighty. His hair was a nondescript shade of light brown and was brushed carefully over an encroaching baldness. The eyes which gazed steadily into mine were of some light color: blue or gray.

There was nothing insolent in the stare, and—oddly enough—nothing that I could peg as simple curiosity. He didn't look like the curious type. He didn't look like a man who thought it would be fun to stare at another fellow just because he'd recently been acquitted of murder.

He was dressed in a conservative gray business suit, gray shirt and a gray tie that was flecked with red. He had a rugged face and a square jaw. We looked at each other a long time. It was I who looked away.

Rusty Mason reappeared with Conchita in tow. Patrons turned to stare, and a few bright remarks were tossed in their direction.

They were in startling contrast to each other. Rusty was a pretty good-sized gal, but until this moment I hadn't thought of her as tall. I did now. She towered over Conchita like Pikes Peak over an ant hill; she was radiantly blond where Conchita was dark as midnight. They came straight to our table and Brian and I stood up. Rusty did the honors:

"Conchita, may I present Mr. Garland and Mr. Blake? Boys, this is Señorita Conchita Montero."

Conchita said she was delighted to meet us. She seated herself and, in answer to my invitation, said yes, she'd love to have a drink: an orange juice.

Little Miss Montero had a personality that bubbled. There was nothing artificial about it. I had an idea that she was always this way: bright, eager, friendly and astonishingly naïve. She smiled at me and said, "I know all about from you, Señor Blake. I see your picture many time in the newspaper."

"And I've seen yours. I enjoyed your act."

"Poof!" She gave an expressive shrug. "Is nothing. Only I sing and I dance."

Rusty and Brian seemed to be hitting it off nicely. The waiter brought our drinks, and I raised my glass.

"To Havana," I said.

Her eyes sparked. "You have been to Cuba, Meester Blake?"

"Yes. It's a wonderful country."

"Ah, *si.* So wonderful. So much beautiful weather! So easy the life and so difficult to earn the money."

"And such a beautiful harbor," I contributed. "And wonderful food. Those Morro crabs—"

"—And *caldo gallego.* And politicians—"

"—And *jai alai.*"

"*Si!* The *jai alai.* You see that game, Steve?"

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"I went every night I was in Havana. And now that they've opened a *frontón* in Tia Juana, I'm going to see some more of it."

She put her hand over mine in a childish, direct gesture . . . or perhaps it wasn't childish and direct. She said, "You will go soon to see the *jai alai* in Tia Juana?"

"I think so."

"You take me with you. We go together. We have mooch fun."

I shook my head, like a man who has just taken a hard punch on the jaw.

Brian Garland said, "What is this strange power you've suddenly developed, Steve?"

I said, "Conchita's kidding."

"I no keeding, Steve. We go together to Tia Juana."

"Without a chaperon?"

She laughed. "Gennelmans like you do not need a chaperon. I trust you, no?"

"No," I said.

She made a little embracing gesture which included Brian and Rusty. "Is sooch a funny man, thees Steve Blake. He think he made me escared."

Vince Mabry and his boys went into a rumba. Conchita said, "You dance, Steve?"

"That? I'm not awfully good at it."

"I show you. Come!" She got up and waited, vivid, vibrant, eager. I put my right hand on her slender waist, placed my left palm against her right one, and grinned down into her laughing eyes.

"I'll try to remember," I said. "How'm I doing?"

She said something in Spanish. It sounded nice. I caught a glimpse of Brian and Rusty. They were laughing about something and looking at us. Rusty made a little circle of her thumb and forefinger. Then she wrinkled her nose as though to inform me that she was jealous.

It was all over my head. I was being snowed under, and I didn't know why. I hadn't been taking magic pills or overcharging myself with vitamins; I wore the same homely mug that had been mine since birth; I hadn't acquired any bright line of repartee, and my personality was just as dull as it always had been.

But in an incredibly short space of time, three women had barged into my life. Pat Kingsley had appeared from nowhere to clear me of a murder charge. A gorgeous blonde named Rusty Mason had openly declared herself interested in me. And now this little Conchita Montero was making a much too obvious play.

There was only one possible answer: None of it was spontaneous; all of it was calculated.

I quit worrying and devoted myself to the rumba. Conchita bubbled with enthusiasm. She continued to deluge me with compliments, and I made a gallant effort to pay her back in kind.

If you dance the rumba with anything approaching correctness, you don't travel very far. We'd got only halfway around the floor when again I felt someone staring at me. This time I knew where to look. It was the man in gray, the man with the sparse, sandy hair. His gaze was still unwavering, unyielding. I still didn't like it. And other things were about to happen that I disliked even more.

THERE were two main entrances to the Club Casa Linda, one from the street and the other through the lobby. I saw Mario bustling toward the latter.

Wade Ramsay was standing there. With him was a girl, a very lovely girl with brown hair and hazel eyes—a girl who was wearing a smart suit and no hat. A girl named Patricia Maxwell Kingsley.

I was sure that I had been recognized and commented upon by some of the guests. I was also sure that not many of them would fail to recognize Pat Kingsley.

I watched what was going on near the entrance. Pat Kingsley was apparently insisting on something, and Wade Ramsay was shaking his head. Whatever the argument, Pat apparently won just as the rumba music stopped abruptly and the floor commenced to clear. By the time I got Conchita back to our table, Ramsay and Pat Kingsley were there.

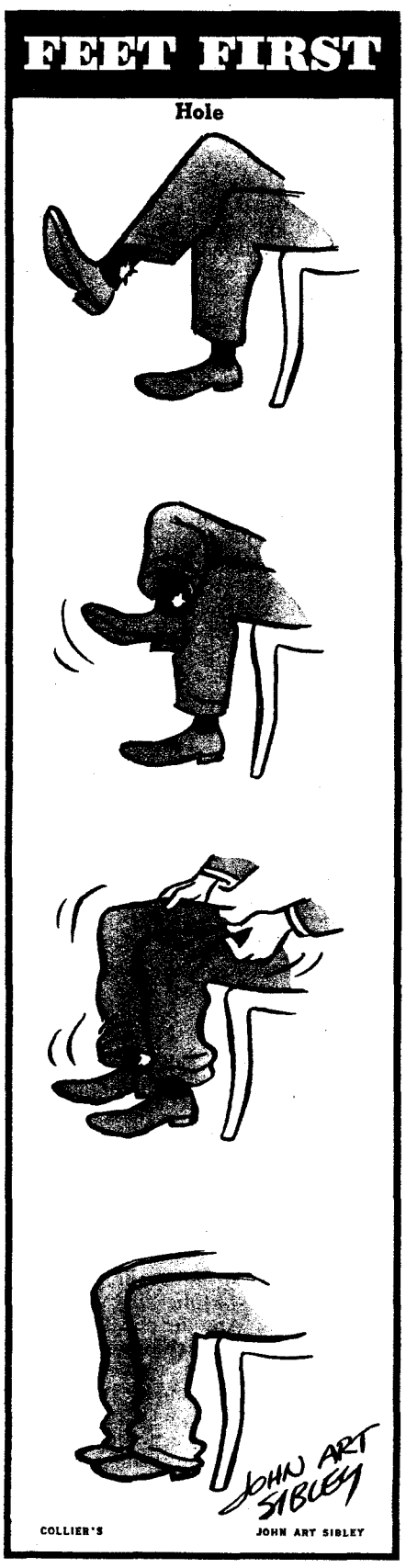
Over Pat's shoulder, Ramsay arched his eyebrows, shook his head and shrugged. That was to tell me that he would have preferred to avoid this, but that Pat had insisted. He looked ill at ease, and I didn't blame him. I felt that way myself.

But Pat didn't share my embarrassment. She smiled and held out her hand. "Steve!" she said. "What a surprise!"

I flashed a quick glance at my gentleman in gray. He was still staring. But he seemed surprised, too. Everybody was surprised. That made everything just ducky.

Brian Garland said, "All we need to make this perfect is the judge and jury."

The comment sounded funnier than it was. Mario shoved two more chairs up



Exclusive Du Pont formula makes car polishing quick and easy!

A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is shown still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with Du Pont NO. 7 POLISH.

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CONTAINS "STROKE SAVING" METHYL CELLULOSE

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Attention . . . **NEW CAR OWNERS!** Here's a wax-polish made especially for *new* cars—and others whose finish is in first-class condition. It cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation. Gives a brilliant lustre. Keeps cars looking new.

DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

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to the table, and Ramsay and Pat seated themselves. Curious conversation was buzzing all around us. Well, I had asked for it, and I was getting it—though perhaps sooner, and in a larger dose, than I had anticipated.

Wade Ramsay said, "I got a message that you were down here, Steve. The telephone operator said you wanted to see me. I met Mrs. Kingsley in the lobby."

"I forced myself on him," said Pat. "It was quite a job. And he protested violently when I insisted that he bring me over to your table."

I said, "That's understandable."

She looked at me quickly, and frowned just a little. I started telling Ramsay that I was taking the apartment and asking when I could move in.

Conchita interrupted: "You have the apartment in thees place now, Steve?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" she said. "How very . . ." she groped for the word. "How very convenient!"

Rusty was in the act of sipping her drink when Conchita crashed through with that dilly. She swallowed it the wrong way, and choked. We worked her over, and we all laughed. It was funny, really. The only person who didn't think it was funny was Conchita herself—and she didn't know what she had said.

When we had quieted down, Pat said, "Do we dance, Steve?"

I shook my head and said that I was tired. But she got up and stood there waiting. I started dancing with her, but I was angry. I said, "Aren't you playing this a bit too strong, Pat?"

She looked up at me, her eyes troubled. "Ever go swimming in cold water, Steve? A quick plunge is the best."

"But not so deep."

"I understood you wanted it this way. Or have you decided you were wrong?"

I said, "I'm not accustomed to the spotlight, not even after the trial."

She said, "It wasn't very sporting of me to put Mr. Ramsay right in the middle, was it?"

"No."

"But I didn't have quite enough courage to do it alone. And I did want to make my first public appearance with you as soon as possible."

"You've done it," I said.

"You're angry?"

"No. Puzzled."

"About what?"

I didn't answer. What I was thinking right then was something I didn't care to put into words.

I'd been thinking that there might be another answer to Pat Kingsley's inexplicable attitude. My theory about covering for her husband might be sound. But there was an additional idea that kept intruding.

How did I know that Pat herself had not killed Jeff Nulty? I didn't know anything about motive or opportunity, but those were things I might find out. But suppose she had?

It would hit her pretty hard to see an innocent man take the rap for a killing she had done. And if she had murdered Jeff Nulty, her testimony wouldn't assay quite so shockingly. Or would it?

She stopped dancing. She said, "Let's go back to the table. I won't bother you any more tonight."

THE next several days I found that Pat Kingsley was constantly in my thoughts. For a while I figured it was because of the spectacular way she had entered my life. But by now I'd accustomed myself to that, and I thought of her more, rather than less.

It wasn't that she was pretty. In Hollywood pretty girls are a dime a dozen. Maybe curiosity played a large part in it, but I was beginning to suspect that the ancient and ubiquitous biological urge wasn't entirely missing from my make-up.

Up to midnight Tuesday I did my packing. Wednesday a huge van appeared and my stuff was carted out, leaving the old homestead looking naked and forlorn.

They'd done a swift and pleasant redecorating job at the Casa Linda. My bedroom didn't look like a bedroom. The bed folded away into the wall. When that happened, the apartment assumed a respectable look.

The movers helped with the unpacking, and a house-service maid showed up and swept in the corners and did a bit of dusting. A boy brought me a big vase of masculine-looking white chrysanthemums with a card saying, "With the compliments of the management." Down in the corner was written, in neat, feminine script, "And from Rusty."

After a little, Rusty herself appeared. For whatever reason, she was still pretending that she thought I was something extra-special. She asked whether everything was as I wanted it, whether I was comfortable, and she informed me that I was welcome. She also mentioned that in case I lost my key, she had an extra one in the office. "And if you're nice to me, I'll use it sometime."

"For what?"

"To haunt you. Do you like to be haunted?"

"By gorgeous blondes? There's nothing I'd like better."

She gave me a lingering, promising look. "You might be surprised," she said.

I informed Rusty that I needed a shave, a shower and a change of linen. She took the hint and shoved off.

An hour later I had done a bit of straightening up and had relaxed with a cigarette and a small drink. I discovered that I was tired, and I decided to eat downstairs. Alone. I could be through before the show went on. I'd come back upstairs and lose myself in a good book. I didn't know just where I'd find one, or whether it would be a classic novel or a scientific work, and I didn't care.

I opened my door and stepped into the hall. Right next to me the door of apartment 7-A opened and closed. Somebody else was standing there.

Pat Kingsley and I looked at each other. 7-A and 7-B. She said, "Are you the new tenant in 7-B?"

"Yes. And that's your apartment?"

"Yes."

All of a sudden she started to laugh. I watched her for a while, and then it got me. I laughed, too. It was funny as hell. I said, "You made a lot of public believe a lot of lies. Try to make someone believe that this was just an accident."

She looked prettier and sweeter than usual. She looked less like a fallen woman than anybody else I'd ever seen. I said, "Does your husband live there, too?"

"Naturally."

I started to remark that he was unusually broad-minded, but that seemed to be a type of humor that wasn't in order, so I held it back. Tactful me. Instead I said, "Going down to dinner?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps . . ."

"Delighted."

The elevator boy was still on. He'd be on until seven-thirty. After that, you worked the cages yourself; push the right button and the rest was done automatically.

The boy rode us down to the club. It held a fair sprinkling of diners, mostly tenants and people who lived in the neighborhood. The bandstand was empty. Waiters moved about unobtrusively. Mario wasn't there, but his assistant conducted us to a corner table. On the way we passed a wall table where a man sat alone.

It was the gent in the gray suit, the one who had seemed so interested in me last Saturday night. He was still interested. He looked straight at me. He was smiling, as though he saw something which amused him.

When the captain seated us, I asked whether he knew the man. He took a quick look and shook his head. "He's been in several times recently, but I don't know him."

We ordered cocktails and started fiddling with the menus. I asked Pat whether she knew the stranger and she said no, and asked why. I told her. She didn't appear to like it either.

Someone walked down the dark, narrow flight of steps that led from the mezzanine to the club. The apartment-house office was on the mezzanine and so was the apartment in which Jeff Nulty had been killed. And the dressing rooms.

Rex Kingsley stood at the foot of the stairway and looked around. He saw us. He hesitated for a moment, and then started in our direction.

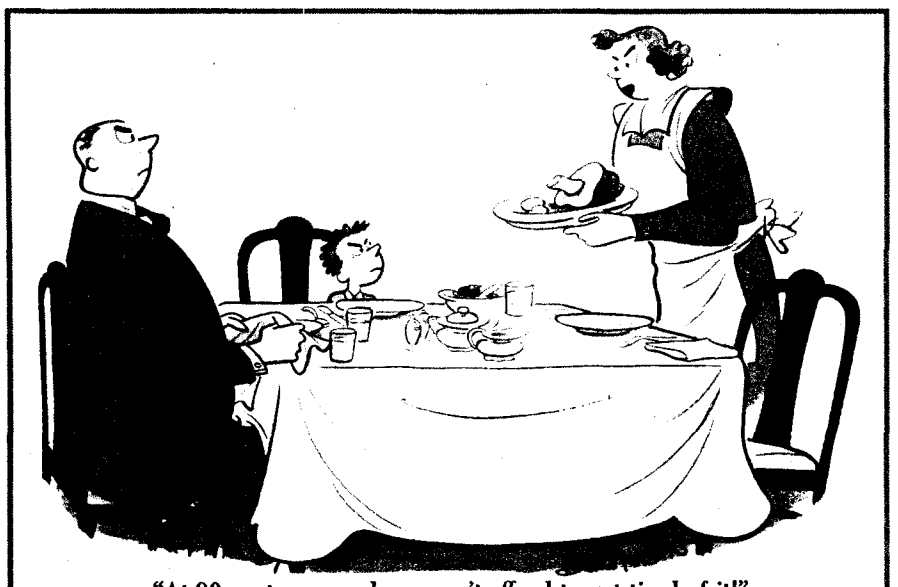
I felt my right ear begin to twitch. That always happens when I'm nervous. This might be good. Quite a setup for a first meeting. Boy friend dining with wife. Outraged husband approaching. Anything could happen.

Kingsley was in dinner clothes. He looked beautiful. He also looked strong. I wondered how we'd make out if anything violent happened.

Pat didn't seem worried. But Mario had come in by this time, and he looked worried enough for two.

Kingsley stopped at our table. I didn't get up. That might have invited something I didn't want. I hate brawls, and this had all the makings of a good one. Pat said steadily, "Rex, this is Mr. Blake. Steve, my husband."

I said, "How do you do?" which sounded foolish.



"At 90 cents a pound you can't afford to get tired of it!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

He nodded and said, "I've heard of Mr. Blake," which seemed to be a superb understatement. Some of the tenseness flowed out of my muscles. Kingsley obviously didn't intend to punch first and talk later.

Pat said, "Have a seat, Rex."

He pulled up a chair and sat down. He looked me over at leisure and with some insolence. He said, "I hear you've just moved into the building."

"Yes," I said. "7-B."

"Oh! *That* close. We'd have to meet sooner or later, Blake. That's why I came over."

Not bad. Not even hammy. Just plain common sense. Pat said, "I invited Steve to have dinner with me. It wasn't his idea."

"What difference does it make whose idea it was?"

This was moving too fast for me, but I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't string along. I said, "I'll probably dine with your wife—right here—frequently."

He said, "That's your business. And hers. If you're trying to find out how I feel about it, I just don't give a damn."

He got up on that one and walked off, leaving me wondering whether to believe him.

ON THE following Saturday night—December 13th—I invited Pat Kingsley to have dinner with me.

I kidded myself that I did it on impulse. If I'd been honest with myself, I'd have known better. Pat wasn't just impulse any longer.

I hadn't known many girls intimately, but Pat was different from any of those I had known. Maybe because she'd exploded on my limited horizon in a dramatic way and thus had made a more profound impression than she might otherwise have. Whatever the reason, I liked her. How much, I didn't know and didn't try hard to find out.

The idea was that she and I would have cocktails and dinner and watch the first show. That would give us a lot of time for conversation. I was strictly in the mood for a little congenial feminine companionship. Or a lot of it, if things happened to be that way.

What I hadn't yet learned was that things never turn out exactly as planned. My cozy little dinner for two developed into a big party and a large evening. Maybe it was the air-conditioned climate of the Club Casa Linda, maybe it was that things just naturally had a habit of happening there. Maybe it was a warning that the snowball I had started rolling downhill couldn't possibly stop short of becoming an avalanche.

The dinner itself was okay. Pat looked prettier than usual, which was saying plenty. She had on a black and beige dress, but I couldn't possibly describe it. She was the sort of girl who took all your attention away from her clothes.

We didn't talk about Jeff Nulty or murder or courtrooms or even her husband. We just talked. Little half confidences, brief glimpses into each other's past; nothing important, nothing that would be of the slightest interest to anybody else.

The first intrusion on our public privacy occurred when Rusty Mason appeared just as we were finishing dinner. The cocktail dress she was wearing was startling, but not nearly so startling as she was. There was a lot of Rusty showing, and it was all interesting. She was only slightly less noticeable than the aurora borealis. And the person she was with didn't dim the picture any.

I recognized the man. He was famous. His name was Pete Connolly and he was a jockey, a very fine jockey. He was supposed to be taking a needed rest before the opening of the racing season at Santa Anita.

He weighed well under a hundred pounds, and wasn't much bigger than a minute. Standing in the doorway beside

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A blowout at 70 miles an hour but "EVEN A CHILD COULD HAVE HELD THE PLYMOUTH ON THE ROAD"!

A letter from A. L. Rives, Plymouth owner of Dallas, Texas

The latter part of 1946 I purchased from you a Plymouth Sedan, which is incidentally the sixth Plymouth automobile I have owned. I have often wondered in the thousands of miles I have driven a Plymouth car whether or not there was anything to Plymouth's high powered advertising on their safety rim.

As we all know, there is nothing like personal experience to sell us on an idea and, believe me, I am now convinced that Plymouth really does have a safety feature in its rim. I was returning home yesterday from a trip with my wife and two boys and, while traveling at a speed of 70 miles an hour, I had a blowout on my right front tire.

Believe it or not, I had no trouble whatsoever in controlling the car even at that speed. I am convinced that even a child could have held the Plymouth on the road without any difficulty. It is the first time that I have ever had a blowout while driving a Plymouth car equipped with safety rims but, believe me, they will do everything you say they will.

A. L. Rives

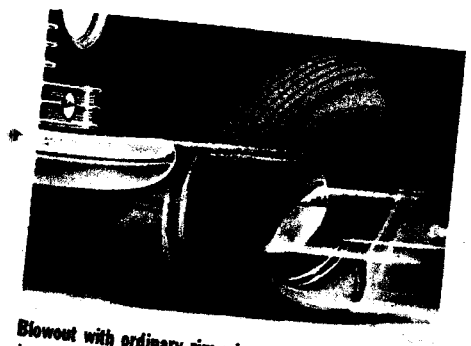
ISN'T the protection described in this letter the kind of security you want for your family and yourself? If it is—remember that *only* Plymouth in the lowest-priced field has Safety-Rim Wheels.

Two of the pictures below show you what can happen when a tire fails on a car with ordinary wheels. The other pictures show how Plymouth avoids these dangers. Is there any reason to gamble on blowout and puncture perils when you can play safe with Plymouth's proved protection?

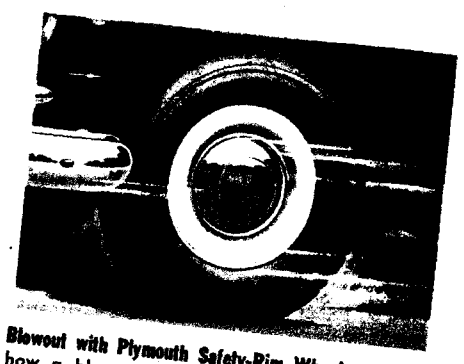
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS . . . GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT. *Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.*

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

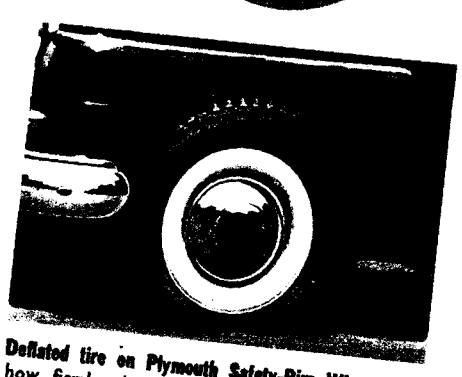


Blowout with ordinary rim wheels. Here's what can happen as a tire blows out on a car with ordinary rim wheels. Such wheels depend on air pressure alone to hold the tire in place. When the air lets go, the tire pulls away from the rim . . . is likely to twist crosswise (as shown immediately above) or to jump the wheel entirely.



Blowout with Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels. This is how a blowout looks when you're riding on Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheels. The air lets go, but patented retaining humps are there to hold the tire straight and tight on the rim. Thus centrifugal force is able to give the effect of a certain amount of air pressure. As the car slows down, the tire goes down, and so does the danger.

Deflated tire on ordinary rim wheel. This picture clearly shows why the car with ordinary rim wheels swerved, jerked on the steering wheel, compelled its driver to *fight* it to a stop after the blowout. The tire has come away from the rim and is twisted. Any other sort of tire failure involving sudden loss of air pressure could have had the same dangerous effect.



Deflated tire on Plymouth Safety-Rim Wheel. See how firmly the tire stays on the Safety-Rim Wheel. Thanks to its patented retaining humps, Plymouth's stop was straight, easy and safe. Why do without this proved protection when every new Plymouth has Safety-Rim Wheels and many other safety advantages? Isn't it common sense to insist on Plymouth?

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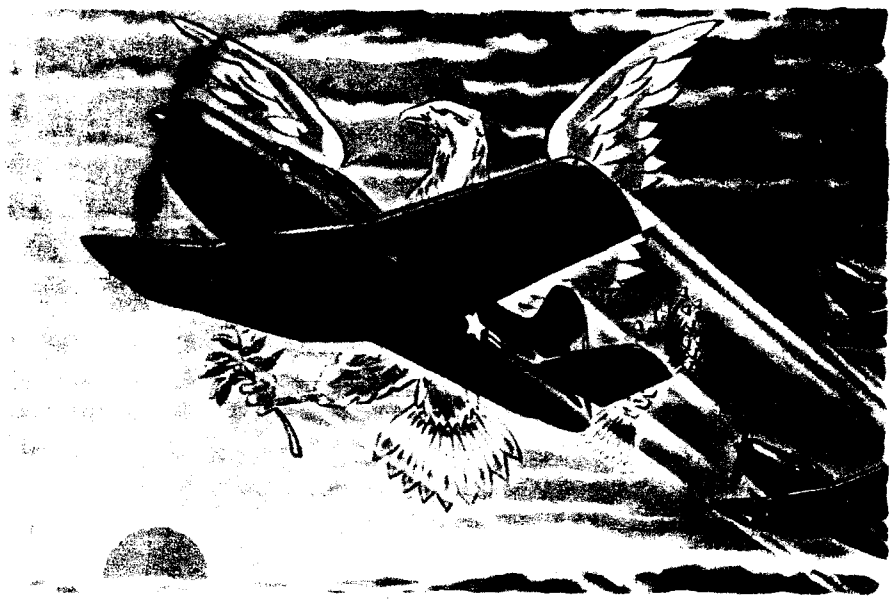
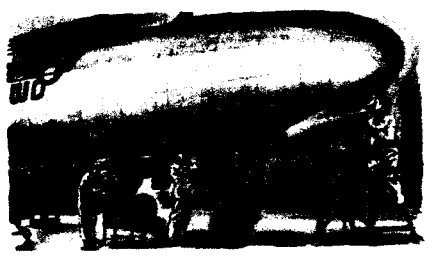
New Wings for an Eagle!



FOR THE NEWS OF THE FUTURE . . . keep your eye on the Martin star! Martin has been pioneering new fields, helping to guard the peace and build a more abundant world through research in commercial airliners, military aircraft, trans-sonic speeds, rocketry, plastics, other projects. Martin research is blazing the trail to a bright tomorrow!

OUTSTANDING

... among the eagle's new wings is the Martin Mauler dive-torpedo bomber, shown above. During the past year, according to top Government officials, we were a poor third in airpower . . . but your Navy foresaw the need for powerful new carrier-based planes and worked closely with Martin engineers in developing this rugged slugger. Now, with America aroused to the need for additional airpower, Maulers are entering service with the Navy to help maintain security along the far-flung outposts of freedom.



TIMESAVER!

Thanks to numerous easily accessible hatches for inspection or maintenance, and high-pressure underwing refueling, the Martin 2-0-2 airliner cuts ground time to a minimum. Shorter stops between hops mean time gained for passengers, more revenue for airlines. Look for more 2-0-2's on the nation's airways as the year progresses.

FOR A FLYING START

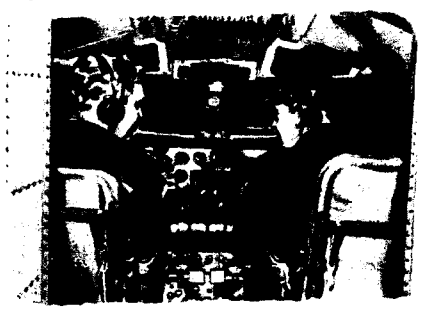
...to a real future, learn aviation with the Air Force, Navy or Marines. If you've got what it takes, you can build a lifetime career in a field with a real future. Ask for details at your nearest recruiting office.

AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION

MANUFACTURERS OF: Marvinol resins (Martin Chemicals Division) • Martin 2-0-2 airliners • Advanced military aircraft • Aerial gun turrets. **DEVELOPERS OF:** Rotary wing aircraft (Martin Rotawings Division) • Mareng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Honeycomb construction material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Corp.) • Stratovision aerial re-broadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Electric Corp.) **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to guard the peace and build better living in many far-reaching fields.

TOUGH OLD EAGLE!

That's the Martin B-10 bomber which won the Collier Trophy for Glenn L. Martin. Although 10 years old at the time of the Jap attack, these planes, flying with the Netherlands East Indies Air Force, gave a fine account of themselves. For advanced new military planes, as epoch-making as the B-10 in its day, count on Martin!



"E" FOR EFFORTLESS!

Easy to fly . . . that's another feature of the Martin 2-0-2 airliner. All control handles are different shapes and colors . . . pilot seats are superlatively comfortable . . . and the panel is simplified. Result: less pilot fatigue, greater ease of handling. Yesterday, today and tomorrow, Martin sets the pace! The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore 3, Maryland.

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable *Aircraft Since 1909*

Air Power to Save the Peace
Air Transport to Serve It

Rusty, he looked like an exclamation point alongside a telegraph pole.

He was about thirty-two, but he had that oddly boyish quality which belongs to very small men. He was flashily dressed, but still looked somber beside the girl he was escorting. He had black hair and a swarthy complexion. He was wiry and hard, and he didn't wear elevator shoes. You couldn't mistake the fact that he was either crazy about the girl or giving a good imitation of it.

Rusty saw us. She grabbed Pete Connolly by the arm and dragged him toward us. A dozen people spoke to him. He waved back at them and smiled with his lips, thought not with his hard black eyes. Rusty performed the introductions, pulled up a couple of chairs, and they both sat down. She told the little jockey that I was the most wonderful man she'd ever met. He didn't seem to agree with her. She continued to pile it on. I caught him staring at me, and I grinned and winked. He seemed to like that. He winked right back. That made everything fine between us. I liked him, and for some odd reason I hoped he would like me.

RUSTY was playing him strong. But she was playing me, too. Maybe that's the way she was: chronically friendly and not too exclusive. It didn't quite check with being a hard-working secretary, but I figured she was entitled to live her own life after hours. Watching her work on Pete Connolly, I understood more about her approach to me.

They definitely dug in at our table. A little while later Brian Garland came in. He and Pete knew each other, and Brian wanted to talk racing. So Mario had two waiters shove up another table, and we now had grown to a party of five.

Conchita Montero breezed in, all wrapped up in a cloth coat and shivering as though it were colder outside than a California December. She stated that it was not so cold like this in Cuba. She said she had to dress for the first show, but she wanted to talk to Rusty. She dazzled Brian with a smile, and reminded me about our trip to Tia Juana to see *jai alai*, which was getting to be a gag. My hope of a quiet evening with Pat Kingsley already had gone overboard, so I invited Conchita to rejoin us after the show, and she accepted eagerly. I figured we might as well make a convention of it, so when I saw Wade Ramsay talking to Mario just before the show started, I invited him to the table.

Up against the wall was my inquisitive friend in gray—except that tonight he was wearing blue. He was still interested in me, or seemed to be.

The place was fairly well filled by the time the show went on. It would be packed for the second show. Everything ran according to schedule: same acts, same applause, same encores, same handsome, arrogant, long-winded Rex Kingsley as master of ceremonies. Once, as Rex left the floor, I fancied that he glanced at my table and saw his wife. I couldn't be sure, but it didn't seem to matter anyway.

A few minutes after ten thirty Conchita returned. She had been only slightly less than sensational, and she exuded good humor.

Rusty looked across at her and said, "What was it you wanted to ask me about, Conchita?"

"Is pictures. You have the memory of many pictures was sent to you from Cuba before I come here?"

"Pictures of you?"

"*Si*. Much, much pictures. Conchita singing. Conchita dancing. Conchita not too much wearing clothes. My agent, he tell me he would like. You give me?"

Rusty looked defeated. She said, "You can have 'em, all right, if you're willing to dig. There are two closets in my office. One is neat as a pin. The other is a catchall. Everything I get that hasn't a proper place is pitched in there. It's a mess. Somewhere in the middle of all that junk you'll find your pictures. But, honest, I'd hate to tackle the job myself."

Conchita rose promptly. "I look," she said. "You maybe show me where is?"

Conchita's bag fell from the table to the floor. She bent to pick it up, but I beat her to it. The catch had come open and a half-dozen things spilled out: compact, lipstick, little coin purse—things that you find in every woman's bag. I shoved them all back in and handed the bag to her. She thanked me prettily.

She and Rusty walked across the floor and vanished up the little stairway that led from the club up to the mezzanine. Within three minutes Rusty was back. She said, "That kid! Never still a minute. Got to do everything right now. Can't ever wait until tomorrow. Brother, I sure don't envy anybody who has to excavate in that closet."

We talked generally and pleasantly, waiting for Conchita to return. It was a mixed group, but a nice one: Pat Kingsley, Brian Garland, Rusty Mason, Wade Ramsay, the little jockey and me. I don't remember what we talked about, except that it wasn't important. I was enjoying myself. This was more social life than I'd had in a long time.

Shortly after eleven o'clock—maybe ten minutes after—Conchita came back. She was a different Conchita. Everyone at the table noticed a change. Rusty said, "Did you find the pictures?"

"I no find. Maybe some other time I look." She reached for my highball glass and took a long drink. I said, "I thought you didn't go for strong liquor, Conchita."

"I drink now," she said.

She was obviously disturbed. Her eyes were wide and frightened. She edged her chair closer to mine. She took my hand. Her fingers were icy. She leaned close and whispered, "Weeth you I must talk."

"All right," I said. "Start talking."

"Not here. Somewhere else. Is important."

I said, "Snap out of it, Conchita. It isn't *that* important."

"Is most very important. Is about you. The trouble you have."

I saw Rusty staring at Conchita. Her big blue eyes held a speculative light. I didn't understand any part of what was happening. Conchita was seriously frightened. She wanted to tell me something about myself, about my trouble. That could mean only one thing. The murder of Jeff Nulty was my trouble.

Conchita whispered a question: "We no can talk here. Is what number, your apartment, Steve?"

"Seven-B."

"I go there. I wait for you."

I couldn't combat the urgency in her voice, her eyes. I said I'd meet her at my apartment in a few minutes. I offered to give her the key, but she shook her head. "I wait in the hall," she said breathlessly. "You no let anybody know you meet me there. Is so much important, Steve."

REX KINGSLEY appeared from nowhere. One instant he wasn't there, and the next second he was. He looked tall and handsome and not very happy. He nodded briefly to all of us and said, "Good evening." Then he bent over Conchita. He said, "I want to talk to you."

She shook her head violently. "Not now," she said. "We talk afterwhile perhaps. Twenty-thirty minutes, no?"

"Right now. In my office."

She didn't want to. She said, "How long it take, Meester Kingsley?"

"I don't know. It's about your new rumba routines." He closed his fingers around her arm and started walking away with her. She turned long enough to throw me a helpless look over her shoulder, then jerked her head upward as though to ask me to go upstairs and wait. I nodded, and she smiled—thanking me.

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The music started. Couples began spilling onto the floor. I saw Rex Kingsley and Conchita vanish in the general direction of Kingsley's office, which was at the far corner of the room.

Pat Kingsley got up. She said, "Let's dance, Steve."

That was the last thing in the world I wanted to do. But she was pulling me onto the floor. Well, I had perhaps twenty minutes to kill, until Kingsley had finished with Conchita. I started to dance. Just as we moved away from the table I heard Rusty excuse herself with a remark about powdering her nose. That left Brian Garland, Pete Connolly and Wade Ramsay sitting there. Brian suggested a drink at the bar. All three left the table and walked into the next room.

Pat was silent for several minutes after we started dancing. I could feel the tenseness in her body. She asked, "What's wrong with Conchita?"

"I don't know."

"She was a different person when she came back. She looked frightened."

I agreed, but said nothing. After a few seconds, Pat said, "I don't like it, Steve."

"You don't like what?"

"I can't explain. Something. A hunch."

I asked, "What's between Conchita and your husband?"

"Nothing." She answered that one quickly. Maybe too quickly.

"Did he engage her originally?"

"No. Jeff Nulty did."

"Rex's office: Did that use to be Nulty's?"

"Yes." She stopped dancing. "Buy me a drink, will you, Steve?"

"Why not?" As we walked toward the bar, I said, "You're jittery, Pat."

"I'm silly, that's all."

Pete Connolly was sitting at the bar. He was surrounded by several men none of whom I knew. They were apparently discussing racing. I found two stools at the other end and ordered drinks for Pat and myself.

She said, "You're meeting Conchita in your apartment, Steve?"

"You heard what she said?"

"I was trying to."

I said yes. I intended to go upstairs in a few minutes. Pat Kingsley said, "Take me with you."

I shook my head.

"Please, Steve."

"Why?"

"I'd like to hear whatever she is going to tell you."

"I may sound repetitious, but I'll ask again: Why?"

Her lips were pressed tight. She said, "No particular reason."

"I don't care about playing it that way, Pat. Whatever Conchita wants to tell me, I'll listen to alone."

She argued. She argued with more vehemence than the situation seemed to justify. We killed a lot of time tossing the ball back and forth. My answer remained no.

IT WAS getting along toward twelve o'clock. The second show would be on at 12:30. I thought of Conchita waiting for me in the hallway upstairs, and told Pat I was on my way. She walked with me through the lobby to the elevator. No operator on duty at this hour.

Pat followed me in. I didn't like it, and I said so.

The cage was moving upward toward the seventh floor. She said, "I'm not going in with you. I'm going to my own apartment."

That was next door to mine. I knew it was an excuse, but there was nothing I could do about it. Except that when I found Conchita, I could take her into 7-B and lock the door.

The hallway was empty. No Conchita. I said, "You could have saved yourself the trouble, Pat. She's evidently still with your husband."

"We'll go back downstairs."

I said, "I thought you were going to your apartment?"

She didn't say anything. More to get rid of her than anything else, I took out my key and unlocked my own door. I wanted to be alone, to do a little private thinking.

I reached inside the door and snapped on the light. I turned to say something to Pat and caught a glimpse of her face.

She looked awful. Her lips were parted and her eyes were wide with horror. Then she moved forward. Swiftly. She shoved past me, into my apartment. I heard her say, "Good God . . ."

I followed her. I closed the door. For the first time, I saw the thing which had brought that look into her eyes.

It was Conchita Montero.

I looked at Conchita and knew that she wouldn't ever dance again, that she wouldn't go with me to Tia Juana to see *jai alai*. She wouldn't laugh and she wouldn't sing. Not ever.

She was lying on the floor.

I didn't have to be a medical expert to know that she was quite dead.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S "It's the police, Mom! Hello, Pop" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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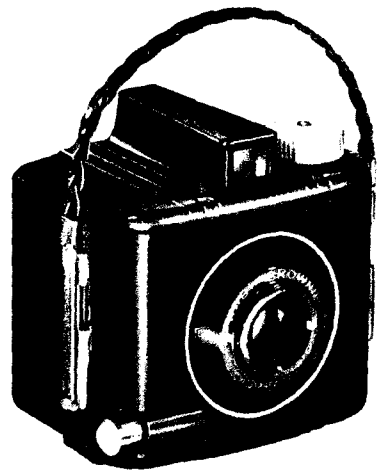

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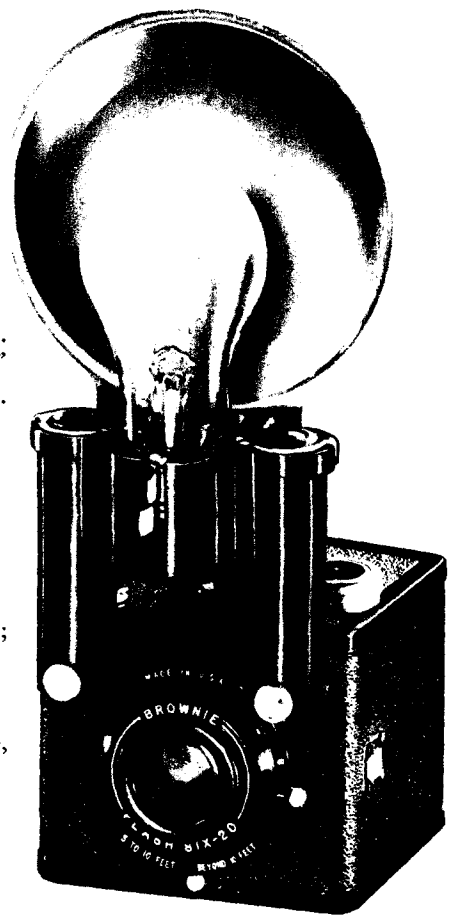

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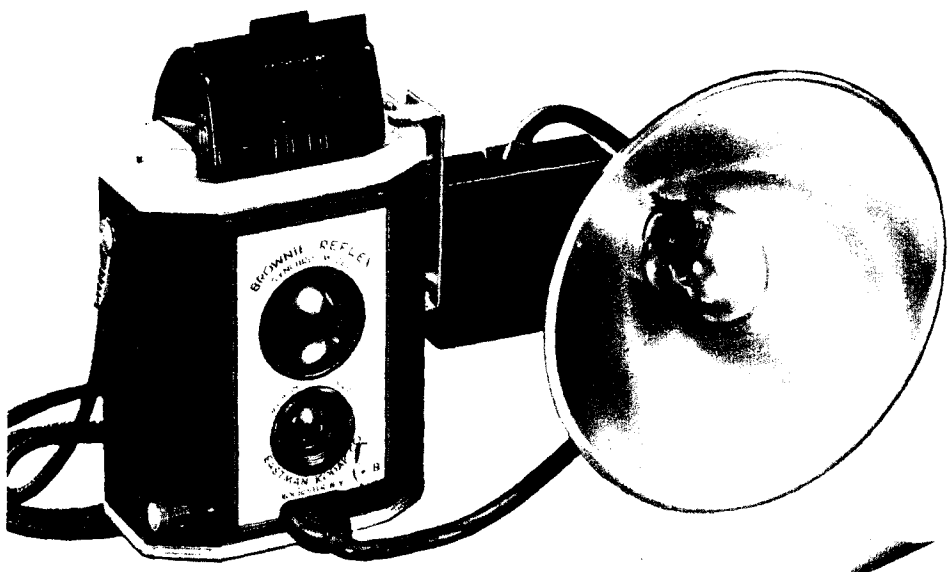

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ARE YOU SURE?

Continued from page 22

"I guess you're right. I'm just a fussbudget."

When they went out to the car, she said, "The worst part about it, we don't know the neighbors. We're new. We don't know anything about them. And they don't know us. Clyde, it's still early. I'd rather be safe than sorry. I'll never know a minute's peace, until I'm sure those doors are locked. And anyhow, I didn't bring anything for the beach. Somebody will have a beach party, and I'll have to buy a whole new outfit. It'll be Sunday with everything closed, and I'll have to borrow things."

Clyde clashed the gears as he headed back to Palo Alto. The front door, the back door and the windows were securely fastened. Ella got the things she'd need for the beach, ironed them, and they started off again. It was no longer an early start. It was past midnight when they reached Los Angeles. She said, "We can't just pop in on Bill and Elaine at this hour, when they're not expecting us."

"All right; we should have phoned ahead."

"I didn't mean it that way, Clyde."

They spent an hour finding a rather run-down auto court. They were tired from the long day, and Clyde's eyes were smarting from night driving.

THEY went to bed and he was going to sleep when she said, "Clyde." He pretended to be asleep. She nudged him. "Clyde."

"Huh?"

"Did I pull out the iron cord?"

He took a long breath. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Ella."

"I was ironing my blue slacks and you kept saying let's get going. I was trying to hurry."

"It's my fault."

"Now, Clyde. I felt awful, making you drive back from Gilroy for nothing. After all, I could have borrowed something from Elaine if there was a beach party. I made you lose your early start. I left the board down with the iron on it to cool. But did I pull the cord out?"

"Of course you pulled the cord out."

"How do you know?"

"Ella, if there's one thing you are, it's careful. You never leave taps running or—"

"Taps running?" she said quickly. "Do you think—?"

"Wait a minute; take it easy," he broke in. "That's just an example. You're always careful about things, like taps and the gas and rugs people might trip over and putting sharp knives in the drawer with the handles out. You never in your life left an electric iron plugged in."

"There's always a first time."

"Forget it."

"I wish I was sure."

"Forget it," he said firmly. "And if you did leave it on, let the damned thing stay on."

He went to sleep. Practically.

"Clyde," she said in a small meek voice, cuddling close to him.

He grunted.

"Clyde, you've got every right to be angry. It's all my fault. I'm not blaming you. We never should have gone back. Do you think it would burn the house down? Our new house?"

"No," he growled. "And anyhow, you never left it on."

"You don't know. I was using the iron. For the life of me I can't remember pulling out that cord. Clyde, what would it do?"

"It all depends."

"Depends on what?"

"Run the bill up, I guess. Maybe burn the iron out. We're here now and let's forget it."

"But what if I didn't leave it on the stand?"

"Ella, be sensible. Of course it's on the stand."

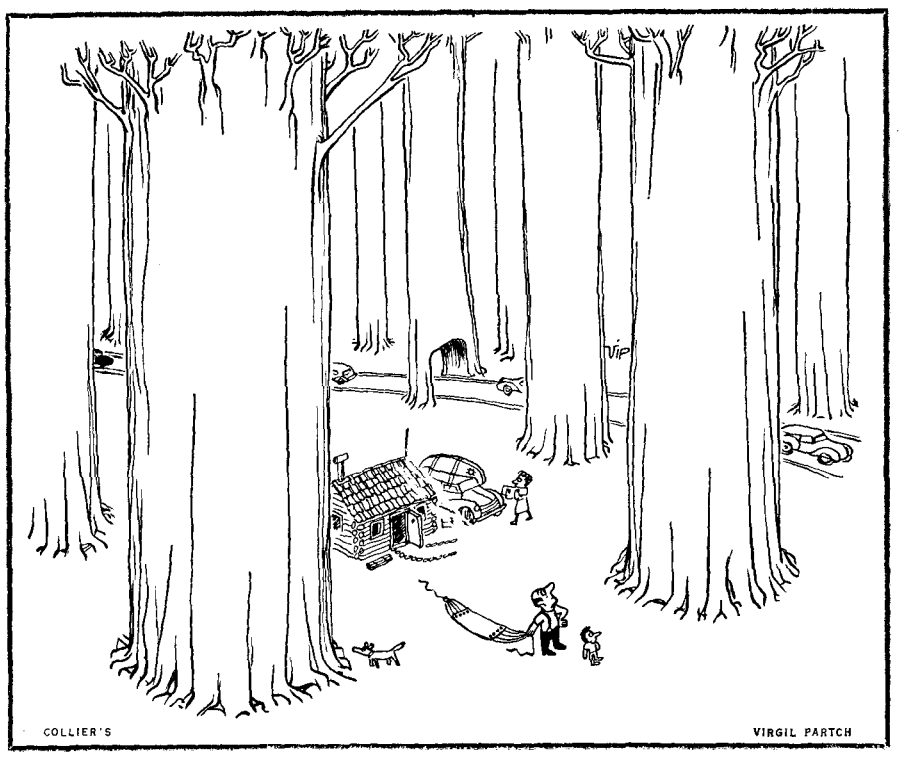
"But I felt so bad about making you come back. I was in a hurry. What if I left it sitting there on the pad? Couldn't it get hot enough to start a fire? It isn't the kind that keeps a certain temperature. It just keeps getting hotter and hotter. I've been wanting a new iron. One of the kind that won't—"

"Okay, it's my fault."

"Now, Clyde. We've been saving for the new house. It's all my fault. You don't know how bad I feel. We've done without things and now we've got the place and I burn it down!"

She began to cry.

Slowly, Clyde sat up. He got out of bed and swung his arms about in the darkness for the pull chain. "Okay, we'll go back."



She kept on crying.

He said, "Well, what the hell *do* you want me to do?"

"Clyde, I—know it's silly. You're probably right. But we're not sure. Maybe we could phone somebody."

"Who? We don't know anybody in the neighborhood."

"What about Don?"

And that's where I came in. Good old Don.

"Don? He's in the city. And Lord knows what time it is."

Ella began getting out of bed. "Maybe we *had* better start back."

He said, "Okay, I'll phone Don."

He put on his shoes and a robe and went to the manager's office. After he'd rung the bell a while a voice from within called that there were no vacancies.

Clyde explained that he'd left the electric iron on at home and had to use the phone. The manager was not exactly happy when he appeared at the door in a nightshirt. . . .

The phone woke me up in the middle of the night and Los Angeles was on the wire. Clyde told me Ella wasn't sure she'd pulled out the iron cord, and—well, if it wasn't too much trouble . . . I asked how to get in and he said, "The key's in the mailbox. Thanks a million, Don. I know it's silly, but—"

And I said, "Not at all, Clyde. I understand."

There was a bit of silence, and then he said, "Yeah, I guess you do."

I understood if anybody did. There had been a time in my life when nothing in the world seemed worth while unless Ella came with it. There had been a black period when she decided to marry Clyde. The blow to pride was as bad as anything else. I hadn't even considered Clyde a rival. He was so casual and easygoing. He'd forget his dates and call around to see Ella on the wrong night, needing a haircut, having forgotten to shave. Not that he was a screwball, or incompetent; he just wasn't bothered about little things.

Well, one thing, he'd been strictly on the ball since marrying Ella. Like it or not. She saw to that. I'd remained a friend, and I spent an evening with them occasionally when they, with that peculiar habit of married people, found some girl they thought I should know and invited me down to dinner.

It was a raw night. Any night is raw when you've got out of bed conscious of your stomach and with fur on your tongue. Here I was, driving down the peninsula in the middle of the night on a fool errand. But it was just once. Clyde had had six years of it.

Their apartment in Burlingame, where they'd lived since they were married, was in the basement of a onetime mansion. Of course I knew they were building in Palo Alto, but I didn't know they had moved in. I suppose with his irritation, and with the human tendency to assume that everybody knows what is such a big thing in your life, Clyde hadn't thought to mention it. Anyhow I went to the apartment.

The key was in the mailbox, but the door was unlocked. It wasn't a fool's errand after all, I thought; they'd left the door unlocked. I went in and switched on the lights. The ironing board was folded into the wall; the iron was cold. That was that.

I looked in the refrigerator. There was milk, liverwurst, half a jar of sweet pickles, and some blue cheese. I had earned a snack. I set the stuff on the table of the breakfast nook, got bread, butter, a glass and a knife, and began on the snack. There was a San Francisco paper on the table, and I was reading the latest development of the perpetual police department shake-up when a girl walked in from the living room.

She was wearing a quilted red robe over her nightgown. She was a rather smallish person with a good figure, a lot of tan hair, beautiful eyes, and a revolver in her hand. The revolver was pointed at my chest.

"Well," she said.

"Hello," I said.

"Make yourself at home," she said.

"I felt like a snack," I said.

"You've got everything you need?"

"Yes, thank you."

She said, "I woke up when you slammed the refrigerator door."

"I should have been more careful at this time of night."

"I thought you'd be interested in my war souvenirs," she said, indicating the revolver.

"You were a Wac?"

"Yes. I know how to use it."

"I was over there myself. Air Force. Do you do this sort of thing often?"

"This is the first time I've found it necessary."

"You poor kid," I said. "There's no future in it."

"Particularly," she said, "when a burglar doesn't show good sense. As I understand it, the first principle is to case the joint."

"Exactly," I said. "But you didn't know Ella."

"I didn't know who?"

"Sit down," I said. "Let's talk things over. I don't want to make any trouble. I'm a friend of Clyde and Ella's."

"And I," she said, "am a friend of the Sweeneys. You've got your nerve with you."

I didn't go into that. It seemed to me the height of brass for a burglar to go to bed on a job. And such a cute little trick, too. She must be in trouble to be driven to this sort of thing. I said, "I brought one of those back. You haven't got a shell in the chamber."

She looked at the gun and I hit it with a length of liverwurst. The weapon went off with the most unearthly blast I ever want to hear. Then she began to scream, which was worse than the sound of the shot. She would have escaped except that I grabbed her.

It is amazing how people pop up from nowhere out of the middle of the night. And a man wrestling with a screaming girl just doesn't have a chance. It looks bad on the face of it, and a man doesn't have time to explain. I got some rough treatment from utter strangers, and pretty soon the police had me. After a while I began to understand what had happened. But the police didn't seem interested in that part of it. In a way it was very funny, except they didn't see the joke. They weren't even remotely interested in Clyde and Ella.

NOW, after Clyde had phoned me, he went back to the cabin and got in bed. Ella said, "You got Don?"

"Yes. He's driving down to make sure."

"I knew he'd do it. Don's a good egg. I feel so awful about forgetting that cord."

Clyde said nothing.

She sighed. "That's off our minds. It's so good just to pick up and leave and forget everything. We're going to have a swell time. Do you think we'd ought to give Bill and Elaine a ring and tell them we'll drop in in the morning?"

"No."

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde."

"Ella, for Heaven's sake."

"You told Don how to reach us, in case anything *had* gone wrong?"

"Well, uh—sure I told him." He hadn't, but he wasn't going to start something.

A few minutes later she said, "Clyde."

He groaned.

"Clyde, are you sure he can find the house?"

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"He's been there."

"No; he hasn't. You remember we met that Mills girl. The one we thought Don ought to meet. And then she couldn't come to the housewarming and we thought it might be better anyhow if we had just the two of them for dinner some night. But we haven't had them yet. Does Don know about the new house?"

Clyde remembered he hadn't told me over the phone. He said, "Of course he does."

"Are you sure?"

"We told everybody."

"Then you *didn't* tell him when you phoned!" she said. "If Don went to the apartment— Maybe our house is on fire this very minute!"

Clyde got out of bed and swung his arms around in the dark for the pull chain. "What do you want me to do?"

"We could at least make sure. Maybe he hasn't left yet."

"He said he'd go right away."

"Then maybe he's back."

CLYDE rang the manager's bell again. The manager's temper had degenerated. Clyde put in a call for me and got no answer. He went back to the cabin. "He's not back," he said. "He must have gone to Palo Alto."

"Why do you say that?"

"If he only went to Burlingame, he'd be back before now. Say he did go to the apartment. He'd find out we weren't there. He'd talk to Mr. Meeker." Mr. Meeker was the landlord. "Mr. Meeker would give him the house address, and Don would drive to Palo Alto. We know he went to Palo Alto, or he'd be back by now."

Ella considered. "How do you know he talked to Mr. Meeker?"

"I don't know that he talked to Mr. Meeker. But he isn't back, so he had to either go to Palo Alto in the first place or talk to Mr. Meeker. Reason it out. Let's say Don *didn't* go to Palo Alto. Say he *did* go to the apartment. Well, it's either rented again or it isn't. If it isn't rented, he'd talk to Mr. Meeker to find out where we'd moved to. If it is rented, he'd talk to the new tenants, and they'd tell him to see Mr. Meeker. And if that hadn't happened, he would be back before now."

"Clyde, you know very well that Mr. Meeker goes to bed at nine o'clock every night, and nothing will raise him until five in the morning because he takes off his hearing aid. Remember the night the hot-water tap came off in the bathroom? We just had to tie it up with rags until morning. You know very well that Don didn't talk with Mr. Meeker. Don doesn't know where our new house is. It's on fire. It's burning to the ground, and it's all my fault!"

"Well, then, where is Don?" Clyde asked.

"That's beside the point. It's not our business where Don is. I don't trust Don anyhow. That's why I married you. Don's not reliable. I don't think he even tried. I know he didn't. It's just like Don. He doesn't care if our house burns down. He'd like to see it happen. I've never trusted him. He's always held it against us that we got married. He just hung up the phone when you called, and went back to sleep. He's there now. He won't answer the phone. Why didn't we think of Mr. Lee in the first place?"

"Mr. Lee? After all, Ella." Mr. Lee was the agent who had sold them the house.

"Well, he told us, didn't he? If anything came up, just call him. He said his job didn't end with closing a sale. He wanted us to be perfectly satisfied. He said to feel free to call him any time about anything."

"This is hardly in his line."

"I'll call him, Clyde," Ella said. "It's all my fault, anyhow."

"Never mind; I'll do it."

The manager was hardly happy at being routed out again. But his manner was sweetness itself compared to that of Mr. Lee. Gone was Mr. Lee's friendly tone and genial manner.

Clyde hung up bleakly.

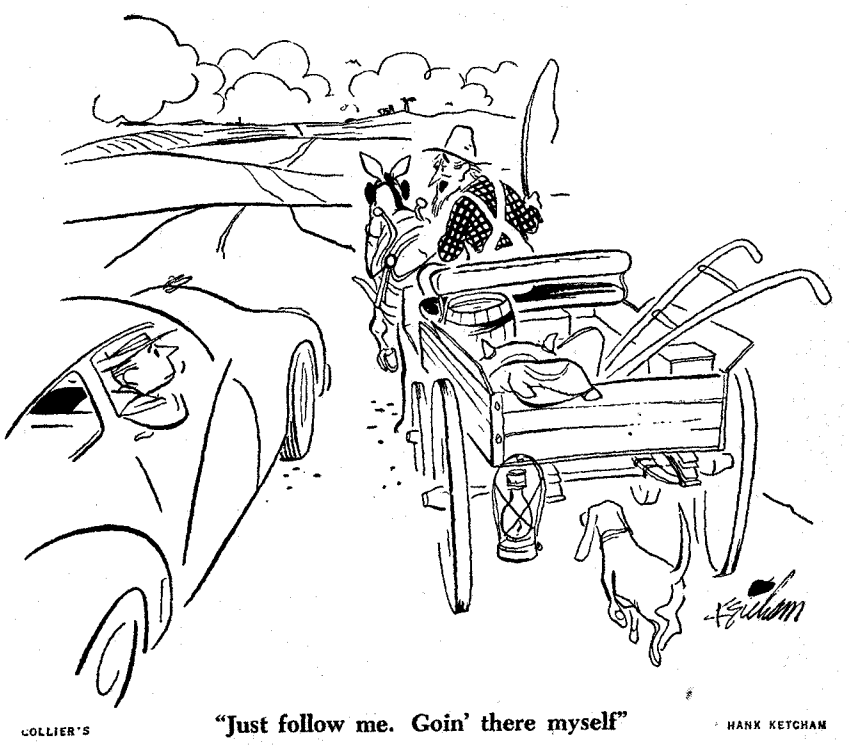
"Friend," said the manager, who had heard Mr. Lee's loud comments over the wire, "if you're afraid your house is burning down why don't you call the fire department? That's their business. They'd appreciate it. They'd a lot sooner unplug an iron tonight than fight a fire tomorrow."

"Thank you," Clyde said, humbly grateful. "That's a great idea." So Clyde called the fire department. They said they'd call him back. Clyde sat in the office with the manager a few minutes. The fire department of Palo Alto called back to say the iron hadn't been plugged in. Clyde said thanks a million, and to put him on the list for ten tickets for the next fireman's ball.

"Well," Ella said, when he went back to the cabin, "I guess it *was* silly, dear. I feel so foolish about it."

"Better safe than sorry," he said gallantly. He jerked the pull chain and got into bed.

He was almost asleep when she said, "Clyde." She nudged him. "Clyde."



COLLIER'S

"Don't bother with that stuff, dear. If I had wanted a beautiful wife, I would have married one!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

"Huh?"

"Did the firemen go into the house or just look through the kitchen window with a flashlight?"

"They found the iron cord pulled out. What difference does it make?"

"What difference does it make? It makes all the difference in the world. If they went into the house, how do we know they didn't forget to lock up when they left?"

Clyde groaned.

She said, "You know how firemen are. Did you tell them the key was in the mailbox? Otherwise they probably broke down the front door with an ax."

"I told them about the key," Clyde assured her.

"They were thinking of fires, not doors. Who ever heard of a fireman locking the door behind him?"

This sort of thing went on for a while. Finally Clyde got out of bed and swung his arms for the pull chain. "I'll call them," he said, "and make sure."

There was a knock on the cabin door. "You'd better come out, Harris," the manager's voice said. "It's the cops."

Two police officers were on deck with a patrol car. They asked Clyde a number of personal questions. Then they asked him if he knew me. In checking my story the Burlingame police had contacted the Palo Alto police. The Palo Alto police knew of Clyde's call to the fire department. The fire department had furnished the address of the auto court in Los Angeles.

I was released a little after daybreak.

THAT afternoon I phoned the girl whose apartment I had broken into, and paid my apologies.

"I think it's awfully funny," she said. "We each thought the other was a burglar."

"I ruined your liverwurst and ate up practically everything in your refrigerator. Would you like to have dinner with me to get even?"

"I'd love to."

I called around a bit early that evening, and she was not quite ready. She was ironing something. We drove down the peninsula for dinner. While we were eating I said, "Say, did you leave that iron on?"

"Why should I?"

"I wonder about my cigarette? I left it burning on the ash tray. Maybe it burned down, overbalanced, and fell onto the sofa."

She sighed, "Are you a worry wart?"

I didn't propose right then; I waited until after dinner.

Ella phoned me Tuesday afternoon. She was awfully sorry for getting me in a jam, she said. She and Clyde wanted to make it right. Could I have dinner Friday evening? There was a girl named Mills they wanted me to meet. An awfully nice girl.

"I'd like to meet her," I said, "but I'm getting married Friday. Could I take a rain check?"

She said, "What?" and I repeated it. She said, "Why didn't you tell us?" and I said they had been in L.A. She asked if she knew her, and I said her name was Mariom Edwards and I'd met her in their old apartment Saturday night. She said, "You mean—you met her that night when you were arrested? Didn't you know her before?" I said that if I'd known her before I wouldn't have been arrested.

She said, "Just a minute; Clyde wants to say hello."

The minute stretched into four or five. I knew she was bending his ear. Then his voice came. "Hi, Don. What's this about you getting married to a girl you met last Saturday night?"

"That about covers it. Except she's awfully nice and she's a knockout for looks, and she can make up her mind like that." I snapped my fingers at the phone.

"But how can you be sure it will turn out all right?" he said dutifully, Ella at his elbow.

"I don't think a person can be sure of anything in this life," I said. "So why worry about it?"

He said, "You've got something there, Don."

It was a trite phrase, worn out; but his heart was in it.

Then why am I saying he's happily married? Let's take another example, when Ella went to the hospital the next summer with the baby. When she was ready to come home, Clyde called for her in a taxi. He'd mislaid the car keys. She found the floors warped.

He'd left for work one morning without turning off the shower, and the washrag had clogged the drain. The refrigerator needed repairs because he'd left the door open. The lawn was brown. And there was a hole burned right through the ironing board.

Clyde is nobody's fool. He never was one to worry about things. And with Ella for a wife, he can just relax and let her do the worrying for both of them.

THE END

COLLIER'S

"Just follow me. Goin' there myself"

HANK KETCHAM

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TRAIL OF THE LEANING S

BY RAFE GIBBS

JACK BREED

On some of these mountainsides in Glacier Park, you can walk on ice 500 feet deep and thousands of years old, acquiring a sun tan at the same time

JACK BREED

En route to Grand Teton Park, you may pass through Jackson Hole, once an outlaws' lair. Dominating scene above is Grand Teton Peak

Three Western parks—Glacier, Yellowstone and Grand Teton —are outposts on a long, long trail that goes a-winding through some of the most superb scenery and colorful history in the U.S.

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—IX

SLAP a Leaning S brand on your road map of the Northwest, and meander down the mountain trail it marks. What you will see once made pioneer trapper Jim Bridger, one of the West's most dexterous liars (mountain style), muse: "Ain't necessary to lie about this country nohow."

Traveling some 700 miles from the top of the S in northwestern Montana to the bottom in northwestern Wyoming, you can:

Acquire a sunburn at Glacier National Park in thirty minutes while standing on ice thousands of years old . . . Put on a miner's tin hat at Butte, Montana; descend 3,300 feet and see for yourself why Butte's hill has been called the "richest on earth" . . . Step back into the atmosphere of the past at Virginia City, Montana—the Williamsburg of the West . . . Drive through Yellowstone National Park where the pedestrians are bears . . . Gasp for breath by climbing or merely looking at the cloud-balancing peaks of Grand Teton National Park.

The best way to start along the trail up at Glacier is hunched over the saddle of one of the park's 600 horses. We took the trip up to Grinnell Glacier from Many Glacier astride a gentle mare in Jim Wilt's string.

A big, easygoing, ageless fellow beneath a big, aged hat, Jim makes a horse look undernourished when he settles in the saddle. He expounds on the lore of the park as you jog along.

"That's Poison Point," he says, swinging a gloved hand toward the trail where it leans over a thousand feet of nothing.

"It is?" says a dude.

"Yeah," grins Jim. "One drop is fatal."

Seven miles up the trail you come to a mountainside covered with ancient ice, 500 feet deep. The sun up there is hot. Your neck burns. You dismount and follow Jim out over the ice, covered with new snow. Everybody moves cautiously, for you are on a glacier of many crevices.

If you are not inclined to riding, you can view typical park scenery by merely driving over Going-to-the-Sun Highway, the only road across Glacier National Park. But it pays to get a horse, or at least a hiking urge.

At Sperry Chalet you can go to sleep listening to the patter of little mountain-goat feet on the porch floor. One night Ed Beatty, chief park naturalist, was sleeping in a chalet room, when he awoke with the feeling that strange eyes were upon him. He looked at the big, open window. Perched on the ledge, ready to spring, was a mountain goat.

"I let out a war whoop," said Beatty, "and that goat jumped—backward, thank God!"

A lot of folk come to Glacier to see the 1,200 different wild flowers in the park. They're at their showiest from July 15th to September 15th.

Soft-spoken J. W. Emmert, superintendent of Glacier, tells about an Easterner who paused just before he snapped a color picture of the Hanging Gardens at Logan Pass, heavy with golden glacier lilies.

"If I take this picture, it will cost me $500," said the Easterner. "I'll have to bring my wife out here next year."

But most impressive of all are the mountains themselves with their bigness and isolation and calm strength. They manage to look at once both violent and restful.

Almost until 1910, the year the area was made a park and put under government protection, the Blackfeet Indians kept the white men pretty well out. You'll see plenty of Blackfeet today at the eastern entrance of the park, which adjoins their reservation. Solemn-looking fellows on the surface, they have a sense of humor beneath.

"Our people never wash feet," one old boy assured us. "Called Blackfeet."

Actually, legend has it the Blackfeet got their name from scuffing through burned prairie grass.

Following the Trail of the Leaning S south of Glacier, you travel for miles beside Flathead Lake which is beautifully framed by the Mission

ROUTES: U.S. Highways 2, 10, 20 and 89 are among the major roads to the parks. To reach Virginia City, take U.S. 10S from Butte and turn off on Montana 41. Roads are generally good, though rough in spots. Be sure car is in good repair. Garages are sometimes few and far between. Trail described here runs about 700 miles.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Excellent hotels at Missoula, Butte, Virginia City (Mont.), Jackson (Wyo.) and other towns. Motor courts all along the way. Glacier and Yellowstone have top-flight hotels, beside chalets, lodges, cabins and free camping grounds. Glacier hotels $9.50-up per person American plan. Yellowstone hotels $3.50-up European; lodges $2.25-up; cabins $1-up. No overnight accommodations in Teton Park. These are supplied by dude ranches, lodges, cabins and hotels in Jackson Hole and in town of Jackson. Reservations should be made in advance.

FOOD: Excellent food in major towns and in the parks. T-bone steak dinners along the way, $1 to $3. Buffalo, elk, venison and bear meat available in Virginia City.

CLIMATE: Mountain variety. Warm days, but not humid. Cool nights. Blankets comfortable in July and August. Yellowstone Park accommodations open from June 20th to September 10th; Glacier Park accommodations, from June 15th to September 15th.

WHAT TO WEAR: Keep it informal. Sport clothes. Riding breeches or denim dungarees are preferred for hiking and riding—plus a pair of ankle-high shoes. Warm woolen sweater or water-repellent jacket on park trips. Raincoat is tied behind the cantle on every saddle horse.

WHAT TO DO: Sight-seeing comes first. Slogan of the parks is: "Ask a ranger." Also hiking, mountain climbing, horseback riding, dancing, boating and fishing. No fishing license required in Glacier or Yellowstone. Wyoming license necessary in Grand Teton, $5 for five days if you are an out-of-state resident.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: On the parks, write to Information Department of the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. On Virginia City, write to Fairweather Inn, Virginia City, Mont.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

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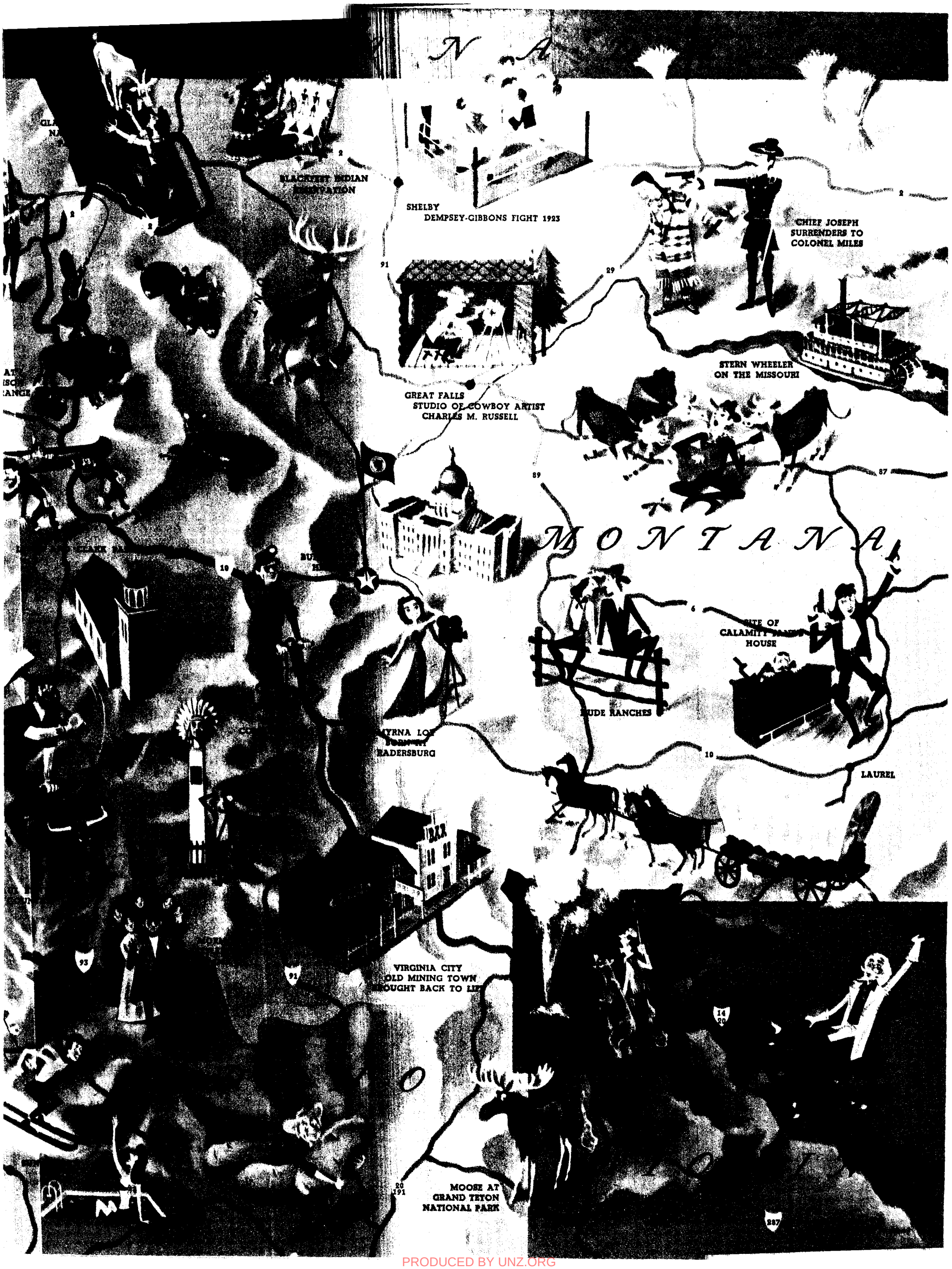

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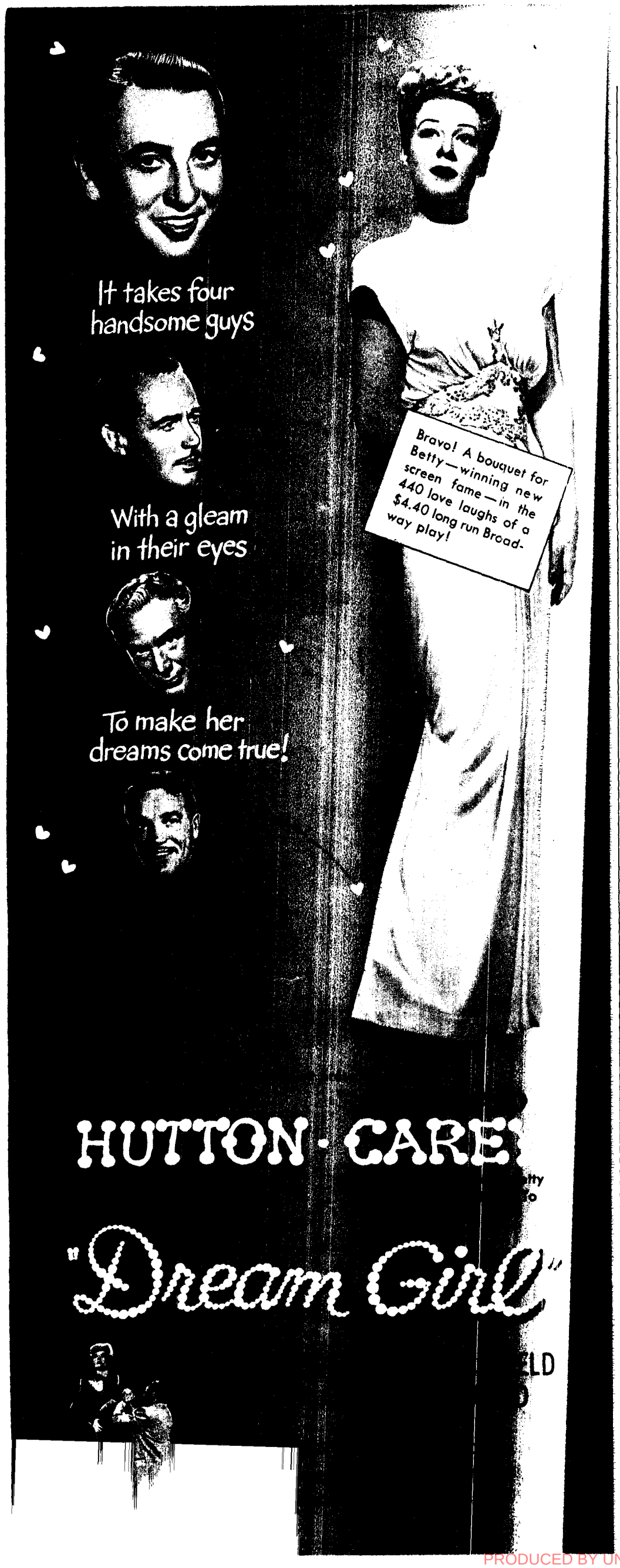
It takes four handsome guys
With a gleam in their eyes
To make her dreams come true!
Bravo! A bouquet for Betty—winning new screen fame—in the 440 love laughs of a $4.40 long run Broadway play!
HUTTON-CARE
"Dream Girl"

Mountains. If it's raining, go back and start over the next day. Honest. The scenery is that good.

Midway on the Leaning S you come to Butte, sprawling over a scarred hill. It's the biggest city in Montana—population about 50,000.

This great mining center regularly gets kicked in the teeth by word-of-mouth advertising. A recent best seller brands Butte as the "black heart of Montana." Other so-called authorities on the city state that Butte is ugly as sin.

But these slanders overlook the city's main attribute—character.

Butte has been scored for its first-class gambling joints and second-class dives. But its 46 churches are better attended. The hill has been badly torn up in the scramble for the riches beneath. But in the flat below are hundreds of attractive homes, many of them owned by the men who lean on jackhammers or fill ore cars. Such organizations as the Garden Club and the Hardy Perennial Club flourish.

Town Offers Variety of Arts

Butte has always been known as a "good fight town," with a long line of fistic greats—Sullivan, McCoy, Jeffries, Walcott, Gans, Johnson and Dempsey—showing their wares there. But the town's biggest entertainment support is given to music. Last winter the townfolk raised $26,000 by popular subscription, and sent their 136-piece high-school band to the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena, California.

Butte is actually two cities—one upstairs, one down. You can visit the one downstairs by simply applying at the chamber of commerce upstairs and getting a free ticket. Mine guides will take you beneath the hill that, since 1864, has produced 13,000,000,000 pounds of copper, 3,500,000,000 pounds of zinc, 1,000,000,000 pounds of manganese ore and 600,000,000 ounces of silver.

Further along the Trail of the Leaning S you may visit Virginia City, a mining town that prospered, almost died, and came stomping back with its old clothes brushed up a bit to greet tourists.

Main thing to remember about Virginia City is the number 3-7-77. Back in the early 1860s it sent men riding for their lives out of the town, then a frontier mining camp as tough as bull buffalo meat.

Virginia City once harbored the toughest gang of outlaws this side of hell. Generally, the gangs killed for gold, and frequently for practice. Finally, a group of indignant citizens formed the Virginia Vigilantes. They held quick trials, and quicker hangings—24 in all. But sometimes they warned a man of his impending doom, and if he had a fast horse, he could escape death.

The warning consisted of scrawling the number 3-7-77 on a door. There are many stories as to what the number signified, but we'll string along with the one that says it stood for a grave—3 feet wide, 7 feet deep and 77 inches long.

Virginia City's old buildings have now been brought back to life. You can walk into the false-fronted Bale of Hay Saloon, and park your foot on the brass rail of a bar that was floated up the Missouri from St. Louis to Fort Benton, Montana, and hauled overland by ox team. As a bartender with low-slung sideburns waits for you to "prescribe your medicine," a memory-haunted tune twangs from a music box.

Sometimes the past and present ride tandem in Virginia City. While we were standing in the Bale of Hay, Mike Bresnahan, a prospector, walked in and tossed a poke of newly panned dust on the bar.

"Where'd you strike it?" the bartender asked.

Bresnahan waved a hand with deliberate vagueness toward the edge of town. "The old-timers who went through here in the early days were in too big a hurry," he said.

In the Wells-Fargo office, wax dummies, dressed in frontier garb, are posed in the business attitudes of eighty years ago. "Buckskin Joe," with dusty hat at a don't-give-a-damn angle, is writing out his stage report. A clerk with handlebar mustache is weighing gold from a leather poke as a bustled lady waits for her ticket.

Or there's the general store of the late and famed "Judge" Douglas. Judge slept in a haystack one night, forgot to pull in his legs, froze them, and had them amputated at the thighs. But Judge got around right well.

One day a bullwhacker, entering town with a big freight wagon, spotted Judge crossing muddy Main Street, and promptly began unyoking his oxen. His boss in the freight wagon demanded, "What's the idea?"

"Think I'm crazy enough to try taking this outfit through that mud?" retorted the bullwhacker. "Look at that fellow crossing the street. He's up to his hip pockets now."

Alder Gulch, which stretches lazily down the sage-specked hills through Virginia City, once produced about $150,000,000 in gold. When the rich ore faded early in the present century, so did the 10,000 population of Virginia City.

Then, in 1945, along came Charlie Bovey. Charlie is a wealthy Montana rancher in his early forties and a state senator from Great Falls, but mostly he is famed for his efforts to preserve Montana's rich history.

Charlie was mighty pleased with what he saw in Virginia City. The frame structures, although a mite sway-backed from age, were still standing. Needed reshingling and some general renovating. That was all.

Charlie got the Historic Landmark Society of Montana interested in reviving Virginia City. He also pumped new enthusiasm in the Vigilance Club of Virginia City. He began to spend earnings from his Montana ranches on the town, personally buying up most of the old buildings. Three of the structures he put back in actual business—the Wells-Fargo Coffee House, the Bale of Hay Saloon and the Fairweather Inn—to take care of hungry, thirsty and sleepy tourists in that order. The other buildings he restored as show places.

Besides money, Charlie and his wife have spent considerable time on Virginia City. Mrs. Bovey has become an authority on furnishings and styles of the past century.

Memories of the Vigilante Era

Assisting the Boveys is Mrs. Zena Hoff, former Mack Sennett bathing beauty and tourist guide extraordinary. Mrs. Hoff has lived alone for some years in the town, but she said she has never been lonesome "because Virginia City is so crowded with memories."

From old books and old natives of the area, she has gleaned rich lore. She can tell you, for instance, about Montana's first professional sporting event in Virginia City—a 185-round fight between a saloonkeeper who drank only water and a miner who drank everything else, redeye preferred. (The training values of water versus whisky were not settled by this fight as it ended in a draw.)

One of the biggest tourist attractions in this area is Yellowstone, oldest and largest of our 27 national parks. Established in 1872, Yellowstone covers 3,471 square miles, or 2,213,000 acres, of timbered country in the middle Rocky Mountains.

"If you are a typical tourist," said young ranger Richard Munkwitz, "your first question is: 'Where are the bears?'

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Your second question: 'How do I get to Old Faithful Geyser?' "

Last year the bears and the spouting geyser were the principal lures that drew 932,503 persons into the park. Yellowstone is the Coney Island of the nation's parks. It has a lot of Nature's trick stuff with mass appeal.

Little was known about the Yellowstone area when most of it was acquired in 1803 through the Louisiana Purchase. In the 1830s the park area was visited by Jim Bridger, the grizzled trapper and guide from Virginia. When he got back East, he told of seeing a "peetrified bird sittin' in a peetrified tree, singin' a peetrified song." Nobody believed that, of course, but neither did anyone believe Bridger's true story of catching a fish in one pool, turning around and cooking it in another of boiling water. So Bridger dressed this story up, telling of one pool that had cold water on the bottom and hot on top. Catching a fish in the lower regions, he said, he pulled it up through the hot water and it was cooked when it hit the surface.

To see the principal wonders of the park, you travel what is known as the Grand Loop Road. Where you enter and leave the loop is unimportant.

Coming through the west gate your inclination is to start dropping south, and get a look at Old Faithful Geyser. A veteran trouper, it has never missed a performance. Sometimes it keeps the audience waiting, but the wait generally means an extra thousand gallons or so of water in the act. Performances are usually about every 65 minutes, but varying on occasion from 35 to 80 minutes.

Following the loop you come to Yellowstone Lake, the largest lake in North America more than 7,500 feet above sea level. Here you may see some of the few remaining trumpeter swans in North America. Their main stand is at the Red Rock Lakes, a few miles west of Yellowstone. These magnificent birds are making a gradual comeback under the careful protection of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

At the northern end of Yellowstone Lake is Fishing Bridge. Here great numbers of cutthroat trout pull up the Yellowstone River to enter the lake, and the bridge is considered by many to be the number one fishing spot of all the parks.

Farther up the loop is the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, and if it fails to impress you, your soul is dead.

It is a V carved more than a thousand feet deep into the mountains, with the Yellowstone River racing through it, twice taking deep plunges to form the Upper and Lower Falls. But all these things are unimportant compared with the colors of the canyon wall.

Rangers like to take a tourist blindfolded to Inspiration or Artist Point, and suddenly whip off the blindfold.

"I've seen people darn near strangle to get out oh's and ah's," said Ranger Munkwitz. "Other folks are in such a hurry, though, they don't even take time to get out of their cars for a good look at the canyon. Matter of fact, one fellow from Ohio pulled up to a park gate last summer, and said, 'I haven't got time to go into the park, but just gimme a sticker to prove I've been here. I'm seeing the West, and, man, there's a lot of it.' "

Education in Bear Behaviorism

Keeping the tourists at a safe distance from the bears is a major headache of the park rangers. Feeding, molesting, touching or teasing of bears is prohibited. But rangers have come upon such hair-raising sights as Daddy photographing two-year-old Sonny astride a giant black bear.

"We who live with the bears don't have any trouble," said Superintendent Edmund B. Rogers. "We keep our distance."

Superintendent Rogers traces the American public's lack of respect for the bear's ripping and tearing powers to a bear hunt in Mississippi back in 1902. Chief hunter was President Theodore Roosevelt. Press releases described Roosevelt as refusing to shoot a small bear brought into camp. Cartoonist Clifford Kennedy Berryman did a sketch in a Washington, D. C., newspaper portraying the incident. It was reprinted throughout the nation, and toymakers started turning out Teddy bears by the thousands.

"The bear became in the minds of the general public a cuddly, playful fellow," said Rogers. "People who get hurt change their minds."

Habitually bad-acting bears are carted back into the remote areas of the park or destroyed. A notable exception was the Phantom Red Bear.

District Ranger John Jay chuckles about it now, but it wasn't funny to him at the time. Some Yosemite National Park rangers had advised him that the thing to do with an obstreperous bear was paint it red. The bear was then supposed to become so self-conscious it would slink off by itself.

Jay decorated this particular bruin with a spray gun, but the bear seemed

"Don't try turning your charm on me!"

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downright proud of his new color, and paraded up and down in front of the hotels and lodges, creating havoc and consternation, then rolling away like a ball of fire when Jay and his colleagues went after him.

A few more miles down the Trail of the Leaning S from Yellowstone is another national park—Grand Teton—where the bear plays second fiddle as a wildlife attraction. In Grand Teton, the moose is number one.

And right here, stranger, you might as well pull up a chair in park headquarters with Superintendent John S. McLaughlin, and hear the story of Bill, the bull moose.

"He was left an orphan early in life," said McLaughlin. "His mother was killed on the highway by a car when Bill was only a couple of weeks old. The rangers here at headquarters adopted him, and fed him on a bottle. Bill got to be quite a pet, but an expensive one. He was soon drinking one case of canned milk a week. So he had to be taken out into the mountains to shift for himself. But, even after Bill went back to the wilds, he remained friendly to rangers who would come across him.

"Then, one winter day two half-frozen skiers came in. Said they had been treed for five hours by a moose that would just stand and look at them. They were afraid to come down and were freezing to death, so they shot and killed the moose with a pistol. Rangers found him. It was Bill. But he's still here."

McLaughlin pointed to the mounted head of a moose that looked down from the wall with sad eyes. Bill.

Teton's big attraction is its mountains, however. Tourists like to hike or ride along the 90 miles of trails, or to scale the rugged slopes. But before they start climbing they should look up a park guide.

There are always some who neglect

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: The first atomic bomb might have fallen on Berlin instead of Hiroshima.

to do this, and it is a mystery why there aren't more broken necks. Last party to start an ascent of 13,766-foot-high Grand Teton in the 1947 season consisted of five middle-aged farmers tied together with 250 feet of somebody's ½-inch clothesline.

The farmers were doing everything wrong when Glen Exum, park guide for 19 years, met them and gave them some advice. They didn't take it, though. The lead man reached the top of a point known as Owen Chimney, then slipped, rolled and catapulted to the base of the chimney. He was just about to drop 3,500 feet more when the last man on the rope tackled him.

"Best tackle I ever saw," opined Exum.

He and his partner, Paul Petzoldt, who operate the School of American Mountaineering in the park, have 40 years of guiding in the Tetons behind them and have never had an accident with anyone in their parties.

On either side of Grand Teton National Park is a valley famous in Western history. On the Idaho side is Pierre's Hole; on the Wyoming side, Jackson Hole. The valleys are now peaceful dude-ranch country, but they weren't always thus.

Pierre's Hole, 30 miles long and 15 wide, was once one of the most important points of rendezvous for the early mountain trappers.

The trappers were paid off, then were encouraged to drink and gamble themselves into debt to the companies so they would have to head back into the mountains for more beaver skins. Between fights, the trappers literally stacked the cards against the Indians. They palmed off decks of them as Bibles at exorbitant prices, and told the Indians they would suffer eternal damnation if they didn't provide them with their best-looking squaws.

Jackson Hole was also quite a trappers' hangout. But it is most famed as a hide-out for outlaws in the cattle-rustling days.

If you would like to do a little treasure hunting, you might start looking for the buried loot of such badmen as Big Nose George and Teton Jackson. They are supposed to have hidden their gold somewhere in the valley, which covers 400 square miles.

The main point in the valley is the frontier cow town of Jackson, which strives mightily to stay frontier—wooden sidewalks, false-fronted stores and wide-open gambling. At Jackson we paid a visit to a grand old man of the mountains, Charlie Hedrick.

Charlie, who served as a guide in the mountains for a half century, stood on his front porch, his tall figure just as straight as it was at twenty-one when he rode horseback into Jackson Hole for the first time in 1896.

"When I came into the valley with Tom Smith, my partner," said Charlie, "the grass was knee-high to my bronc. In one meadow there were a thousand elk. Deer and antelope, too. Climbing up into the sky behind them were the Tetons. Mighty pretty. 'Tom,' I said, 'you can go on, but I'm staying.' The grass doesn't grow so high any more, and except for the big herd of elk in these parts, the wildlife isn't so plentiful. But the mountains haven't changed, and, do you know, after 52 years, the view still seems pretty good."

THE END

NIGHT LIFE OF THE CARDS

Continued from page 6

Patton travels more than a yard in a tenth of a second—probably four feet at the finish where his momentum is greatest. Consequently, Mel can win by three feet, yet finish in the same tenth-of-a-second time interval with the runner-up. The sprinter who equals Patton's 0:09.3 may be a foot slower or faster in distance, but the discrepancy will not show on a tenth-of-a-second watch.

When Harrison Dillard set his 0:07.1 indoor record for the 60-yard hurdles last winter, he beat Bill Porter of Northwestern by approximately five inches. An experimental hundredth-of-a-second watch timed Dillard only two one-hundredths of a second faster than Porter. Yet the rules arbitrarily gave Porter 0:07.2.

Had Porter run the same race a night later—with Dillard absent—he would share the 0:07.1 record.

The shorter the race, the less a tenth of a second means. Oddly enough, Patton might have started the stop-watch controversy last summer, but he strained a leg muscle.

THE ATKINSON STORY

The theory that jockeys grow up around barns and horses doesn't apply to Ted (Slasher) Atkinson, the ambidextrous whipper whose mounts earned $1,036,825 in 1946 and $1,070,260 in 1947. Ted was working as a shipping clerk in a Corning, New York, factory when a trucker growled, "Don't ride that crate, kid. Lift it. You ain't no jockey."

The taunt started Ted to thinking of better ways to use his 105 pounds. He hitchhiked to Goshen, and asked for a job galloping the horses. "That's how dumb I was," he admits. "I thought a horse was a horse. Certainly was surprised to learn the trotters and pacers at Goshen did their running in front of sulkies."

Next stop, Brooklyn. Ted labored in a bottling plant and exercised horses at New York tracks for fifty cents an hour. He landed a job riding on the Ohio circuit, jumped to Cuba, backtracked to New England, and finally got his big break when he steered War Relic to a four-length triumph over Whirlaway in the 1941 Narragansett Special. Atkinson has whipped close to $5,000,000 across the line in 12 years. Only two jockeys—Eddie Arcaro and Johnny Longden—have enjoyed greater prosperity.

Ted is a pleasant, relaxed little guy right up to the starting gate. On and off the track, he likes to talk about his children. Riding postward at Hialeah with a fellow father, jockey Herb Claggett, Ted remarked, "Cathy's on a new formula."

"That's nice," Herb said. "My kid won't drink orange juice. Imagine a kid not liking orange juice!"

Atkinson shook his head. "Worse'n a horse not liking warm mash."

The baby talk disturbed the pony boy, a wizened ex-jockey. At the gate, he turned and advised Atkinson, "Better tie yourself on, Daddy. The kiddies would hate to have anything happen to you."

UNWORRIED MANGRUM

Sergeant Lloyd Mangrum crouched behind the stone fence and binoculared the high trees.

"The barn—in the loft," a patrol member whispered.

"Huh?" Mangrum turned his good left ear toward the whisperer.

Z-I-N-G. The bullet nicked the back of Mangrum's helmet. The sniper's aim was perfect, but the instinctive head jerk—prompted by a deafened right ear—saved Mangrum's life.

Eighteen months later, Mangrum crouched on the ninth green of the Canterbury Country Club in Cleveland. His wife leaned forward on her seat cane and whispered, "How are you doing?"

"If I sink this," Mangrum replied grimly, "I'll be six." Lloyd had pushed his tee shot out of bounds. He trailed Byron Nelson and Vic Ghezzi in their 18-hole play-off for the 1946 National Open title. He had to sink the 70-foot putt or fall three strokes behind—and virtually out.

Lloyd banged the pay-off putt hard. It sprinted for the cup—hit the back edge—popped up six inches—rattled down in. Lloyd rallied and won the title next day in the second play-off when Ghezzi's putt stopped half an inch short on the 18th.

". . . and the moral to those two stories isn't hard to figure out," Mangrum was telling Sam Snead at the recent P.G.A. "An inch here and a half inch there is the difference between a dead sergeant and a live champion. That's why I'm a fatalist. The ball's goin' in or it isn't. Why worry?"

• • •

Avery Brundage will weigh in at 182 pounds for the Olympics.

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

were to keep the eyes up and back (looking at the crown of the head) I could think of nothing else, for at the first thought, down came the eyes. And if I concentrated on keeping the eyes up, I went off to sleep. I learned to nap anywhere, any time, even sitting upright in anything that rolls on wheels. Forty years is quite a time to test a theory.

MRS. F. N. B., New Orleans, La.

NO FEUD LIKE AN OLD ETC.

DEAR SIR: What with the other troubles we are having, high prices, Commies, Taft-Hartley, Palestine and our coming elections, may I congratulate you on your article, End of a Beautiful Feud, June 5th? Hundreds of thousands of your readers must have breathed easier and slept better after reading that the two Hollywood characters are speaking.

Honestly now, that sort of trash is available in dozens of so-called "movie magazines"; must you clutter up your publication with it? No other complaints at the moment. KEN LEAVITT, Portland, Ore.

We look on the Hedda-Louella peacemaking as a model for U.N. to follow. Peace, no matter after what war, is wonderful!

. . . What Hollywood needs is a good 15-minute-a-week program to review current movies intelligently and point out some of the technical methods, usually overlooked by the public, of presenting the story well through the movie medium. This would pave the way for better and more artistically enjoyable pictures which would, in turn, give the respect to the movie industry that the sensational over-the-fence gossipers tear down.

DON WILCOX, Flint, Mich.

ALFRED, THE GREATSKI!

DEAR SIRS: I've often wondered where Humfreville *could* have found his model for "Alfred"—now I know, see enclosures!

MARJORIE C. FULLER, La Jolla, Cal.

Alfred

Vassily

. . . Now I know what our Alfred does in his spare time—he poses as young Stalin. Or can it be that young Vassily Stalin has been coming over here—in which event you must call your cartoon "Alfredski" in future. It only shows how up to date Collier's is. CHARLES E. WHITTAKER, Beverly Hills, Cal.

MEN'S DOGS

DEAR EDITOR: Your ill-advised editorial of June 5th anent men's dogs (Many Dogs Need Help) should be resented and condemned by all comfort-loving men, as it tends to stir up an age-old conflict in families where the women have from 15 to 20 pairs of shoes each, and the menfolk must always be on the alert to save their best-loved shoes from the garbage man.

Most women are style-conscious, hence the number of shoes available regardless of pain or expense. Men like comfort, heedless of the nagging they may have to endure from their womenfolk, but they should at least have their shoes shined.

JAMES F. DINN, Port Washington, N. Y.

. . . I was reminded of Uncle Jack Derry who owned a wholesale grocery in Indianapolis, forty years ago. He was then in his seventies and came to work, at 7 A.M., with black shoes well shined. When I remarked about the appearance of his feet he said, "Anyone can be a gentleman for a nickel."

W. D. WIGHTMAN, Winter Park, Fla.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DISCRIMINATION

DEAR SIR: Apparently Mrs. Elvera Dawson (The Week's Mail, May 29th) disapproves of anything but adverse criticism of the South. In her anxiety to concern herself with Southern racial problems, she has overlooked the California version of racial prejudice: I refer to the notorious anti-Oriental policy prevalent on the West Coast. First things first, Mrs. Dawson; remove those "No Japs Allowed" signs in public establishments.

FOREST NEWMAN, Nashville, Tenn.

WEEP AND THE W.W.W.Y.

SIRS: I compliment Eric Hatch for his G.A.R. story (June 5th).

Not since the early 1900s has a magazine story amused me to the point of laughing aloud. Then, a little-known author named Ellis Parker Butler wrote Pigs Is Pigs.

During the intervening years, never has a piece of fiction forcibly affected my emotions until G.A.R. got me to bawling. I stopped to wipe my bifocals a time or two toward the end, but right on the last I really let my hair down.

P. R. SHEAFFER, M.D., Cabot, Ark.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I read with keen interest the article by Jorge Garcia-Granados, Behind the Palestine Reversal (May 22d). I cannot say with what feelings your countrymen view the situation but I feel impelled to state that many Englishmen are aghast at our Foreign Minister's attitude.

Two questions I whimsically ponder over are: (1) What is a "breach of the peace" in Mr. Bevin's enlightened opinion? (2) Is U.N. all gas and no power?

And now excuse me while I see how many more have been killed by Spitfires in Tel Aviv. FRANK BENNETT, Cumberland, England

BEAR PIG, OR PIGBEAR

DEAR SIRS: Our good old Republican party has its elephant, our Democratic its significant ass, T.R.'s its bull moose and the Prohibition party its camel. But what, oh, what is Mr. Wallace's emblem?

Nichevo!

I should like to propose a Russian bear cub but then I remember Mr. Wallace's little pigs. Maybe because Henry's famous for his hybrid corn we should select a hybrid animal. How's this?

E. LAURENCE PALMER, Ithaca, N. Y.

FEMALE PRIVACY

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Why, oh, why must every magazine, newspaper, movie, billboard, comic strip, cartoon, etc., etc., feature the seminude female OR else the female with a terrifically accentuated bust line? . . . Many teen-age boys today are either going to be oversexed or sex maniacs.

It is now almost as embarrassing to sit in the same room with a man reading a newspaper or magazine as it is to attend a burlesque show in mixed company.

LOUISE ROBERTS, Lynn, Mass.

Remember—
TARTAN lets you Tan—
nearly-Burn!*

Stay in the sun far longer—with far more protection! Tartan, the amazing new suntan lotion, lets you tan so beautifully, so smoothly, so much more pleasantly!

1 **No Painful Burn!** Tartan screens out about 90% of the sun's harmful burning rays.

2 **A Glorious Tan!** Tartan admits about 90% of the sun's beneficial tanning rays.

3 **No Grease!** Tartan is non-oily—won't make sand or dirt cling to your skin.

*When you apply Tartan thoroughly and completely over all exposed skin areas, before and after bathing, and frequently enough to offset its removal from the skin due to excessive perspiration.

TESTS PROVE TARTAN GIVES MORE PROTECTION!

Tartan was laboratory-tested against other suntan lotions and found [illegible] proved that Tartan, when used as directed, permits longer exposure of the skin to the tanning rays of the sun and at the same time gives protection from possible burn. Rely on Tartan!

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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 23

The importance of getting our supplies to you at the earliest possible date is realized here and every effort is being made to get shipments off.

To this Stalin replied:

At the present moment, when the peoples of the Soviet Union and its army are exerting all their powers to thrust back, by their determined offensive, Hitler's troops, the fulfillment of American deliveries, including tanks and airplanes is of the utmost importance for our common cause, for our further successes.

Stalin always gave evidence of very considerable respect for Roosevelt, but Soviet propaganda at that time was expressing scant admiration for the character of the American or British contribution to the total war effort.

A Little Psychological Strategy

A marked change in the nature of this propaganda was brought about in a curious way. The 24th anniversary of the foundation of the Red Army was to be celebrated on February 23d, and in preparation for that event, the Tass News Agency was collecting expressions of tribute and salute from various eminent personages throughout the United Nations. It occurred to some enterprising psychological warriors in Washington that it would be a fine idea to include General MacArthur in this greeting to our Russian allies.

Of course, MacArthur had by then become a tremendous figure, but being on Corregidor, he was not easy to reach. The War Department scornfully refused to put through a cable from an obscure civilian agency suggesting that General MacArthur take time from other duties to pay tribute to the Red Army. However, a short daily file of world news was then being sent to Corregidor, and the psychological warriors, without authorization from anyone, tacked a note on to that message to the general calling his attention to the forthcoming anniversary. MacArthur immediately replied with the following:

The world situation at the present time indicates that the hopes of civilization rest on the worthy banners of the courageous Russian army. During my lifetime I have participated in a number of wars and have witnessed others, as well as studying in great detail the campaigns of outstanding leaders of the past. In none have I observed such effective resistance to the heaviest blows of a hitherto undefeated enemy, followed by a smashing counterattack which is driving the enemy back to his own land. The scale and grandeur of this effort marks it as the greatest military achievement in all history.

This message from MacArthur was turned over to the Tass Agency and transmitted to the Soviet authorities who broadcast it to the entire world as coming from the heroic and brilliant American general who commanded the valiant forces in the epic struggle for freedom in the Philippines. From then on, the Russian propagandists were much more favorably disposed toward American fighting men.

After the fall of Singapore, Churchill faced the worst predicament of his career as Prime Minister. He made a broadcast speech in which he attributed the series of misfortunes in the Far East primarily to the fact that America's shield of sea power had been "dashed to the ground" at Pearl Harbor. There were numerous expressions of irritation at this statement in Washington, as though Churchill were attempting to escape censure by blaming it all on the U.S. Navy, but it did not bother Roosevelt at all. He merely remarked, "Winston had to say *some*thing."

Roosevelt then cabled Churchill:

I understand how the fall of Singapore has affected you and the British people. The well-known back-seat drivers are now given a field day but no matter how serious our setbacks have been, and I do not for a moment underrate them, we must constantly look forward to the next moves that need to be made to hit the enemy.

You will be of good heart in these trying weeks, I know, because I am very sure that you have the great confidence of the masses of the British people. I think of you often and I know you will not hesitate to ask me if there is anything you think I can do.

During the last few days I have given much thought to the Far East. We must at all costs maintain our two flanks—the right based on Australia and New Zealand and the left in Burma, India and China.

Because of our geographical position the United States is able to reinforce the right flank much better than you can and I think that the United States should take the primary responsibility for that immediate reinforcement and maintenance, using Australia as the main base.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Reporting to Roosevelt from London, Hopkins said, "The Prime Minister threw the British Constitution at me with some vehemence."

Burma and India can be better reinforced by Britain and I visualize that you would take responsibility for that theater. We would supplement you in any way we could, just as you would supplement our efforts on the right flank. . . .

Do let me hear from you.

Churchill replied:

I am most deeply grateful to you for your warmhearted telegram. The pressure here has never been dangerous and I have used it to effect wholesome changes and accessions. You may take it everything is now solid. . . .

I do not like these days of personal stress and I have found it difficult to keep my eye on the ball. We are however in the fullest accord in all main things, and I will teleprint you more at large over the week end. Democracy has to prove that it can provide a granite foundation for war against tyranny. . . .

The "wholesome changes" referred to a shake-up in the British Cabinet, announced, February 19th.

Grave troubles continued, however, among the Allies. The Australian government demanded that their divisions in the Middle East be returned to their homeland for its defense. These troops could ill be spared nor could the shipping for their transport. Churchill begged that at least one Australian division be diverted to Burma. Prime Minister John Curtin, the head of Australia's Labor government, refused this point-blank.

It was this "strained relationship," and the desperate predicament of Australia that caused it, which influenced the President to order MacArthur to Australia. Roosevelt knew full well that the departure of MacArthur from Corregidor would be a grievous blow to the heroic men of his command and thus to the whole United States. It was ordering the captain to be the first to leave the sinking ship. But Roosevelt had to weigh these considerations against the fact that no move he could make would be so well calculated to bolster the morale of the people of Australia and New Zealand. He made his terrible decision at a conference with Hopkins, Marshall and King in the White House on Sunday, February 22d, but the news did not come out until MacArthur arrived in Australia three weeks later. During those three weeks a sense of panic developed throughout the entire southwest Pacific area.

The Japanese surge on land through Burma, and a series of devastating blows to British naval units and shipping in the Bay of Bengal, brought India into the zone of war and, although this tremendous problem was one for which Roosevelt wanted to have no responsibility, it was deposited on him and remained with him for a long time.

On March 10th Roosevelt sent a remarkable cable to Churchill saying that he had given much thought to the problem of India and had tried to approach it from the point of view of history in the hope that he might thus be "of assistance to you."

He recalled the beginning of the United States government and how the thirteen states joined in the Articles of Confederation which became "an obvious stopgap government" until experience and trial and error achieved a permanent union. This prompted him to suggest that a temporary government might be set up in India charged with creating a more permanent government for the whole country in a period of five or six years. Roosevelt's cable concluded:

"For the love of heaven, don't bring me into this, though I do want to be of help. It is, strictly speaking, none of my business, except in so far as it is a part and parcel of the successful fight that you and I are making."

How the Advice Was Received

It is probable that the only part of that cable with which Churchill agreed was Roosevelt's admission that it is "none of my business." Hopkins said a long time later that he did not think that there was any suggestion from the President to the Prime Minister in the entire war that was so wrathfully received. As one of Churchill's closest and most affectionate associates has said to me, "The President might have known that India was one subject on which Winston would never move a yard." It was indeed one subject on which the normal, broad-minded, good-humored, give-and-take attitude which prevailed between the two statesmen was stopped cold. It may be said that Churchill would see the Empire in ruins and himself buried under them before he would concede the right of any American, however great and illustrious a friend, to make any suggestions as to what he should do about India. It may be added that, four years later, the Labor government in Britain made a proposal to the Indian leaders which, Sumner Welles has written, was "almost identical in principle with the suggestions made by President Roosevelt in 1942."

Although the first meeting of the Pacific War Council was held on Wednesday, April 1, 1942, against the background of seemingly unmitigated disaster in the Far East, attention in Washington still centered on Germany. On Saturday, Hopkins and General Marshall took off for London to propose the invasion of the continent of Europe.

In a long cable to Prime Minister

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Winston Churchill, President Roosevelt had spoken of "plans for establishment of a new front on the European continent," adding, "I am becoming more and more interested in the establishment of the new front this summer, certainly for air and raids."

On March 14th, Hopkins wrote in a private note to the President:

I believe [General Hap] Arnold's plan in England should be pressed home. There is nothing to lose. The bridgehead does not need to be established unless air superiority is complete. I doubt if any single thing is as important as getting some sort of a front this summer [1942] against Germany. This will have to be worked out very carefully between you and Marshall, in the first instance, and you and Churchill, in the second.

At this time, a definite plan for invasion of northern France was being made by the War Plans Division, of which General Eisenhower had recently become chief. It involved direct assault across the Channel at its narrowest point to the French coast between Calais and Le Havre, east of the Seine—as opposed to the Normandy area west of the Seine to the Cotentin Peninsula where the landings were made two years later. The beachheads were to be further extended to the eastward beyond Dunkerque to Ostend and Zeebrugge on the Belgian coast.

The basic military argument for invasion of the Continent as stated in a memorandum from Marshall to the President included the following:

It is the only place in which a powerful offensive can be prepared and executed by the United Powers in the near future. . . . It is the only place where the vital air superiority over the hostile land areas preliminary to a major attack can be staged by the United Powers. . . . It is the only place in which the bulk of the British ground forces can be committed to a general offensive in co-operation with United States forces. . . .

Successful attack on this area will afford the maximum of support to the Russian front.

It will be seen that the desirability of meeting the Russian demands for a second front was the last in the priority list of arguments in favor of the proposal. However, this consideration weighed heavily with Hopkins.

The invasion plan was originally known as BOLERO and later as ROUNDUP; it was eventually replaced by OVERLORD. The main operation, involving 30 American and 18 British divisions, was planned for the spring of 1943. The code name BOLERO was retained for the enormous preliminary process of building up the required forces and supplies in the British Isles.

Provision was made for a more limited operation, known as SLEDGEHAMMER, to take place about September 15, 1942. Because of the shipping limitations, no more than 12 American divisions could be made available in the U.K. by that time. Speaking of SLEDGEHAMMER, the plan stated:

THIS LIMITED OPERATION WOULD BE JUSTIFIED ONLY IN CASE

(1) THE SITUATION ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT BECOMES DESPERATE, [or]

(2) THE GERMAN SITUATION IN WESTERN EUROPE BECOMES CRITICALLY WEAKENED.

In the event that the operation was undertaken as a purely desperate, emergency measure to relieve pressure on the Russian front, it was clearly foreseen that it might involve the loss of most of the troops involved as a "sacrifice in the common good."

Normandy Bridgehead Favored

A further and more enduring justification for SLEDGEHAMMER was later added: It might be employed to seize a bridgehead on the Continent *and hold it* until such time as sufficient American forces were available for the major drive through France. In this event, the most favorable target area would be the Cotentin Peninsula in Normandy.

Roosevelt was inclined to be leery of a trans-Channel frontal attack. He was still in favor of GYMNAST, the North African operation which had been planned and then shelved because of the need for diverting ships to the Pacific and the Indian Ocean plus the terrible tonnage losses in the western Atlantic. However, he was persuaded of the desirability of BOLERO-ROUNDUP by Stimson, Marshall and Hopkins. He also attached great importance to the political weight of this in relation to Russia.

He approved it on April 1st and told Hopkins and Marshall to present it to the Prime Minister and his Chiefs of Staff. Hopkins sent a jubilant cable to Churchill: "See you soon. Please start the fire." (This was another of the frequent references to the chilly temperature at Chequers.)

Roosevelt cabled Churchill:

A survey of the immediate and long-range problems of the military situations facing the United Nations has been completed and I have come to certain

"I'm marrying your son next week. Could I have a raise?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"SO THIS IS THE IMPORTANT 4/5ths* OF THE DRINK"

*Everyone should know 4/5ths of the average highball is mixer. So why risk spoiling your drinks with an ordinary club soda? Insist on the best—insist on Canada Dry. Here's why:

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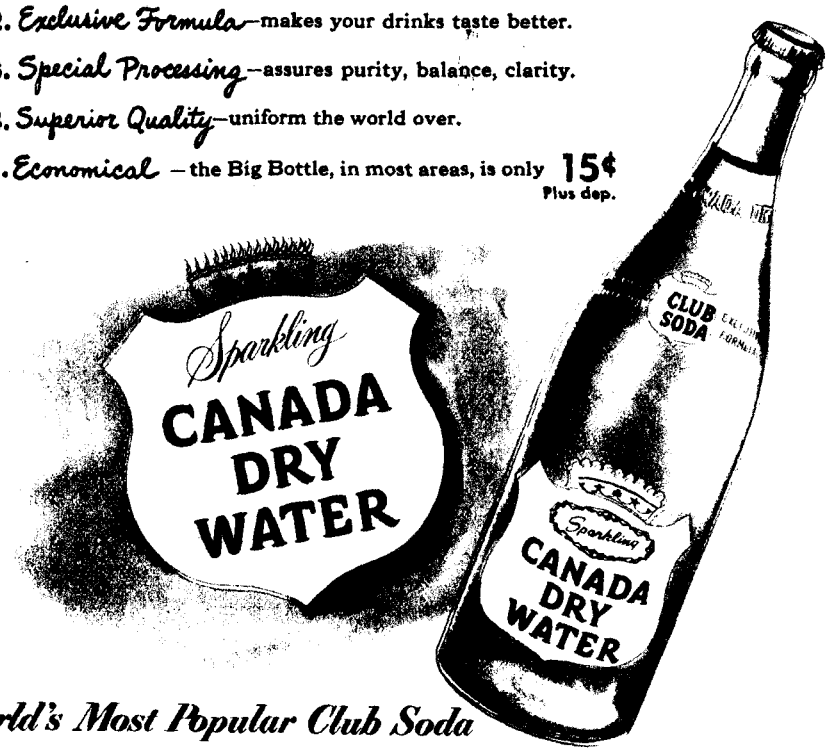

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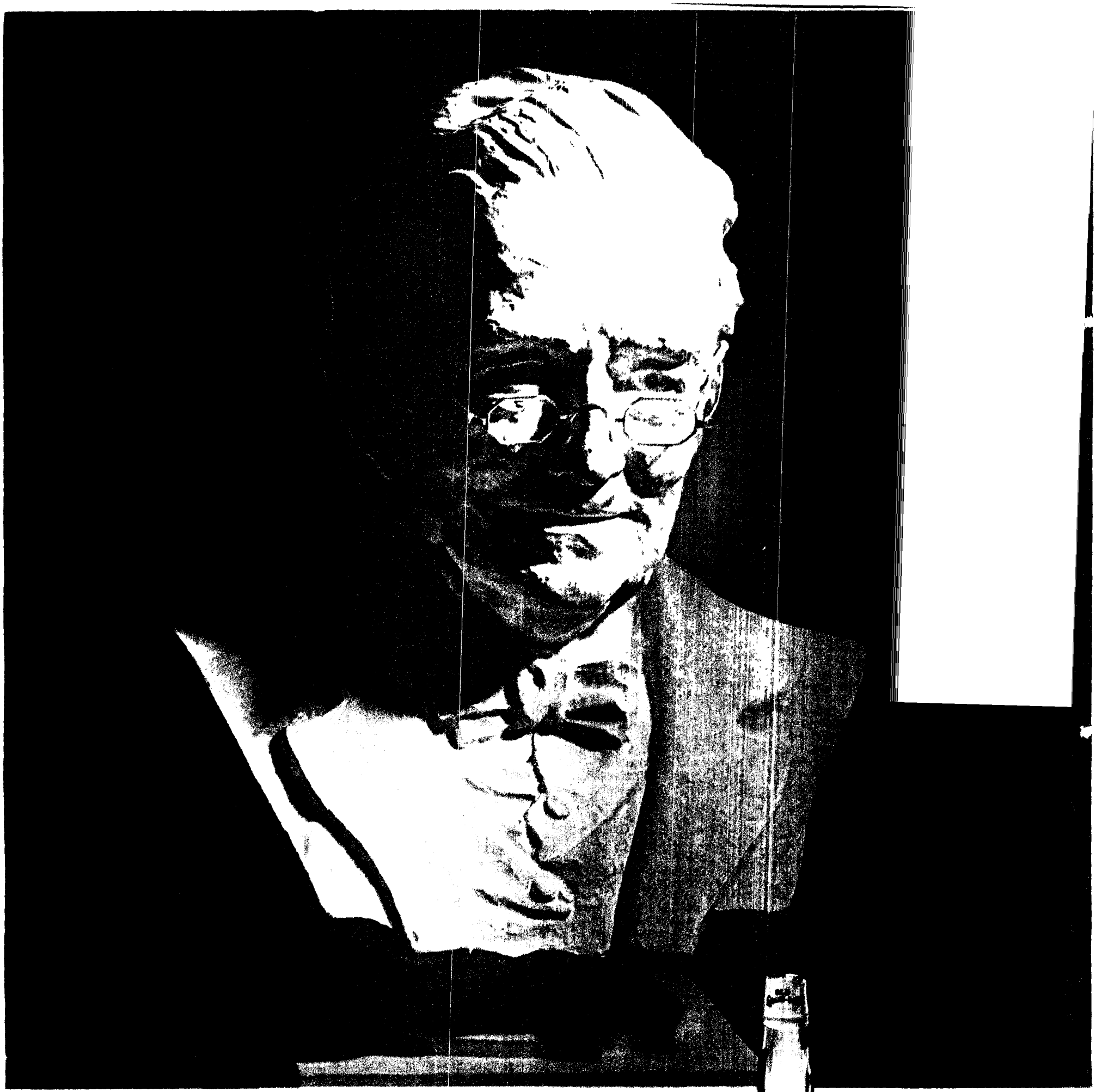

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OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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conclusions which are so vital that I want you to know the whole picture and to ask your approval. Complete co-operation by the U.K. and U.S., is so important that Harry and Marshall will leave for London in a few days to present first of all to you the salient points. Russia will greet the plan with enthusiasm, I hope, and, on word from you when you have seen Harry and Marshall, I propose to ask Stalin to send two special representatives to see me at once. . . .

The Marshall-Hopkins party had an entire Pan American Clipper to itself on the flight. Hopkins asked a great many questions about the use of Pan American Clippers for carrying civilian air mail. For more than a year he had been fussing and stewing almost constantly about civilian use of passenger and cargo space in commercial transport planes. A month before he had written the following angry note to Robert A. Lovett in the War Department:

I noticed in the paper the other day that the New York Giants were flown to Havana and back in two or three transport planes.

Who authorizes such a trip as this, wearing out engines and burning high-octane gasoline?

From then on he never stopped agitating to remove all civilian air mail from the Clippers. A month later he cabled to Averell Harriman:

Still trying to get chitchat mail off these commercial airplanes. President issuing new instructions. Some people seem to think it is more important that the planes be used to find out how Aunt Bessie is getting on with lumbago. It is a lot of damned nonsense and if you are well enough I hope you will continue to raise hell on your end.

Marshall and Hopkins arrived in London on the morning of Wednesday, April 8th, to begin their conferences.

Churchill Knew of U.S. Plans

Following are Hopkins' notes on their first sessions at Number 10 Downing Street:

It was perfectly clear that the Prime Minister was well aware of the proposals which we were going to make, because he stated they had them under careful consideration for many weeks and were prepared to go ahead, implying that they would go ahead without us. He made it, however, perfectly clear to me that he did not treat the proposals as seriously as either the facts warranted or as did the United States.

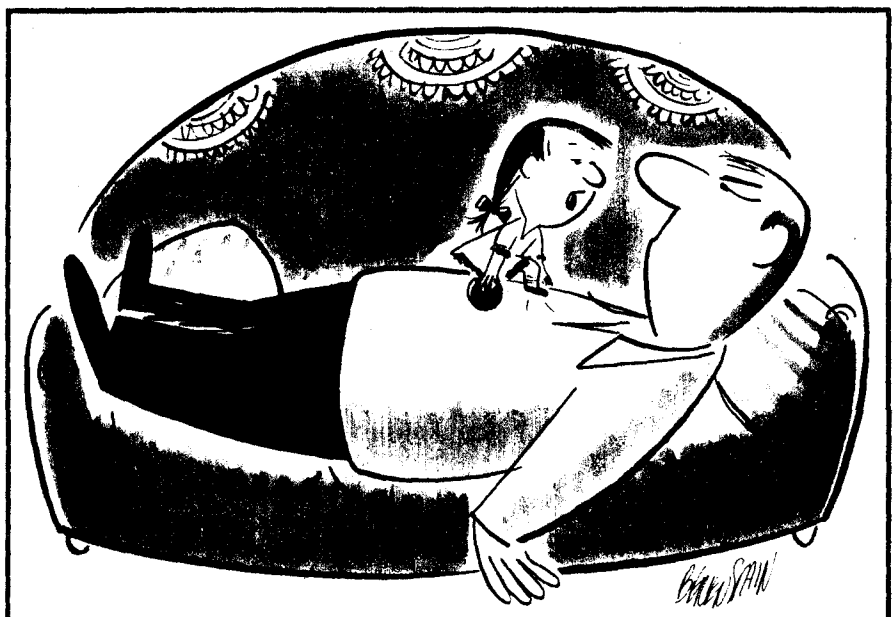
On the other hand he indicated that he had told the Chiefs of Staff that, in spite of all the difficulties, he, Churchill, was prepared to go along. He repeated the several objections that had obviously been made to him by the Chiefs of Staff, all of which we had heard in Washington before coming to England. Marshall was more optimistic about the interview than I was. Churchill told us that the Singapore business was a mess and he feels that the whole thing was very badly handled and that there is no explanation of the lack of resistance on the part of the British. He simply thinks they folded up and let him and the British army down very badly.

The next day Hopkins again saw Churchill and noted:

I discussed again the purposes [to form a second front] of General Marshall's and my visit to England and impressed upon him the serious weight which the President and Marshall gave to our proposals; and I made it very plain that our military leaders had, after canvassing the whole world situation, made up their mind that this plan was the one of all considered that was by far the most advantageous from a strategic point of view. I impressed as strongly as I could on Churchill that he should not agree to this proposal on any assumption that we do not mean business, nor should he assume that in all probability it will not require the use of ground forces.

I told him that the President and Marshall were prepared to throw our ground forces in and that he did not wish an agreement on the basis that in all probability the ground forces would never be used. I said this to him because, in conversations the previous day, I sensed that his advisers had told him that the ground attack would never be made at least for nearly a year. Churchill took this very seriously and led me to believe that he didn't fully take in before the seriousness of our proposals.

Hopkins cabled Roosevelt that he felt "sure that our main business here is going to turn out satisfactorily. Churchill has invited Marshall and me to meet with Cabinet Monday and Defense Ministers and Chiefs of Staff Tuesday night, at which time I believe the matter will be decided definitely. Everybody asks me to convey to you their warm regards. Am not allowed to discuss weather, but my heavy underwear itches like the devil."



COLLIER'S — "Did I wake you?" — STANLEY BERENSTAIN

That same day Hopkins received a copy of a cable which Roosevelt had sent to Stalin:

Geographical distance unfortunately makes it practically impossible for us to meet at this time. Such a meeting of minds in personal conversation would be greatly useful to the conduct of the war against Hitlerism. Perhaps you and I could spend a few days together next summer near our common border off Alaska if things go as well as we hope. But, in the meantime, I regard it as of the utmost military importance that we have the nearest possible approach to an exchange of views.

A very important military proposal involving the utilization of our armed forces in a manner to relieve your critical western front is in my mind. This objective carries great weight with me.

Would you consider sending Mr. Molotov and a general upon whom you rely to Washington in the immediate future? . . .

I send you my sincere regards.

On April 14th, Hopkins and Marshall met with the Defense Committee (Operations) of the War Cabinet. Churchill opened this "memorable meeting," as he called it, with all the grace and courtly flourish of which he was master. Speaking of the "momentous proposal" which had been brought from the President by Mr. Hopkins and General Marshall he gave it his cordial and unhesitant acceptance, stating that it was in accord with the classic principles of war.

However, he pointed out there was the problem immediately presented by the ominous possibility of a junction being achieved by the Germans advancing through the Middle East with the Japanese advancing through India. A substantial portion of the resources of Britain and America in men and matériel must be set aside to prevent this junction.

General Marshall then expressed the great relief that he and Hopkins felt that agreement had been reached on basic principles for a frontal assault on the enemy in northern France in 1943.

The discussions at this meeting produced the contradictory circumstance of the American representatives constantly sticking to the main topic of the war against Germany while the British representatives repeatedly brought up reminders of the war against Japan. As he listened to the exchange of views, Hopkins had been scratching notes and doodling on Downing Street note paper. When it came his turn to speak, he started off by saying that there was no question of doubt that American public opinion was generally in favor of an all-out effort against Japan.

However, Hopkins said, the President and the American military leaders and the American people were all agreed on one point: *"Our men must fight!"* Obviously, western Europe was the one place where the enemy could be fought most quickly. Hopkins said that Americans did not want their men to be sent across oceans merely for purposes of sightseeing: They wanted to engage the enemy and finish the war.

He said very positively that once this decision was taken to go ahead with the trans-Channel operation, it could not be reversed, for the United States would consider this its major war effort.

Churchill gave Hopkins assurance that the British government and people would make their full and unreserved contribution to the success of this great enterprise.

The next day Hopkins cabled exultantly to the President:

British government at long meeting last night agreed to our main proposal.

Marshall cabled to the Secretary of War:

After oral presentation our proposal was formally accepted. Churchill asserted a complete agreement and a deep appreciation of the purpose and time of our visit.

When Hopkins and Marshall returned home, the whole atmosphere in official Washington was changed. There was a feeling, unfortunately not justified by the immediate facts, that we had passed from the defensive to the offensive phase of the war.

Roosevelt cabled the Former Naval Person that he was . . .

Delighted with the agreement between you and your military advisers and Marshall and Hopkins. . . . This move will be very disheartening to Hitler, in my opinion, and may well be the wedge to accomplish his downfall. . . .

A cordial message from Stalin tells me that he is sending Molotov and a general to visit me.

The main work that now confronted Hopkins was the problem of supplies for the Soviet Union. The Germans were increasing the severity of their attacks against the route to Murmansk by submarine and by aircraft and surface craft based in northern Norway.

Disastrous Convoy Losses

Roosevelt cabled Churchill certain suggestions about speeding up shipments via England to Russia but the Prime Minister replied: "With very great respect what you suggest is beyond our power to fulfill." He pointed out that the convoy problem east of Iceland was no mere matter of antisubmarine escort craft but involved major naval operations.

Churchill added his assurance that "we are absolutely extended"—and begged that they be pressed no further. Later he added that only about 25 per cent of shipments were getting through to Murmansk and pointed out that out of nearly six hundred tanks in one assignment little over one hundred arrived and nearly five hundred were lost. This, he added, could help nobody but the Nazis.

On May 5th, Roosevelt cabled Stalin:

Grave difficulties have arisen on the northern convoy route. You may be sure, however, that no effort will be omitted to get as many ships off as possible. . . . I do hope Molotov can stay with me in the White House while he is in Washington.

The reply from Stalin arrived ten days later expressing thanks and saying he had already requested Prime Minister Churchill to contribute to the speediest overcoming of certain difficulties. Since the delivery of materials in May from the U.S.A. and England is of the utmost urgency, I make a similar request to yourself, Mr. President. . . . In regard to the place of residence of Mr. Molotov in Washington, Mr. Molotov and I thank you for your kind suggestions.

With the approach of Molotov's visit to Washington, plans for the great offensive in Europe occupied more and more attention in the White House.

On May 28th, Churchill cabled Roosevelt a report of his talks with Molotov. Both the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden had been careful to avoid making any of the positive commitments that the Russians wanted regarding the establishment of a second front in 1942. They had urged Molotov to stop again in London when, they felt sure, it should be possible to talk more definitely about the future. (Meaning, of course, after they had been advised what the President said to him.)

In this same cable, Churchill said that Mountbatten was soon to arrive in Washington to inform the President and the Chiefs of Staff concerning certain difficulties that had arisen in the planning and to present a new suggestion (known as JUPITER) for a landing in the north of Norway.

Churchill added: "We must never let GYMNAST [North Africa] pass from our minds," and said that he and Molotov had made great progress in "intimacy and good will." This cable provided the first danger signal that British thinking was beginning to veer toward diversionary operations far removed from the main point of frontal attack across the Channel.

(Next Week: Molotov Demands and Gets an Answer)

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Lift Easily!
Ice Cubes Like Magic!

WITH THE NEW "MAGIC TOUCH" ICE CUBE TRAY

You know how it's always been. Pry and yank to get the tray out—splashing at the sink—ice on the floor—melted, wasted cubes. Well, no more!

The Inland "Magic Touch" Ice Cube Tray doesn't stick—slides right out. You ease up gently on the "Magic Touch" lever, and the whole grid lifts clear. There are your ice cubes, all *separate, dry* and *free* in the tray, for now or later. And the sturdy aluminum construction means longer life, faster freezing.

Now available at leading dealers—for your *present* automatic refrigerator. And *insist* on having them in your *new* one.

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Forget harsh laxatives!

TRY GENTLE, HEALTHFUL LEMON IN WATER

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON — IN A GLASS OF WATER — FIRST THING ON ARISING

No more harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! No more worrying: "Shall I take a laxative today or wait till tomorrow?"

Instead take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water, first thing on arising. It's all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination.

NOTHING MORE HEALTHFUL! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They're among the richest sources of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They help prevent colds. They alkalinize, aid digestion.

Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has a refreshing tang—clears the mouth, wakes you up. It's not a purgative—simply helps your system *regulate itself.* Lemon in water is good for you every day. Try it 10 mornings.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON in WATER
—first thing on arising

THE BLOOMING OF MARGARET ROSE

Continued from page 17

castle, one or two at a time, after being examined by an equerry to see if they measure up to it. Invariably these uncomfortable young men are charmed by Princess Margaret, who is gay and sprightly, and does not insist that all conversations originate with and be developed by members of the royal family.

This is a fairly recent relaxation of the rules. It used to be that dinner guests were not much more than ventriloquists' dummies who spoke only after being spoken to. On one classic occasion, at Queen Mary's table at Sandringham, a nervous vicar spilled a small mountain of salt on his meat and was immediately challenged.

"Do you always use that much salt?" the queen asked.

"No," the vicar said, and that was the last word he spoke all evening.

Margaret has only recently begun to appear at official functions by herself, one of her first acts being the christening of a ship in Belfast not long ago. During the ceremony, a fifteen-year-old apprentice shyly presented the princess with a bouquet of roses. Margaret immediately captured the hearts of the crowd by plucking one of the roses from the bouquet and, in turn, fastening it to the boy's overalls.

Unfortunately, however, Margaret is not geared psychologically to enjoy christening ships, for example, and she would much prefer to leave the official chores to someone else. Even as a child who could reasonably be expected to be mildly curious, she revealed a strong aversion to this sort of thing and on one occasion complained petulantly, "Guess what their idea is of a day out for me—the Battersea Power Station!"

Laughter at the Right Places

Nevertheless, as time goes on, there will be more and more demands made on the gay young princess. But at the moment—and within limits prescribed by her mother and father—she is free to do pretty much as she likes. The court circular listing the occupants of the royal box at Ascot still omits her name when she attends the races, but she appears frequently at parties given in leading West End hotels and restaurants, and she recently witnessed a performance of The Relapse, a bawdy Restoration play. One man from the palace watched her closely during the somewhat hair-raising performance and said afterward, "Margaret must be growing up. She laughed in exactly the right places."

When Danny Kaye appeared in London several months ago, Margaret was particularly enthusiastic and, with Elizabeth and Philip, insisted on meeting Mr. Kaye in his dressing room following the performance. A short time after the royal party entered the dressing room, Mr. Kaye's manager emerged with a thoughtful look on his face. "I hope we aren't going to get into trouble," he said, "but I just heard Kaye tell Princess Margaret, 'Well, you see, honey, in America it's like this . . .' "

The effect of Danny Kaye on Margaret was also a source of concern to Queen Elizabeth. Margaret is an accomplished mimic, and after noting that she was paying unusual attention to the Kaye routine, the queen shook her head and said, wearily, "Oh, dear. Now Margaret will be in my room tomorrow morning to show me how it is done."

Margaret is fond of riding and has what the English call a "fine seat"; she learned to drive a car last fall at Balmoral Castle, Scotland; she enjoys swimming; and she is a collector of stamps after the fashion of her grandfather, King George V, who retired to his stamps whenever the affairs of state became too burdensome.

In an unguarded moment recently, she expressed the rather wistful hope that she might one day be the best-dressed woman in England. Unfortunately, according to people who profess to know about such things, she is simply not the type of girl who can be expected to be excruciatingly smart.

Recently, she appeared in the newspapers wearing what the British are beginning to suspect is a family heirloom—a beige, beaver-trimmed outfit she has had for an eternity. The hem, however, had been let down to keep pace with the New Look and for a brief, happy moment, the public thought Margaret had a new number. Then the truth dawned and a howl of anguish went up. "If I see it once more," an English girl said, "I think I'll scream."

There is a campaign on at the palace now to induce Margaret to wear less lipstick in view of her tendency to plaster it on. It has also been suggested as delicately as possible—from other quarters, of course—that she would be better off if she traded her present Scottish maid for a French maid, but this is unlikely since Scottish maids are much in vogue at Buckingham Palace. However, Margaret's aunt, the Duchess of Kent, is one of the best-dressed women extant, and the public is hoping that she will be able eventually to make her influence felt.

Ordinarily, in the case of seventeen-year-old girls, there is no great immediacy attached to the problem of marriage, but in the case of royalty it is a popular pastime to start guessing as soon as it is decently possible. As it came to Elizabeth, the time has now come to Margaret, and the public has been treated during the past few months to a wild orgy of matchmaking in the newspapers.

At various times Margaret's heart has been handed by the press to Prince George of Denmark, Prince John of Luxembourg, the Marquess of Milford Haven and a dozen others. The Marquess of Milford Haven, as Philip's best man, had the longest run of anybody but when he failed to pursue Margaret's hand, as had been confidently predicted, the papers abandoned his cause and turned to other "eligibles." At the moment, anyone who gets within six or seven feet of Margaret in a public place is immediately checked for eligibility and his name goes into the file to await developments.

Actually, of course, Margaret is not in love with anyone so far as is known, nor is she likely to be for some time yet. One rumor is that the king has instructed her to wait until she is twenty before considering marriage. In any event, when the time does come, Margaret will be able freely to marry anyone she chooses so long as he is not divorced or a Roman Catholic. There is nothing in the law that says Margaret *cannot* marry a divorced person, but divorcés are not, for example, permitted in the royal enclosure at Ascot and it is generally assumed that this will not be allowed to happen. If Margaret wished, however, she could marry a commoner of any nationality, even American.

Such a thing is not anticipated but it is not beyond the realm of possibility. As long ago as 1937, when Margaret was seven, the royal family began to get an uncomfortable feeling that the young princess had a mind of her own. The suspicion was borne out conclusively when the queen asked her one night as she tucked her into bed, "Darling, what would you do without Mummy?"

Margaret considered briefly, then answered, "I'd do what I like, Mummy."

THE END

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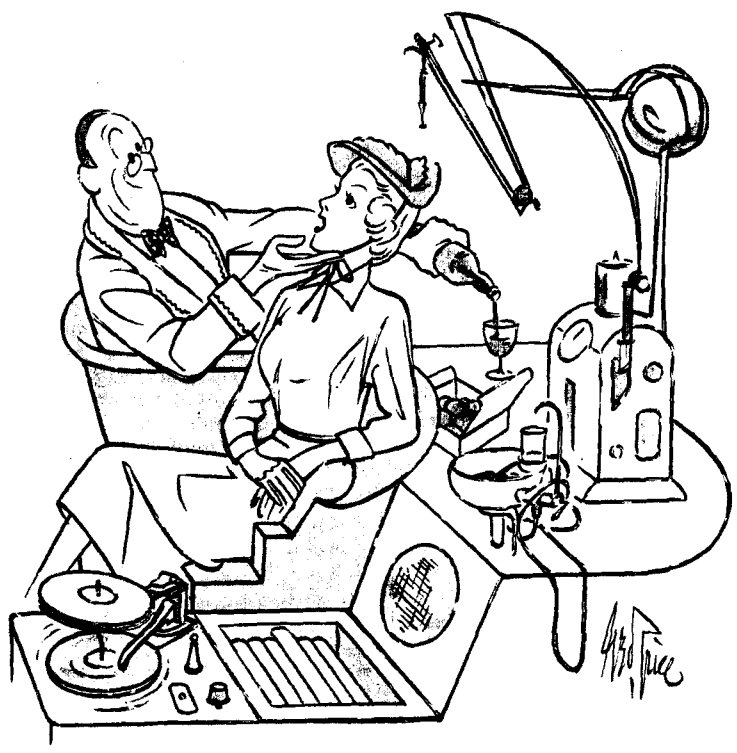


GEORGE PRICE

A remedy for dentists' flat feet and bunions has been suggested—a love seat with dentist and patient sitting face to face.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Miss Ruth De Witt,
141 Terrace Drive,
San Francisco, Calif.

My dear Miss De Witt:

I wish to apologize for getting absolutely nowhere yesterday with your impacted wisdom tooth. In all my years of professional experience I have never been so completely carried away by a patient. Giving you that familiar little pinch on the cheek instead of the customary injection of novocain was a most unorthodox procedure, as was my staring into your eyes instead of your mouth for 45 minutes; but, believe me, I was the victim of circumstances: The idea of a love seat in place of the usual dental chair originated at a New York dental convention and I was a cad to fall for it.

Sitting so close to you in the half-light I found myself powerless to stuff your pretty mouth full of those nasty dry rolls of cotton. Peppermint candy seemed ever so much more appropriate at the time. Ah, fool that I was for lighting incense rather than my alcohol lamp! My subconscious mind kept whispering, "Start your buzzer, Doctor, and forget the Casbah—Mix up a small batch of amalgam—Fiddle around with a stick of gutta-percha and stop playing footie-footie." But I was weak and you were so beautiful.

And the little jiggers of pink mouthwash I kept insisting you rinse out your mouth with. I lied to you, Miss De Witt—that was not mouthwash at all, it was vin rouge; and to think I was secretly wishing you would swallow enough of it to make you want to dance with me. That's why I had turned on the record player instead of the waste basin. I even removed my headlight thinking I'd look more like Charles Boyer without it. Your reflection in the X-ray machine brought out the beast in me.

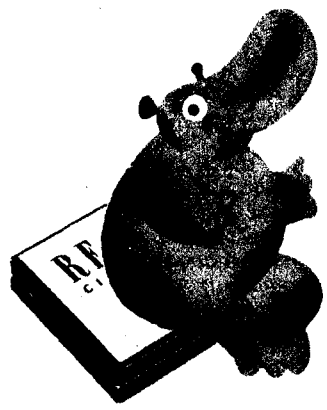
Can you find it in your heart to forgive an old wolf and return, Thursday, the 17th, at 11 A. M. if I promise to sit you in a regulation dental chair, cut out the winking and get down to business? I'll even wear my white, starched coat instead of that maroon smoking jacket with the black piping; and I'll stand on my own two flat feet the entire time, bunions or no. And, to make doubly sure of myself, I'll cover your face with one of those ugly rubber dams.

Yours truly
Jack Cluett, D.D.S.

that's extra!

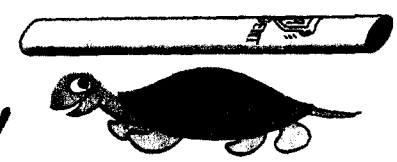
AT NO EXTRA COST

1 20% LONGER . . . King Size to give you one-fifth *more* smoothly pleasant smoking enjoyment — *that's extra!*



2 CRUSH-PROOF BOX . . . to keep your Regents fresh, firm and fit from one thru twenty . . . . . *that's extra!*

3 OVAL SHAPED . . . to make it gracefully slender and to give you a slower burning, *cooler* smoke . . . *that's extra!*



4 MULTIPLE-BLENDED . . . an exclusive process which brings you the world's choicest tobacco in perfect flavor balance — *that's extra!*

REGENT

Popular Price . . . they cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.

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If you want a Wonderful Bracer, say "PLANTERS"

These long summer days, when the energy just seems to ooze away, are the days you need and appreciate PLANTERS more than ever.

Those crisp, tasty PLANTERS SALTED PEANUTS in the cellophane bag are famous as America's "Nickel Lunch." The finest, big Virginia peanuts roasted and salted as only PLANTERS can. They pack more energy—vitamins—proteins—than meat, fish or eggs.

If you've a sweet tooth, try PLANTERS famous Jumbo Block. Just pure peanut candy at its most wholesome, delicious best. They're both, still only 5c—both Planterrific.

These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto, and sold everywhere in Canada.

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

UNWANTED

Continued from page 28

has done a superb job of caring for its 20 per cent of the DPs: a job that shames the ignorance and inaction of Christian blocs over the plight of their kin.

(B) That all DPs hanker to go to the United States. Every poll indicates that practically 100 per cent of the Jews are hell-bent for Israel—and nowhere else. Similar polling of the non-Jews shows more than half preferring resettlement in western Europe, or in Africa, South America, Mexico, Canada. The remainder give the United States as first choice.

(C) That DPs are the "scum" of central Europe. In the light of traditional American principles they must be the worthiest people of the nations from which they fled or to which they refused to return: intelligent and brave enough to hold out for liberty. Those of the Hitler slave millions who desired to go home, having no quarrel with Communist regimes that replaced Nazi ones, were sent back. Of those who evaded repatriation, undoubtedly a few had sooty reasons; but the majority simply were people who saw no difference between the swastika and the hammer and sickle.

(D) That DPs are principally from "slum" nations. In reality more than 66 per cent are north Europeans: Balts, Poles, Czechs. The Balts are from Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania; the republics whose independence is still recognized by the United States. Fifteen per cent are Ukrainians—from the "California" of Europe, the most highly developed state in every sense in the Soviet Union. Five per cent are Yugoslavs. The remainder, less than 14 per cent, form a pattern of 30 countries and 50 racial strains. Look well again at the illustrations for this article. Considering the modern racial make-up of the United States, by government bureau studies, one in four of us might find among them faces that could be Grandpappy or Grandmammy as they arrived here with nothing in their pockets or bellies except gladness and courage.

(E) That all the DPs are poor. Right! If they weren't they would not be DPs: The rich have no difficulty resettling in whichever nation they choose. The DPs *are* poor. So were the Italians and Irish who built our transcontinental railroads; the Scandinavians who pushed fertility across our north central prairies from the Mississippi to the Rockies; the Poles, Scotch, Welsh and Lithuanians who respectively backboned our auto, textile, mining and steel industries. The DPs are poor.

The DPs are not candidates for charity. They are candidates for life in any country that will give them a chance to own a cow, a barn, a house, a kit bag of tools: life of the kind Americans believe men should be allowed to live.

The U.S. Needs Such People

American economic and labor experts have called the DPs a "rich pool of human resources" that, justly divided and cultivated by the free nations, would add notably to the prosperity of each. They point to Sweden, which during the war gave sanctuary to 30,000 Balts who have not only repaid her expenditures in their behalf but are now adding $200,000,000 annually to her national income. The DP "pool" is particularly rich in experienced workers in fields that are shorthanded in the United States: trained nurses, domestic help, farmers.

(F) That hordes of the DPs are criminals and quislings. It is doubtful if the endless "screenings" by military and civil agencies have left a single criminal undiscovered among those who still qualify as DPs under the exacting stipulations of IRO. Besides, IRO's constitution specifically forbids assistance or shelter to quislings, war criminals and traitors; and holds ordinary criminals extraditable.

Persistence of qualms about the DPs, therefore, is a tribute to both Communist and German propaganda. Little Reds like Tito, big Reds like Molotov screech that every DP who doesn't relish going home to a bullet-nicked wall is a quisling. The Germans, forgetting their original barbaric responsibility for them, detest the "*verdammten Flüchtlinge*" (damned fugitives) and resent their presence in Germany. They have subtle means of stoking anti-DP sentiment. Unfortunately, certain occupation-weary military personnel assist the German plot; unwittingly or not, but at any rate in mood with the official idea that amiability toward Germans will fetch them into the general Western palisade against the Big Bad Bear.

Thus, the DPs live out their democratic "apprenticeship" imprisoned in a fog of hatreds, recriminations, fears, injustices.

Obviously, neither justice nor reason dictates our taking *all* the DPs. Our Constitution did not guarantee unlimited immigration. By Section 9 of Article I it did prohibit Congress from controlling "migration or importation" of persons until 1808. But it was more than a century after that, when the greed of continental and industrial expansion for cheap sweat-and-callus labor had subsided, before Congress got around to fixing quotas.

The present law permits each year, from all over the world, a total of 153,929 immigrants who are eligible for citizenship and otherwise meet stern tests of literacy, health, character, finances, nonsubversive politics. Since 1930 only 20 per cent of the quotas have been used. Since V-E Day scarcely 20,000 authentic DPs have got in—and those, whose fares were paid and whose upkeep was sponsored by relatives or welfare circles, were not necessarily the cream of the DPs so much as the luckiest.

What constitutes a "fair share" of DPs rests in such things as national income, per capita wealth, natural resources, farm and labor needs, population density per *arable* square mile. Belgium and Great Britain have each already taken more DPs than the United States; yet they are crowded respectively with 2,126 and 2,421 persons to each mile, compared with 259 per mile here.

Of the various DP bills, that of Representative William G. Stratton of Illinois was the only one deemed by American and international statesmen and economists fair in relation to our size, wealth and prestige among the member nations of IRO. Mr. Stratton, after cautious study and weighing of all elements, proposed that 400,000 be let in, spaced over a period of four years.

Aside from industrial and farm values there is, according to military experts, a possible benefit to national defense in this human grab bag. A large percentage of DPs are sturdy young men within the ages of 18-25, many born to the sea or forests; these, it is believed, would eagerly serve in the American forces. Also, some Army men contend that resettlement of 200,000 Balts in Alaska would be feasible because they are, in the main, big, rugged, cleanly, hard-working outdoor people bred to a climate like Alaska's—and profitable to security as well. First, because they know and understand the Reds—and hate them with ferocity; and might well put a damper on any Kremlin notions about Alaska. Second, because Alaska's lack of basic strength in people, or local population, is a weakness in our armor.

The Commies might invade without tripping over a white man for weeks; for Alaska, one fifth as large as the whole United States, has only 40,000 whites.

A Voice from the "Breadbasket"

Stratton's "400,000" Bill was endorsed by outstanding Americans of all political and church faiths; by government heads, labor unions, businessmen, educators, patriotic societies, women's clubs. Governor Youngdahl of Minnesota, voicing the widespread uneasiness in the eight "breadbasket" states over the decline of their farm populations by more than 750,000 within the past six years, said that he would like to see *all* the DPs resettled in the north Middle West. If so many eminent and thoughtful Americans want to open the gate to DPs on a reasonable basis, who are the Americans striving to keep it bolted—on any basis?

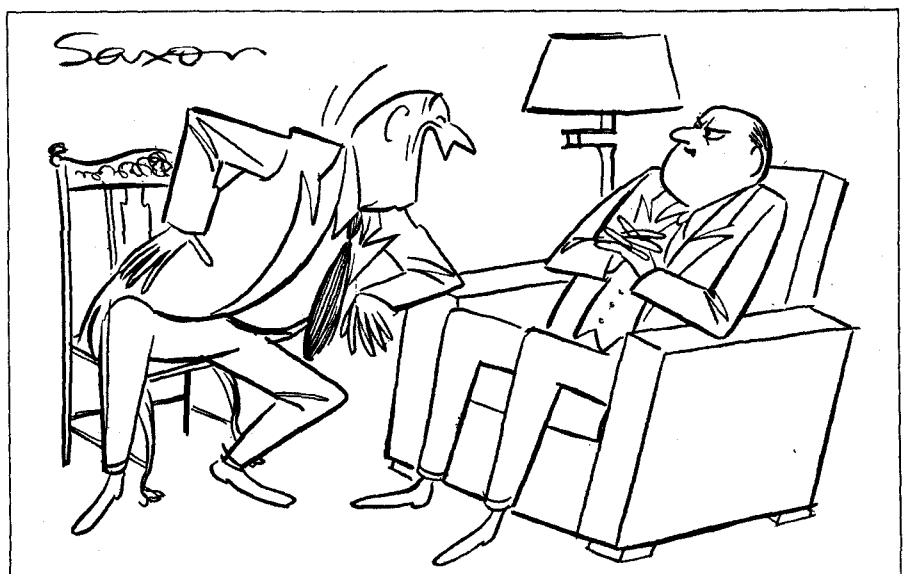
Don't blame the usual snob and bigot groups. Blame yourself. The primary fault lies upon public indifference.

Maybe you haven't reckoned the net result of the last war? It was fought against a dictatorship. It cost, altogether, 30,000,000 dead, 40,000,000 wounded, 1½ *trillion* dollars. Yet there are *more* states blacked out in dictatorship today than before it was fought! In consequence fewer places are open to freemen.

It is true that the DP problem is but one of many issues facing Congress. It is also true that it is not the most important. But it is the most human. And the real question it has put on trial in Washington is whether we *practice* democracy—or only *finance* it!

The day the last boatload of Displaced Persons and Refugees lands in America will end the Mayflower story.

THE END



"Say, I heard a corker today. Best joke I've heard in years. Of course, I can't tell it like Jack Sherwood can, but anyway— It's about this couple visiting New York. You haven't heard it, have you?"
"Yes"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES SAXON

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TRAVELING COMPANION

Continued from page 19

certificate, and sees that the American embassy seals the coffin. Then, since all sailors hate to sail on a ship with a corpse, Amexco lists the coffin on the ship's document as a "physiological specimen."

The State Department finds itself constantly walking hand in hand with Amexco—again due to the hysterical Americans away from home. Travelers constantly mix the two. Rushing into Amexco they announce, "I'm not only flat broke here, but haven't a cent anywhere in the world—where can I get some money?" Or else they declare, "I've lost my passport." Both these emergencies belong to embassies or consulates, and Amexco gets in touch by telephone.

When the State Department was trying to watch German Gestapo agents in the Argentine during the recent war, Amexco gave them secret reports on the travel plans of every pro-Hitler German in Buenos Aires—and once they got to a likely border, they were picked up by American agents.

Our embassies and consulates vanished from war-torn countries during the recent war—but Amexco lagged behind long after the State Department had gone home. Often the enemy marched into one end of a city just as Amexco scrambled out the other, lugging its money and ledgers. In Paris, Vice-President Boyce put himself and several million dollars into a rickety French pie wagon and started out over the refugee-clogged roads to unoccupied France, the day before the Germans marched in. Often he hid under the car while Nazi planes strafed the roads.

In Berlin, manager Dick Merrill stayed on the job for the first two years Germany was at war, operating an underground travel escape for Americans trapped in the country. He only left, with Amexco's money and records, when Nazi breath was hot on his neck.

Manager Besieged in Manila

Not every office was so fortunate, however. The story of manager Lloyd Cecil's one-man siege in the Manila office is an amazing one. The news of Pearl Harbor meant to him a slow wait for Japanese invasion, with no hope of escape. "I had over two million dollars in my office in various negotiable forms."

His only communication with the mother office in New York was by cable, and he got a half-million dollars back to the U.S. by telegraphic transfers. At night, after the office closed for the day, he methodically destroyed $1,000,000 worth of travelers cheques.

"I arranged an assembly line of cheques," he says now, "which moved down a long table under my eye to the guillotine. One man stripped the covers off; another arranged the cheques according to their numbers; a third chopped the numbers off; a fourth strung the bits of numbered papers on a long wire—while the fifth burned the denumbered cheques themselves. We did the same thing with letters of credit worth $25,000 apiece. Then we buried the records in the ground back of my house, and waited for the Japs to come."

He finished disposing of Amexco's money just in time—the day before RCA blew up its big radio station, and a day after the Army moved out of Manila declaring it an open city so as to save it. When the Japs came Cecil was arrested at once and taken to Santo Tomas prison camp, where he stayed for three years. He was liberated in February of 1945, a weakened skeleton dressed in rags, and he hunted for his old house. There was nothing left but the foundation. Then he searched for the American Express office. "It too was gone, and I made up my mind to stay in Manila until I got it reopened for business," says Cecil.

He did. While the other ex-prisoners went back to America, he stayed on for six months. He spent days walking the pock-marked roads until he found a portion of a building with an office in it that the Army hadn't requisitioned. He ran into some of his former Filipino employees, and with them he cleared out the office. He talked Army engineers into building a new cashier's cage, found a workman to put bits of glass into the empty windows, dug a well for water, and exhumed the office records.

He bought typewriters, desks and adding machines from Filipinos who had stolen them while the city was being destroyed. Meanwhile he himself stole two twisted safes from a bombed-out bank, and then talked an Army locksmith into repairing them. Finally all was ready for the start of banking and shipping again. Two Amexco men arrived from New York to take over, and Cecil went home for a long rest.

Amexco's four offices in Switzerland remained open during the war. They made money, too, although most of their business was as new as their new problems. At first they found themselves operating as emergency travel offices. Jewish refugees from Austria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany poured into Switzerland throughout 1940 and '41, all with the single demand: "Get us to America."

Amexco did its best with them all. Once the French railroads were disorganized, they sent them by bus to Spain and then Lisbon. When busses were no longer running, Amexco invented a private car service to Spain, which operated until France was divided into occupied and unoccupied territory, thus bottling Switzerland up. Other refugees had been herded out through Antwerp's Amexco office onto ships.

In London, on the other side of the channel, another Amexco office was open during the war—again learning new types of business. Often the staff stood knee-deep in splintered wood and glass—the office was hit four times. But surprising requests hit them more often than bombs. Amexco was in complete charge of the mass evacuation of children to the U.S. during the early part of the war. This meant that they shipped 1,800 youngsters across the Atlantic.

"One night," says a London official, "we had 200 kids asleep in the ballroom of a hotel, waiting for a boat train. Suddenly there was an air raid. We tried to wake up the kids, but they slept like dormice. Finally we had to *carry* all 200 of them to the nearest air-raid shelter!"

When the mass evacuation of children ceased, the mass arrival of American G.I.s began. They swarmed into the office, and right along with them came trouble. To them, the two biggest days in the year were Mother's Day and Valentine's Day, and messages poured out over the London cables that curled straight British hair. "Chick wish I were there love (signed) Sleepy," is an example that is still quoted, and "Cuddles all I want are your curves."

With the end of the war, Amexco snapped back into place like 139 rubber bands. Sometimes their offices opened the day after liberation. John J. Fornacca, new manager of the Rome office, marched into Rome with the American Army, and the next day the office was open for business.

Since the war hundreds of people have come into Amexco's European offices with the same demand: "I bought a ticket through you for a U.S.-bound ship in 1939. Because of the war I couldn't go—so I want the trip now. Don't forget I paid for it!"

With anguished steamship officials, Amexco works out such problems. Others come in to claim that they buried $2,000 worth of travelers cheques in their back yards during the war. Since then their cheques were bombed out along with their yards . . . but they want their money refunded. So far, every claim of this type has proved correct, and Amexco has refunded thousands of dollars.

No Profit for Pickpockets

Amexco has always had little trouble with its demands for refunds. Usually travelers cheques are stolen by pickpockets, and by mistake. Their instant reaction is to rush to the nearest mailbox and drop them inside, whence they begin journeying back home to Amexco in New York City. One day last September Amexco's main office received a bulging envelope postmarked Detroit. It contained 22 different folders of travelers cheques, evidently collected by a frustrated pickpocket who had been worrying about them for some time.

Despite such thoughtfulness on the part of thieves, Amexco employs 25 detectives whose sole job is to explore cases of missing cheques—15 of them in America, the rest elsewhere. Often their explorations have led them into finding criminals such as Gerald Chapman, at one time Public Enemy Number One. Although he was wanted for everything from robbery to murder, he might still be at large if he hadn't made the error of holding up Amexco's office at Niagara Falls. There he foolishly pocketed a lot of travelers cheques along with all the cash he could carry.

Outraged, Amexco's detectives sent Chapman's description to every Amexco office in America, together with the numbers on the cheques he had swiped. Every time the gunman cashed one, Amexco notified the local police of his whereabouts—and finally, following a trail of cheques throughout five states, he was caught and jailed.

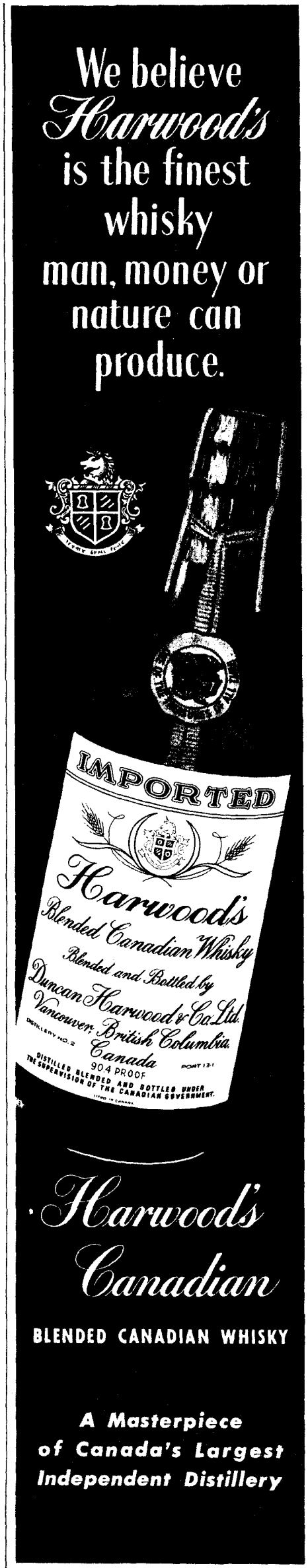
Amexco's experience in handling 90 per cent of all traveling Americans has taught them a lot of interesting facts about us. For instance, it can tell you that in 1930 more Americans flooded Europe than in any other year of our history: 279,599 of them (excluding cruises). Almost as many went again in 1939, evidently to patch up business and personal affairs ahead of the coming war: 277,341.

The greatest travelers of all turned out to be housewives, comprising 13.93 per cent of American tourists. Students came next (11.76 per cent), then teachers (9.11 per cent). After that came the idle rich who list no occupation—8.55 per cent. Oddly enough, the least traveled Americans were pharmacists, interior decorators, actors and writers, in that order.

There are five solid reasons for Amexco's conviction that more Yanks will go traveling in the next ten years than ever before: pent-up demand from wartime years; a greater national income than ever before in our history; the overseas wartime service of millions of Americans; increase in paid vacations; and swifter travel facilities. A Yank on a paid two-week vacation will be able to visit Europe the way he used to visit a neighboring state, thanks to the airplane.

He'll be doing it too, by the hundreds of thousands. And spending $15,000,000,000 in the process. He'll also, no doubt, spend a lot of time telling his fellow travelers, "Meet me at American Express!" Why not? Didn't he create it?

THE END



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ONE DAY, ONE LIFE

Continued from page 14

from her glass and popped it into her mouth. "She has a baby."

"So?"

"Well . . ." Mildred seemed disappointed. "Can you feature a girl like Alice having a baby?"

"It happens to a lot of women."

"It hasn't happened to you."

Eleanor let that go till the waiter had taken their order. All she wanted was clam bouillon, but Mildred was hungry and ordered an avocado salad and *boeuf Bourguignon* and a glass of milk. When the waiter had gone she looked at Eleanor and smiled apologetically.

"After all," she said, "I'm feeding two of us."

"You weren't being subtle a minute ago, were you?" asked Eleanor, arranging the napkin on her lap.

"Subtle? Me? No, darling, you know me better than that. No, I was just wondering whether you were ever going to get around to it. Here I am with two already—two and a half, you might say—and even Alice has made her contribution; while you, the one girl in the class who should be, well, duplicating herself . . . I mean, you and Clay—"

"Perhaps," said Eleanor, making little crosses on the tablecloth with a sharp red nail, "perhaps with me it's not entirely a matter of choice."

"You mean Clay—"

"No, I don't mean Clay. I mean I don't think I'd have the time. That sounds funny to you, I suppose, but it happens to be true. Just to give you an idea," she said, opening her bag and taking the little book out, "here's my schedule for today." She found the place and turned the book around on the table, so Mildred could see for herself how busy she was. She did not, however, relinquish her hold on it, because if Mildred picked it up she might notice the blank sheets for the days that followed.

MILDRED looked over the entries till she came to the last one, and then she laughed.

"Bed," she said. "Do you have to remind yourself of that, too?"

"I have to remind myself to be there not later than one," said Eleanor, closing the book and putting it back, "because it happens I need eight hours' sleep. If I started relaxing my discipline, pretty soon it'd be three or four every night, and you know what that can do to your health, to say nothing of your appearance."

"But after all, Eleanor, do you *have* to ram around like that? I mean, that lecture this afternoon, for instance. Do you *have* to go all the way down to Eighth Street to listen to a Japanese painter, or whatever he is?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, "and I'll tell you why. I've got to make myself complete. That's a poor way of saying it, I suppose, but it's the best I can do right now. After all, Clay has many connections, and it's a dull week when we don't entertain twenty or thirty people, ranging all the way from existentialists to deep-sea divers. If I expect to be a good hostess I've got to talk their language."

"You mean tomorrow Salvador Dali might drop in and quick-like you rummage around in your mind and open a drawer labeled Fujiyama, or whatever this joker's name is, and presto, there's your conversational wedge, all wrapped up and ready to use?"

"Something like that," said Eleanor, refusing to take the bait. She knew what Mildred meant—that up in Scarsdale there was no need for such artifice; that when friends dropped in, the things they talked about came naturally. Why not? They were always the same—business and babies and politics, and the high price of everything; but when they were through with these there was nothing else, and they had a choice of repeating the cycle or lapsing into silence.

". . . sometime soon."

"What's that, dear?"

"You haven't heard a word I've said!"

"Sorry, Mildred, I have so many things on my mind."

"I was just saying I wish you'd try to find time to come up and see us one of these days. I mean before Little Nemo puts in his appearance. Some afternoon, maybe. It's only about thirty-five minutes on the train. We could have a nice little chat while the kids are asleep . . ."

Yes, and when they wake up, God help us, every one. She remembered the last time she had visited Mildred: the six-year-old car at the station, with a harness strapped to the back of the seat for Tommy to ride in—there had been no Barbara then—and the smell of diapers competing with the fumes from the engine; the Cape Cod bungalow with its aggressively cute candles cut out of nonfunctional green shutters; the bare patches on the lawn, souvenirs of Jocko, their springer spaniel; and inside, the matched maple and the Van Gogh reproductions and the scars on the window sills where Tommy had experimented with a hammer. Later Tommy had upset a cup of hot tea over his mother, and though all Mildred had said was "Oh, *Tommy!*" he had bawled as though someone had stuck a pin in him; he was, as a matter of fact, still howling when Eleanor left.

"We'll do that," she said.

"When?"

"Darling, I'll have to let you know. The next few weeks are going to be pretty awful and I don't want to make a date and then have to call it off. I'll give you a ring as soon as I'm in the clear."

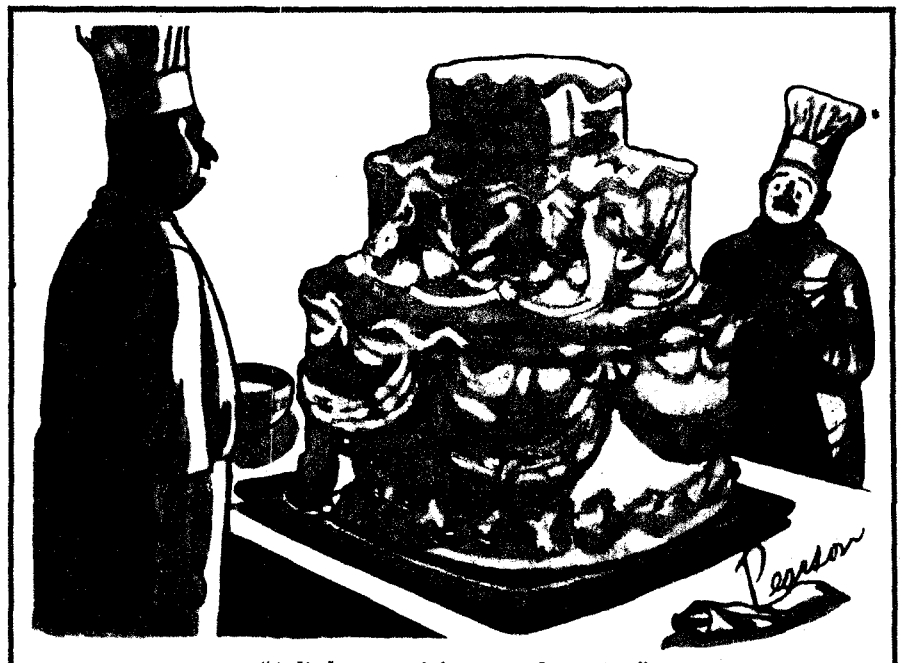
The waiter asked if they would like dessert and Mildred said she would have a vanilla éclair and a cup of coffee. Eleanor shook her head; she ate almost nothing during the day, concentrating on the evening meal to enhance the legend that she was one of those fortunates who can eat like a wrestler and never get fat.

"Two thirty," she said, looking at her watch as the check was placed discreetly at her elbow. "I really must be going." She opened the bag and took the little gold pencil out of its scabbard and scrawled her name across the chit, aware that Mildred was leaning forward to see how big it was. It was big enough. Together they went out, past the suspended forks and the suspended conversations.

"It's been fun," said Eleanor on the sidewalk as a taxi summoned by the doorman came roaring up to the entrance. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

"No, thanks," said Mildred. In the candid, midafternoon sun she looked tired and dispirited; there were shadows under her eyes and her mouth drooped. She pushed a wisp of hair back under her flamboyant hat and tried a smile, but it was not a success. "I think I'll just walk up the avenue a couple of blocks," she said, "to see how the elite live."

She looked, thought Eleanor, as the door closed after her, she looked like the *Hausfrau* she had always been, even in college; the chubby chin that everyone had thought so cute was fast becoming a double chin, and, as the years passed, the vigorous body, once kept lithe on tennis and basketball, would become thick, as it was thick now. For a brief moment, just before the taxi lurched into the traffic, they stared at each other through the glass; then the lights changed, horns blared, and Mildred was gone. . . .



COLLIER'S "A little more icing over here, Joe" CHARLES PEARSON

The lecture at the Feinstein Galleries on Eighth Street was disappointingly short, and this was a shame because Eleanor had counted on two hours, from three to five, and it was only a little after four when Tetsuo Fujihara stepped down from the platform. She felt cheated and a little panicky, as she always did when something went wrong and she found herself with time, that least flexible of all elements, on her hands.

She returned home as slowly as she could, traveling by bus to delay her arrival. She got off at Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue and walked east to Sutton Place, pausing to observe anything of even moderate interest along the way—the windows of restaurants and shops, the displays of florists and jewelers, the titles of books in a secondhand bookstore. In this fashion she disposed of the extra hour that had disturbed the beautifully precise pattern of her day.

The chimes from the Church of the Redemption were sounding as she entered the lobby. Seeing her, Joseph rose from his bench beside the elevator and went back to the desk to get her mail. "Right on time again, Mrs. Huntington," he said, handing her a sheaf of letters.

"Am I?" said Eleanor breathlessly. "Am I really, Joseph?" she asked, as the doors closed and the car went swiftly upward. "Such a day . . ." Her voice trailed off as she checked return addresses: *New York Guild for the Blind . . . Lewis & Conger . . . The Metropolitan Museum of Art . . . Henrietta Crabtree, Woodstock, New York* . . . Henrietta wanted to do her portrait, but her price was two thousand dollars, and generous as Clay was, it was a question whether he would go that high—particularly since Henrietta leaned so heavily toward greens that her subjects, no matter how healthy, always looked as if they had been dead a long, long time. Still, it was something to do. It would keep her afternoons occupied for ten days or a week at the least; no need to cast about for people to see and places to visit. She would speak to Clay. The doors clanged open and shut.

"Any calls, Lawrence?"

"Mr. Strove phoned, Madam."

"Did he leave a message?"

"He said he was sorry but he won't be able to meet you for lunch tomorrow. He said he has to go to Chicago and won't be back till Sunday and he'll call you Monday morning."

"Anything else?"

"No, Madam."

IN HER bath, with the odor of lilac swirling pleasantly about her, Eleanor considered this latest turn of events. If Duncan had said he was going to Chicago, it was undoubtedly so; for, though he looked and acted like a gigolo, he was no fool: his last bill had run close to four figures and she knew if he had his way and did over the whole apartment his next would be even higher. No, he probably had a legitimate excuse, but it made things inconvenient. Perhaps she would have lunch with Clay's mother, after all.

At five fifteen, bathed, dried and wrapped in her robe, she lay on the chaise longue in her room and with the little gold pencil checked off the events that had taken up this much of her day. Then she went on with what was left—at seven, dinner at Ruban Bleu with Peggy and George Armbrecht (new white dress with Sbella shoes); theater at eight forty; El Castillo around eleven thirty, or as soon as the show was over; and finally, inevitably, BED (in capital letters) at one.

Leaning back with the book open on her lap and the pencil pressed gently against her lower lip, she looked up at the long, pale parallelogram that always crossed the ceiling in the last few minutes before the sun went down. It was the time of day she anticipated with what are called mingled feelings—with pleasure, because her body after the warm bath was light and languorous; and with something close to horror, because in this pause between day and night her mind, unencumbered by the little businesses she had arranged for it during the other hours, inevitably grappled with the one thing she wanted to forget.

Everything is fine, she thought, closing her sharp, beautiful teeth on the end of the pencil, everything is fine as long as you stay busy. This room with its two Manets and its Orrefors dressing table and the Dorothy Liebes drapes at the windows; this whole vast, echoing apartment, twelve rooms, two floors, with a terrace and one of the most expensive views in New York; the three cars (the limousine, the convertible with the wooden body, and the station wagon that neither of them used because it rode like a truck); the boat and the place at Boothbay Harbor and the other place in Palm Beach—it was a wonder, considering the number of things to be washed and waxed, bought, exchanged, repaired and opened and closed again, that you had time to draw a breath. It was a wonder, that is, till you thought of those who really did these things (sometimes, like genii, even anticipating your wishes), and realized that actually nothing was left to fill the hours but your thoughts. . . .

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Suddenly, sickeningly, as she had known all day it would, the image came, and she saw herself, very small, as though she were looking through the wrong end of a telescope, sitting in a red canoe with one hand trailing in the water, looking up into the lean, dark anxious face hovering over her, and saying quickly, so as to get it over with, once and for all:

"I can't, Jeff. I like you very much and I don't suppose if I live to be a thousand I'll ever forget you, but I'm not going to marry you, because I'm going to marry Clay Huntington."

(That was the year of Pearl Harbor, and a few months later Jeff was an aviation cadet somewhere in South Carolina, and not so very many months after that he was nothing, a few scraps of charred leather, a pile of ashes, cremated in his own plane in a barley field in western Germany.)

"My God, Eleanor, he's old! He's old as hell."

"Age doesn't have anything to do with it."

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"I know exactly what I'm talking about."

Down by the boathouse a girl in a white bathing suit climbed the ladder and for a long moment stood balanced at the end of the diving board, like a detail in a painting; then slowly she leaned forward and slowly she fell—fell gracefully and clearly into the water and came up laughing and swam back again to the float. There were other canoes around them, each with its cargo of one boy and one girl; and everyone was happy and a little tired because it had been a very fine Senior Week; and everyone was sad, too, because in a few hours Cornell would be just a memory.

"Wait a year."

"I can't, Jeff. He wants to marry me now."

"Tell me one thing—do you love him?"

That was a good question. It was good because it was the only one she could not answer. The others were easy. You were marrying Clay because he was hard and experienced and a little dangerous, with that coldly contemplative look in his eyes and that hard smile that turned up only one corner of his lips, so that if you put a hand over the left side of his picture you got something warm and even merry; while if you covered the other side you got the expression that had cowed so many chairmen of so many boards. Yes, that was why you were marrying him—because he was exciting and contradictory, tender and ruthless, soft and strong . . . and only incidentally because he was rich and you were so poor your widowed mother had had to sell her wedding ring, the last item of a long list of jewelry already pawned or sold, to buy your graduation dress.

JEFF'S question unanswered, heavy with their own thoughts, they had gone back to the inn, and Eleanor had left him at the bar while she went up to change. In half an hour it would be all over—he would drive her down to the station in the car he had rented for the week end; she would kiss him goodby on the Pullman steps, and the episode would be ended.

But five minutes later there was a knock on the door, and when she did not answer (because she knew who it was and what would happen if she let him in), the knock was repeated: *One-two-three-four . . . One-two-three-four;* and she stood tensely, excited and afraid, in the middle of her room with a hand on her mouth, and the beat of her heart was an echo of that summons. . . .

One-two-three-four . . . Slowly she roused herself, and her eyes focused not on the room at the inn but on the familiar exquisite furnishings of this room in which she had slept and thought these thoughts for six long years; and the words that had come crowding to her lips—*Yes, Jeff, yes, darling, I'm coming*—faded and died.

"Come in."

"Hello, dear, were you asleep?"

"Just resting. Did you have a busy day?"

"Not terribly. Did you?"

"So-so."

As usual, when Clay leaned over to kiss her, she closed her eyes. For a moment, as he prolonged a casual greeting into something more than that, she thought she was going to gag; but with an enormous effort of will she forced the feeling back, and by the time he had straightened up she was smiling. She could do that, now. She could turn her smiles on and off; and if occasionally he saw the emptiness in her eyes, he never mentioned it.

Caesar, she thought, as she looked up at him. Caesar was small, too, with a lean, alert face and a thin, strong mouth. All Clay needed was a toga in place of his dinner jacket, and a wreath on his head, to become the mightiest Roman of them all. *Morituri te salutamus. . . .*

WITH a lithe movement she got up and, wrapping the robe about her, went to the dressing table, where she started brushing her hair. In the mirror she could see that he had stopped walking around the room and was regarding her with a speculative eye. She knew that look by now—the cocked eyebrow, the mouth pursed like a patron deciding whether to buy; she knew it preceded the extra round of cocktails, the hand-holding in the car, the intimate embrace at the end of a dance, and finally, home again, the knock on the door.

"What are you wearing tonight?" he asked, coming up behind her and putting his long, slim hands on her shoulders.

"White, I thought."

"Do me a favor."

"Of course."

"Wear that red dress—you know, the one with the bow in back."

All right, she would wear the red dress—the one with the bow in back, and the deeply plunging V in front, which was what he had been thinking of; and though men would stare, none would stare so long and so hungrily as he.

"Need any help?"

"No, thanks."

At the door he hesitated, like a guest who, having announced his intention of leaving, stands hoping to be called back. The twin lights on the dressing table picked up the glint of his pearl stud and the glitter in his small, dark eyes.

"Cocktails are ready," he said.

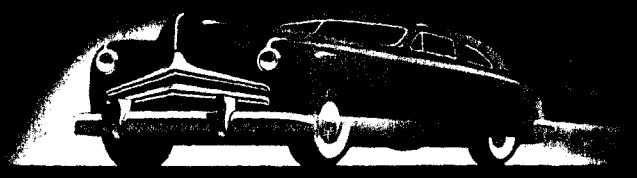
"Ten minutes."

The last thing she did before she joined him was drop the little engagement book into her bag. There was no telling what might happen to round out her appointments for tomorrow. Anything—even lunch with Peggy, who was still a sophomore at heart—was better than being alone.

Clay was standing before the fireplace with a drink in his hand as she walked, elegant and half naked in the red dress, into the library. On the coffee table was a pitcher of Martinis—the big pitcher they used only for parties, and for the times Clay had that look in his eyes. . . .

Dinner was a gay and brittle occasion—so desperately gay, in fact, that they lost track of the time and almost missed the curtain. This would have made no difference to Clay, who could take his shows or leave them; but for Eleanor, geared to a schedule which accounted for every minute of the day, arriving late would have been an admission of failure. So she hurried them through dessert, and when Peggy asked for a second cup of coffee she began putting on her gloves, and for once Clay took the hint and signaled the waiter.

He was laughing as they entered the taxi for the short ride to the theater. "Eleanor," he said, arranging himself on



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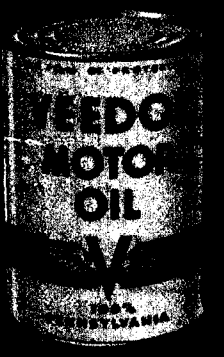

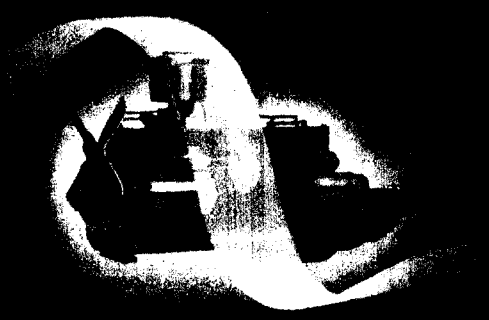

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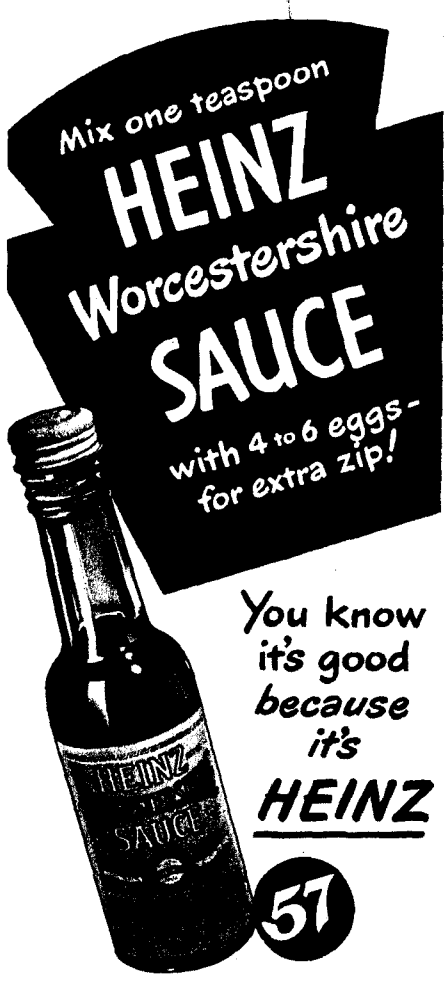

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one of the folding seats, "is the nearest thing to a chronometer I've ever known. She reminds me of an old man back home named Mark Hathaway. He lived alone in a big, gloomy, crumbling house, and what he did there nobody ever knew; but once a day, at noon precisely, he would open the front door and go down the walk to see if he had any mail. He never had, of course, but that has nothing to do with the story. What I'm trying to say is that though he observed this little ritual for thirty years, even he was subject to the final variation. One day he didn't come out at all, and his neighbors, who'd been setting their watches by these occasions, knew something terrible must have happened. The old man had died.

"There's where Eleanor has him licked," he went on, as they stopped for a light at Sixth Avenue. "She wouldn't let a little thing like death disturb the even tenor of her way. If she had a dental appointment for three o'clock, say, and the old Reaper called at noon, she'd tell him to come back later. Wouldn't you, dear?" he asked, putting a hand on her knee.

"But what do you *do?*" asked Peggy, before Eleanor could think of an answer. Peggy was a large, dark, ebullient young woman with a Junoesque figure and a special kind of vitality. No matter where she was, or what the hour, she was always quivering with the urge to act. Though she was only two years younger than Eleanor, she managed to give the impression that the braces had just been removed from her teeth.

AS THEY swerved in front of a large sedan, she went on, "I mean: What's the *point* of all this rushing around? Seems to me a girl in your position," and here she rolled her eyes at Clay, because Clay was rich and maybe someday could do George a favor, "a girl in your position would want to take it easy. My God, if *I* had twelve servants, and houses all over the country, you can bet your boots I wouldn't be dashing from breakfast to meeting to lunch to meeting, and so on all day long. Not Peggy. I'd get up when I felt like it and play golf till I got tired, and when I was hungry I'd eat; but you wouldn't catch me following a timetable, like the 20th Century."

"Maybe," said George, her husband, an unremarkable young man with a round, red face and a gap between his two front teeth, "maybe if you did, darling, you'd acquire a few interests besides Bergdorf's windows," and he smiled to show that though he had uncovered one of her failings he thought no less of her.

"Beast," said Peggy.

"No," said Clay, and his hand tightened imperceptibly on Eleanor's knee. "I don't think you're being fair, Peggy. I don't think you understand what Eleanor's up against. It's her conscience. Me, I'm just a second-generation New Englander—a geographical accident; but she comes from a long line of hard-working, Bible-thumping pioneers, and it disturbs her when she finds herself with leisure on her hands. That's why she keeps that little engagement book so crammed. Have you seen it, by the way?"

"Who hasn't?" said Peggy.

The pressure on Eleanor's knee increased. What would he do if she told him to stop? Would his cast-iron aplomb see him through, or would he redden and stammer out some lame excuse? She never knew the answer, because at that moment the taxi stopped, someone opened the door, and they stepped out under the glare of a marquee.

Inside, as if at a signal that royalty had finally arrived, the curtain went up on a suburban living room with synthetic sun shining through windows without glass; a tall, thin youth in levis and battered white buckskins strode in, munching an apple; and Eleanor, with Clay's thigh warm against her own, tried to lose herself in a world of make-believe. . . .

"Another waltz," said Peggy, making a face. "I think waltzes should be put on the shelf with antimacassars and mustache cups. Somehow they always remind me of Dorothy Gish. Darling," she said, turning to George, who was making designs on the tablecloth with his muddler, "I know this'll rend you, but try to be brave. I'm leaving you for a few minutes. Coming, Eleanor?"

"All right."

"That is, if you can tear yourself away," said Peggy, with a glance at the hand—Clay's lean, elegant hand—that lay so casually, and with such tender possessiveness, on Eleanor's.

In the powder room a bored maid was sweeping cigarette ashes from one corner to another; and a very large woman with fat rolling over the top of her bodice was at one of the dressing tables, staring into the mirror with an odd expression, as if amazed that any face, in spite of paint, powder and treatments, could stay so bleak. Sighing, she got up and started out, glaring at Eleanor's pale elegance and Peggy's exuberant figure. The music, sweet and sensuous, filled the little space as she opened the door, and from a nearby table came the sharp, dry, expensive pop of a champagne cork. Finished, the maid returned the broom to a closet and slumped dejectedly into a chair.

Peggy said, "Well, blow me down, here I've been looking high and low for a lipstick like that, nice and chunky. . . . May I see it, please?" There was a pause as she admired it. Then she said, "Where'd you get it, Eleanor, or is that one of those secrets—"

"It's no secret," said Eleanor. "Clay had it made for me. There's a little man on Lexington Avenue, a refugee from Poland—"

"I know," Peggy said, sighing and handing it back. "A little man. How come there aren't any little men in *my* life? Me with my ready-mades! How come some people have *all* the luck?" and she made a face at herself as she shaped her mouth.

Outside, in the big, dim-lit room, the waltz ended on a long, smooth note; there was a moment of silence, and then suddenly there was a roll of drums as the orchestra went into a rumba.

"Still," said Peggy, "I've got George. Maybe that sounds funny, coming from me, but I've just made an amazing discovery. I love the guy. What's more," she said, patting a stray hair back into place, "he's in love with me. I never thought the day would come when I'd admit this, but I think if anything happened to him I'd die. I mean that. It'd be like bleeding to death. I'd just go all to bits and pretty soon they'd be putting me in a box. Love," she said, closing her bag, "I think it's wonderful. Don't you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You all right?"

"All right? Yes, of course. Why?"

"I thought you looked a little pale. It's this light, I guess." She paused. "Eleanor."

"What?"

"Those cracks I made on the way to the show—I didn't mean anything, actually. Most of the time my tongue isn't even in gear, it just wags and wags and says whatever comes up first, and when you come right down to it I guess maybe I'm a little jealous. Compared to you I'm just a stick-in-the-mud; sometimes the old social whirl gets so bogged down a trip to the Roxy is a big event. I just wanted you to know," she said, "because I think you're pretty wonderful, and I'd like to be able to have someone like you—happy and *essential*, sort of—to—well, hell, you know what I mean."

ELEANOR did not answer right away because she knew what would happen if she did. She knew the carefully modulated voice that never rose above a conversational level would crack and grow shrill; she knew she would say things she must never say; and so she waited, with the sounds of the rumba competing with the wild, irregular pulse in her ears, till she was sure of herself. Then she spoke.

"Well, darling, I don't know when I've ever had a nicer compliment. Of course Clay keeps saying extravagant things, but then you know him, always the gentleman. But coming from a woman it's something of a novelty." Casually she opened the brocade bag and took out the little appointment book. "Why don't we have lunch sometime," she said, "so we can tell each other how nice we really are?" She opened the book to *Friday 14 November* and said, "Matter of fact, how about tomorrow?"

"Why," said Peggy, "that'd be swell. Any particular time? I mean any time's all right with me, but you seem to be pretty well filled up." Suddenly she glanced at the place where Eleanor had her finger. "Say," she said, "you *have* a date for lunch!"

"No," said Eleanor, taking the gold pencil out of its scabbard and crossing off her appointment with Duncan Strove. "I've canceled it. How about one o'clock at the Marguery?"

"Fine."

There, she thought, as she put the book away, that takes care of tomorrow—all the little spaces filled, hardly enough time to catch her breath, no time at all to pause and think about the things that

"You're not being fair. Did I act like that at that basketball doubleheader?"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

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COLLIER'S "Bob! You've bought me a new Spike Jones record!" JEFF KEATE

slunk like animals in the back of her mind. Arm in arm, radiant and beautiful, the two went out, between tables of admiring men and envious women, to join their husbands.

Three dances and two drinks later, Clay put a hand on Eleanor's arm and said, "Know what time it is?"

"No, dear, is it late?"

"Twenty to one. If we don't watch out it'll be past your bedtime."

"Oh, nuts," said Peggy, putting out her cigarette, "don't be such a slave driver, Clay. The party's just beginning to loosen up."

Clay laughed. "I was only thinking of her schedule," he said, and his hand tightened on her arm. "This may sound funny, but if she's not in bed by one, she's shot the next day. Tell you what, why don't you two stay—"

There was a good deal of amiable bickering, but in the end, as Eleanor knew he would, Clay had his way, and they all left. Outside, they exchanged the usual assurances of having had a wonderful time, and agreed they must do it again soon.

Eleanor said, "Don't forget, Peggy—one o'clock at the Marguery," and Peggy said she would be there with bells on. Then, because they lived downtown, George and Peggy took the first taxi. Eleanor was left alone with Clay. . . .

Sitting at her dressing table, creaming her face, she thought of the things she had done this day, this thirteenth of November, to keep herself busy; and in her mind she ticked them off: parish hall, to make up packages for the poor in Europe; lunch with Mildred; lecture at the Feinstein Galleries; dinner at Ruban Bleu; theater (silly play about a woman with a cold husband, and her efforts to rekindle his interest); and finally a few drinks and a few dances at El Castillo. That was it—a full, almost a satisfactory day, since, except for the lecture that hadn't lasted as long as it should have and except for that bad five minutes after her bath, when she had let herself think about Jeff, everything had gone as scheduled.

If only, now . . .

Across the river a large electric sign flashed on and off with hypnotic regularity, and far below, dark against the dark water, a tug went chuffing past. Eleanor was conscious of the slow, gently rhythmic movement of river traffic, the cadence that never ceased completely and could be heard, softly and distantly, by anyone who might lie awake through the empty night, staring at the long-since-memorized shadows on the ceiling. She opened the window and stood shivering in the cold.

Swiftly she went to the door and, after listening a moment, slowly and carefully turned the lock. How quiet it was, she thought; how serene the room, how sweet-scented and beautiful. Still shivering, she opened the bag on the dresser and took out the engagement book. Sliding in between the cool sheets, clutching the book like a talisman, she finally heard what she had been waiting for—a small, dry, familiar sound in the corridor—and she reached out and very quietly put the book on the table. Two minutes past one, said the clock. Slowly, gently, so the click would not be heard beyond the door, she turned out the light, and immediately the ceiling began flashing in time with the sign across the river.

CLENCHING her fists, feeling the sweat start on her forehead, she waited for the sound that invariably followed—the whisper of slippers on the carpet—and when it came she closed her eyes, thinking: Maybe he'll go away. Maybe this time he'll go back. Please, God, make him think I'm asleep.

The sound stopped. It seemed to hold its breath; there was a tiny, hollow groan as the knob was turned, first one way and then the other, then an infinitesimal echo, like the rustling of a leaf, as the door resisted the secret pressure; and finally, frankly, as though these overtures had existed only in her mind, a rap of knuckles: *One-two-three-four. . . .*

Desperately she tried to thrust it aside; but in the midst of the rapping, augmented now by Clay's voice, harsh, insistent, accepting no excuse, the image returned, and she saw herself in that unhappy little room at the inn, leaning against the wall with her hand on her mouth, listening to the sound of knuckles on the door; and suddenly she heard her voice, thin and wavering, as if it came from far away: *Yes, Jeff, yes, darling, I'm coming.* Slowly, with the precise deliberation of the very old, or of those who know horror, she turned the covers down, stood up and walked across the room.

A handkerchief spilled out of the breast pocket of his brocade dressing robe, and in the soft light his hair, slicked smooth for the occasion, gleamed like wet paint. For a moment they stood looking at each other, two strangers in the night; then Eleanor stepped back to let him in. From far below, somewhere on the river, came a long, derisive hoot.

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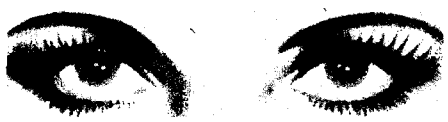

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ON BAKEOVEN GRADE

Continued from page 25

into a full trot. The coach rattled over the stony yard, leaving new dust steaming in the still air. Half an hour later, when John Whitman had eaten and returned to the yard, it was a cloudy dust ball in the distance.

He went into the shadowed heat of the barn to mend harness, listening to the talk of the two women in the kitchen, and the rattle of dishes; then those sounds faded and the afternoon marched slowly toward its silent climax of heat. His awl punched holes, his needle carried the heavy thread through. A waxy clicking of insects drifted in the air's thinness; the odor of hay grew stronger around him. He was thinking it was time to plow the section at the head of the creek, and time to haul water for the trees. He looked up at the sound of steps on the rocky road and saw his wife come into the barn shadows. She was hot and she was tired; she sat on a box near his bench and she stared through the door into the sunshine. Now, he thought, she meant to tell him what the trouble was.

He said, "Light passenger load today."

"Light or heavy," she said, "it's people to feed."

"You want to quit cooking for travelers? We don't have to do it any more."

"If we didn't feed them they'd go somewhere else, and the stage wouldn't stop here."

"No harm in that either."

"If the stage didn't stop we'd never see anybody here. It's a lonely enough place now, without shutting everybody away."

HE WENT on with his sewing, weighing her answer and not finding in it the reason for her worry. She would tell him eventually, of course; but she liked to have him work for it. He said, "Web and Ellen have a quarrel?"

"How would I know? She doesn't tell me her affairs." But from the quickening of her voice he knew he had struck the source.

"Well," he said, "some quarrels always come up before kids get married."

"How do you know they'll get married?"

"I thought it was settled."

"It's just drifted along until maybe he's taking it for granted, or maybe he's not." Then she turned to him and he knew she meant to speak her mind. "How can she know if she wants him? There's no other man she can put against him, to judge him by. If there's only one man, how can any girl know if he's the right man? Ellen ought to have more than one man around her, but there's no other men in this godforsaken country. We're buried. We're clean out of the world. We might as well be Indians living in the willows down in the canyon.

"What's she got ahead of her? Just this one man to take or not to take. No other man. Any woman likes to know there was at least one other man who wanted her. Ellen's not got that. It's just Web. If she marries him, there's nothing ahead for her except to be a rancher's wife on the side of the hill in a hot little house without trees, without flowers. In an ugly, dirty land where it's too windy or too hot or too cold, nothing ever in between. No neighbors—nobody to talk to. That's what she's got ahead of her. She ought to be having fun. She ought to dance and flirt. It's such a little time she's got before she's old and worn out and her children grow up and leave. She ought to have that little time to be foolish and free. But she hasn't got it."

He stood heavily against the bench, both hands supporting his weight. He stared at her and saw she wanted to cry but wouldn't let herself do it; and her words were cruel things gouging through him and a stricken expression came around his mouth. She saw it and got up and, angry as she was, and as much as she had meant to hurt him, she showed her immediate regret. "Oh, well, John, it's just so hot, I guess."

He stared after her as she went back to the house; then he walked to the corner of the box stall and got his pipe and tobacco and made himself a smoke, and leaned against the barn door to look at the land around him—not to look at it as he always had, but to look at it from her eyes. For she had said more to him than she thought she had said. It was not only Ellen who was lonesome here; it was his wife, too. He hadn't known that.

The benches rolled forward from the canyon, one after another in their monotonous sloping and turning and twisting. Beyond the house lay a feed lot beaten into barren concrete by the feet of livestock; and upon the house itself the sun pressed, and no green thing grew about it. Chickens crouched beneath the broken porch boards, the gray-black rocks protruded like ugly teeth from the eroded soil, and over everything lay the dust of summer, which, in another month, would turn into the mud of winter. The leaves of the fruit trees hung limp; the burnt and thirsty shades were the only colors. This was the way his wife saw it. No doubt she had seen it this way for ten years, yet had said no word of complaint to him. He pushed the harness aside, sat on the bench and solemnly smoked his way through thoughts that little by little tore his good world apart.

The peak of the afternoon came on with its silence and its searching heat. He felt it arrive and he felt the moment of change when it began to lessen. He rose to hitch a horse to the water barrel sled and began his patient trips from spring to orchard. Coming in for supper he stood a moment at the door and looked across the falling slopes westward, then went inside.

It was a silent meal—he depressed by his thoughts, his wife in the grip of her disturbed emotions, and his daughter carried far away by her own thinking. He rose immediately after his supper, brought in the cows, fed and milked them; he strained the milk and poured it into skim pans at the springhouse. Twilight thickened while he worked; the brutal hand of the sun drew back from the earth, and the long-suffocated soil began to exhale its heat and to suck in the faint moisture of the air. Web Gordon rode in through the shadows and sat on the porch steps, waiting for Ellen. From the barn, John Whitman presently saw her come from the house and join him, the two walking idly along the road.

He sat a while on the porch with his pipe. This was the fine hour—this hour of release and rest, in which a man could look upon his work and his possessions and be content; all the ugliness went away at night. Yet the rattle of the kitchen dishes troubled him tonight and presently he went inside and took a towel and began to dry them.

His wife said irritably, "You've got your work, you needn't do mine."

He said, "I'm going over to Antelope in the morning to look for a man-and-wife couple. The woman can help you and the man can work for me."

"I've not complained about myself."

He held his peace.

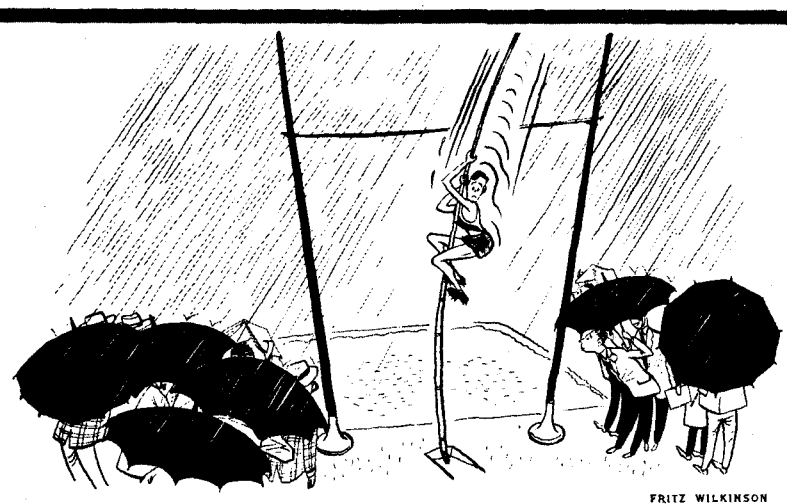
"Anyhow," she said, "gettin' help won't change things for Ellen. We're still here."

"It will lighten the load until I can find a man to buy this place."

She gave him a glance of surprise. "Since when? I like to be consulted a little. And where'd we go?"

"Antelope," he said.

Her mouth came firmly together while



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she thought of it and the sense of her displeasure grew strong in the room. "It's too late now," she said.

It was his turn to be mildly irritated. "If a thing needs to be changed, it's to be done, late or not late—not talked about and nothing done."

"It's not like you to be sudden in anything," she said.

"Maybe I've been too slow," he said. "All right with you if I bring back a couple?"

She said, with a lack of interest, "It's up to you."

He left the kitchen, knowing he had not pleased her. For her part, she was humiliated by the thought of another woman coming. He had as much as said that she had failed him.

ELLEN and Web Gordon walked past the orchard, its recently watered soil throwing a faintly scalded scent around them. He reached out and took her hand. She let it lie passively within his broad hard palm, so even-balanced between irritation and affection that she could offer him no signal.

He said, "Summer's been one thing after another with me and I've not had much time. But after I get the wood hauled there'll not be so much to do. We ought to plan to be married next month."

"We've not talked about where we'd live."

"Why," he said, "with my people. Not for always but to start with." He seemed somewhat disturbed that the question should rise. "After all," he went on, "it'll be my ranch someday, and so will the house. We might as well begin there."

"It's your mother's house now and she wouldn't like my being around. It wouldn't be my house and I'd not like it any better than she."

"You get along with your own mother."

"I'm her daughter and I take orders. But if I were married I couldn't live with my mother any better than I could with yours. A married woman's got to run her own place."

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, "where we could go."

"There's the two-room house your folks lived in before they built the big house."

"Nothing but a shack."

"That's where they started," she pointed out. "That's where we could start, too."

"Terrible place," he said, and walked slowly on. "I work with my father. How is it you couldn't work with my mother?"

"Women are different, Web."

"It'd only be for a couple years or so," he said.

"No," she said, so quiet and so definite. "I like your mother but if we had to live together we'd hate each other in two years."

He still could not quite see her point of view and a small stubbornness got into his voice. "People can try to make the best of things."

"People can try to begin things right, too."

They turned, walking back with silence upon them; nothing warm flowed through their hands and when they came to the house she pulled away and faced him. He said, "I was trying to do the practical thing—the thing easiest for you."

"I know, but I want things nice—not easy."

He said, "If I wasn't hauling wood tomorrow I'd take you to the dance."

"It's all right. Ek Long's taking me."

She shocked the easiness and the common sense out of him and he was suddenly a young man hating the thought of her being with another man. She watched the change, outwardly sober but inwardly pleased that some heat burned within him to make his solidness a little less heavy. He said in sudden roughness, "Good night," and wheeled away. . . .

At five, when John Whitman left the ranch, an early sunlight had begun to thaw the gray-green shadings of the earth into warmer colors and the air had a pearly translucence which brought far things forward. By seven he was at the top of Bakeoven Grade and moving over the undulating flatness of a table which ran for fifteen miles forward. Around ten he came upon a break and looked into a valley far below him, with the little cluster of buildings and poplars of Antelope town nested therein. Passing down the crooked grade he reached Antelope within an hour. He visited his friends, had his beer at the saloon, and went to Erd Merkle's house for dinner. It was Merkle who told him about the Gustavson couple who had come from Portland to find work; he located them —a big plain woman and a colorless man—talked with them a few moments, and hired them at fifty dollars a month.

That was his main chore completed, but he strolled through the town a longer while having a close look at it for the kind of work he might do when he moved here; and as he passed along the houses he noticed the things his wife would like, the closeness of the neighbors she longed for, the flowers growing against the porch walls, the shade, the grass yards, the church with its socials which she had missed for so many years. Going back to his horse he had a feeling of sadness from knowing that he had taken so much out of her life. Then, as he left town, he observed the sign on the Odd Fellows Hall door, DANCE TONIGHT, and sudden comfort came to him. This was where Ellen could meet many young men. It was a little late for his wife; but it was still time enough for Ellen.

He passed up the long climb from Antelope's valley to the table in a poor frame of mind. The place on Bakeoven Creek suited him. There he felt free, beholden to no living soul, whereas Antelope's houses would always be a shadow on him. Towns he hated; never had he lived in one longer than three months, never had he felt at ease while in them—and wouldn't now. He thought about this as he rode across the flats, and saw a rig coming in from Bakeoven way at a steady run. Habit made him watch it closely and habit set him to guessing who was in it; yet he had the other thing in his head at the same time and knew he would make the move into Antelope as soon as he could sell the Bakeoven place. It was his wife's right. And Ellen's, too.

THE rig whirled forward. Suddenly, identifying the two people in it, he drew his horse to a stop and waited until Ek Long, driving the rig, came abreast and halted. Ellen sat beside Ek. She had been laughing.

He said, "What's this?"

"I'm going to the dance," she said. "I'll stay with the Prettymans tonight and come back on the morning stage."

"Not worried about my driving?" asked Ek Long in his easy, insolent way.

"Not your driving," said John Whitman and gave Ek a long, drilling glance. He held it on Ek a long while, giving the man the black, dangerous edge of the aroused thing in his head. Then he looked at Ellen and quietly said, "I hadn't known about it."

"Mother knew," she said.

"Why, then," said John Whitman, "I've nothing to say. Have a good time."

He sat motionless for a moment, watching the rig run on, and then resumed his homeward travel, going down Bakeoven Grade in the last full blast of sunshine. He put up his horse and went directly to the house. His wife looked at him with her covert curiosity as he went by her to wash up on the back porch; and gave him the same expectant glance when he sat up to the table. She was waiting for his anger to come out.

"Why didn't you mention it?" he asked.

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"It'll do her better to be seen with him than never to be seen with any man."

He sat silent; it went hard with him to think of Ellen with a man like Long. His father's dream of a daughter's sweet child purity came roughly against another thing he ought to have seen earlier; for, bringing the image of Ellen before him, he recognized the woman in her eyes, in her mouth, in all the turnings of her body. Why had he been so slow? He had kept her a child in his thoughts too long.

His wife had her sharp retort waiting for him, but she studied him a drawn-out moment and spoke with unexpected kindness: "Nothing's wrong. She just wants to be alive."

"If she's giving Web up for Ek, she's made a bad choice."

"She's just going to a dance with a man who had spirit enough to ask her. Every girl's got dancing in her bones. They're born that way. They've got a right to it." She felt her daughter's loneliness again—it was bright and bitter in her eyes. "Maybe Ek's a chaser, but he knows what a girl hungers for. If Web Gordon wants her he'd better treat her like a woman instead of an old crone of fifty. She'll be fifty soon enough."

He saw how hard it was for her to think of Ellen growing away from girlhood and he said, most gently, "We all get old. No use to hate what can't be helped."

"Too old too soon," she retorted.

He felt again a leaden regret. She was speaking out of her own life. He said, "There'll be a hired couple coming on the stage in the morning."

She made no answer; she seemed not to find pleasure in the thought of help. It made him say, "Is that all right?"

"How much you paying these people?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

Her mouth tightened. She looked down at the table. "It's your money to waste, Whitman."

He left the room and took a seat on the porch to smoke his pipe. He was a slow man, he thought; he had taken pride in his slowness but maybe he had spoiled her life by it. He watched the freighter's fire blooming in the growing shadows and he listened to the music of a guitar drift along. Ellen came to his mind and his worry grew. Neither his wife nor Ellen knew how bad a man Ek Long really was, having and using a woman in whatever town he passed through. He sat in the chair and slowly suffered from his imagination, and decided he had to kill Long if Ellen came home crying.

HE WAS at his harness mending in the middle of the forenoon when Web Gordon rode up and came into the barn.

"Ellen back?"

"No," said Whitman. "Noon stage."

"Doesn't she know what kind of a fellow Ek is?"

"I can't say what she knows, or what any woman knows. It comes to me, though, that they know what they want to know."

Web Gordon said, "He's no good." He paced the barn aisle, suffering from his imagination as John Whitman had earlier suffered. His face was squared by anger and his eyes were rough with the desire to get his hands on Ek Long. It surprised John Whitman to see this excitement come out of a boy who had always taken things as they came. Web halted. "You shouldn't have let her go. I don't know what got into her. She's going to marry me. It's no thing for her to be going off with somebody else."

"Maybe," said Whitman, "she wanted to get away from here and have some fun."

"Work comes before fun," said Web.

"That's for old people to think. You sure she's going to marry you?"

Web Gordon walked out of the barn. Whitman thought he had gone home but, at eleven o'clock when he stepped from the barn to sight the stage breaking over the rim into Bakeoven Grade, he saw Web in the orchard, staring up the slope toward the stage's unrolling ribbon of dust. Whitman thought: *He's all shaken up about the girl. That's what the damn' fool ought to show Ellen, instead of his poker face. That's what she wants—it's what they all want. It's why men like Ek get so far with women.* He called across the dust to his wife in the kitchen, "Stage in sight," and went back to harness up the fresh relay horses. The Gustavsons were due on the stage, and so was Ellen. Thinking of her suddenly, a quick fear unsettled his stomach. He let the horses stand in the stable and walked to the house bedroom to get his .44 and return it to the stable, laying it on a ledge of the box stall. If he saw the wrong thing on Ellen's face he'd have to kill Ek Long.

The stage came down from the grade and struck the ranch meadow with a tremendous swaying and lifting; it was Ek Long showing off to Ellen, who sat beside him. John Whitman steadied his glance on his daughter while the stage came into the yard and the four horses, hard-pulled, came to so sudden a stop that their iron shoes struck sparks from the rocky road. Ek Long threw down the reins, dropped from the seat and swung Ellen to the ground. Whitman never let his attention waver from her face; he saw her laughing, he saw her pleased, he saw no shadows. She had danced most of the night and she had ridden all of the morning, but still the freshness was on her.

Whitman said, "Is everything all right?"

"Why, of course," she said and kissed him and wheeled away. She threw a glance at Ek. "Now I have got to work." Then, half around the horses, she noticed Web Gordon standing near the corner of the barn, and the smiling died and she stared at him with a mysterious smoothness that told him nothing and hurried into the house.

The passengers went in for their meal; the Gustavsons were waiting in the dust. Whitman said to Mrs. Gustavson, "Go in and see my wife." To the man he said, "Get your luggage out of the boot." He led the old horses away and brought out the fresh ones and hitched them up, and stood by with the reins in his hand, watching Gustavson slowly lift and toss down a collection of boxes and valises and quilted bundles. The woman was all right, but the man didn't have much energy. It was always that way in a man-and-wife combination: one of them pulled the load for the other.

WEB GORDON remained at the corner of the barn. Whitman filled his pipe and lighted it, and cast a brief glance toward the young man, seeing the temper crowded into his face. Well, thought Whitman, it's to be a fight. He could stop it if he wished, or he could let it go on; and he gave a little thought to it. No, he decided, I'll let it go on, and watched Ellen and Ek Long come out of the house. They walked around the horses, ignoring Web Gordon, who slowly moved forward. Ek laid his hands on the coach rail to lift himself to the seat.

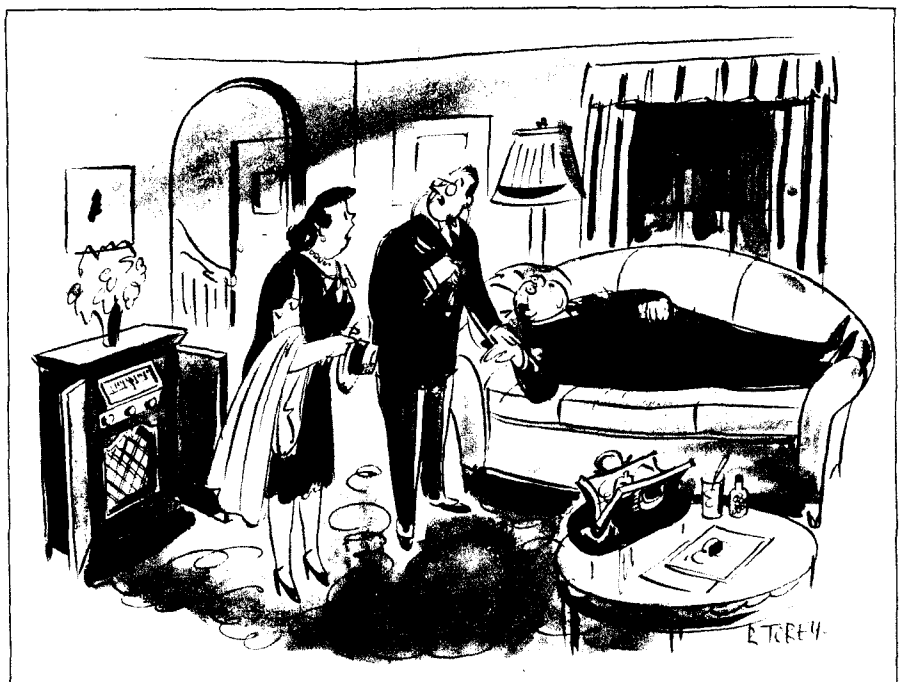
Web Gordon said, "Step behind the barn a minute, Ek."

Ek Long turned about. His face grew stiff and his glance was a bright jab at Web Gordon. "I've got a schedule to keep, which comes before lickin' damned fools like you."

"You're too easy with other men's girls. I've got to teach you better."

"You'll teach hell," said Ek Long. He was careful, even in his insolence, to keep his eyes on Web Gordon. He moved aside, cat-quick, figuring this heavy lad to make a bull rush at him. He was to be the ax and Web the chopping block. But Web Gordon swung when Ek Long swung and he caught the stage driver's arms in a tight hug and pinned them; he lifted Ek Long from the ground and slammed him back against the side of the coach. It was a first show of strength. He released Long and stepped back, not quite sure what he wanted to do with the man. He said, "You've busted up too many homes. Like Bissner and his wife. I've a notion to crack your damned neck. I'll tell you. Don't drive stage on this line any more. I don't want you around."

Ek Long stared back, so willful with his eyes that Web Gordon slashed him across the face and became a terrier rushing in. Long whirled to clear the stage and put open ground behind him. He retreated until he had room for his long



"When he came home this evening he looked sluggish and rundown. I knew the minute he started picking on me that his nervousness and irritability were due to either his suffering from acid indigestion or a nervous headache. I got some pills to wake up his liver bile, but when he failed to pep up and bubble with energy, I decided to call you in—"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

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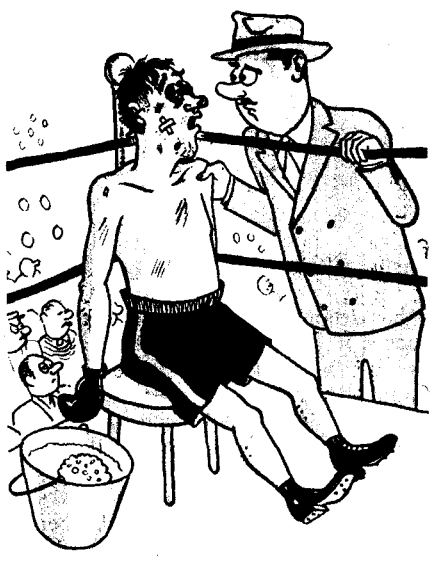
arms to overreach Gordon and he jabbed Gordon's face with three skillful blows, and retreated again to measure Gordon for the punishment he thought he was clever enough to give. He waited too long.

Gordon lifted his shoulder and slanted his head, taking a punch there. He hit Long in the stomach and doubled him, and straightened him with a crack under the chin. The light in Long's eyes turned queer at that blow. Gordon slugged him twice, seized him around the waist and threw him toward the coach. Dust rose from their churning feet, and the coach swayed when Long struck it; the horses tried to pull away from Whitman's holding hands. He said, "Whoa, whoa," and watched Ek Long's face bloom with blood and lose its pride. Ek put out a hand, turned aside, hunching up a shoulder to avoid being struck again. "That's enough," he said.



"Now, when you say I should get in close for the kill during the next round, just how do you mean that?"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

"Get out of here. Don't drive through here again."

"No, Web," said John Whitman. "You've licked him and that's all you got comin' to you."

Web's shoulders dropped and the stinging anger went out of him. He watched Long go slowly up to the coach seat; he put a hand against Long's buttocks and gave him a shove. "All right," he said, "forget it."

The passengers were natives of the country to whom this was nothing new; they came off the porch and got into the coach while Ek Long waited high and listless on his seat. The glittering insolence was gone; his injuries hurt him and he was still numb. He caught the reins flung up by John Whitman and it was habit, more than will, which caused him to kick off the brake and lift the horses into a sharp run. The coach rushed over the yard and began to sway with the undulating contours of the bench. Web Gordon looked over at Ellen; she stared back at him with no sign on her face. Web turned to his horse and walked it away. John Whitman went into the barn to finish his chores.

HE HAD done his work, he had eaten his supper and now sat in the fragrant darkness of the porch, hearing a horse come up the road. Gustavson had gone to his bed in the barn, tired from no work at all, while Mrs. Gustavson kept on late in the kitchen to make her good impression. John Whitman heard his wife's voice patiently explaining how she liked things done, and he caught the undertone of unhappiness in the patience.

The rider turned out to be Web Gordon. The young man dismounted and stood at the foot of the porch, looking past Whitman to the door. Ellen, Whitman thought, must have been long waiting at the door, for she immediately appeared and the two walked toward the trees. They didn't begin to talk until they had got well beyond his hearing; all he caught was the rise and fall of tone in the darkness.

Web Gordon said, "Maybe it was a bad thing to do, but I know him too well. I know you wanted to dance. Well, then, we'll dance, Ellen—if it means that much."

"I thought you'd be hauling wood out of the forest."

They reached the orchard and paused here. She stepped away from him, putting her back to a tree. She looked up to him, closely watching his face.

"Do you think I could?" he asked. "You think I had any heart to work? You think I've had any peace since you left, thinking how you were, and other men making you laugh when I ought to be doing that?"

She was silent, intently reading him, clearly feeling what was in him; and suddenly she came away from the tree to him, and he put his arms around her with the rough haste of a young man at the end of his tether. She laid a hand gently against his chest, having first a thing to say to him, "Web, I'll never cause you trouble again. If you truly want me, everything's all right."

JOHN WHITMAN had finished his third pipe and his wife had joined him on the porch, when the youngsters strolled in from the orchard. He observed how stiff his wife was until she saw Ellen's face, and how loose she became when she heard Ellen's voice gaily cross the night. "We're going down to look at the two-room place."

John Whitman's wife said, with a calm that made him marvel, "Why don't you hitch the buggy and drive down?"

The two had drifted past into the darkness again. Ellen's voice came back with its laughter, "Plenty of time to walk," and thereafter the footsteps of these two softened and grew small in the distance.

Whitman said, "It seems settled. You're not pleased?"

"Of course I'm pleased," said his wife.

"I had thought you wanted her to see more men."

"It was just that—" Then his wife gave a little sigh and added, "Oh, never mind. It's come as it ought. I'm happy enough to cry."

"Well, then," he said, "we can think of moving to Antelope."

"And leave Ellen with one less neighbor? Do you think I'd go before the first baby comes? Now isn't that foolish?" She dropped her voice: "Whitman, I don't want that new woman around. She's underfoot. She makes me feel like it's not my place. Get rid of that couple."

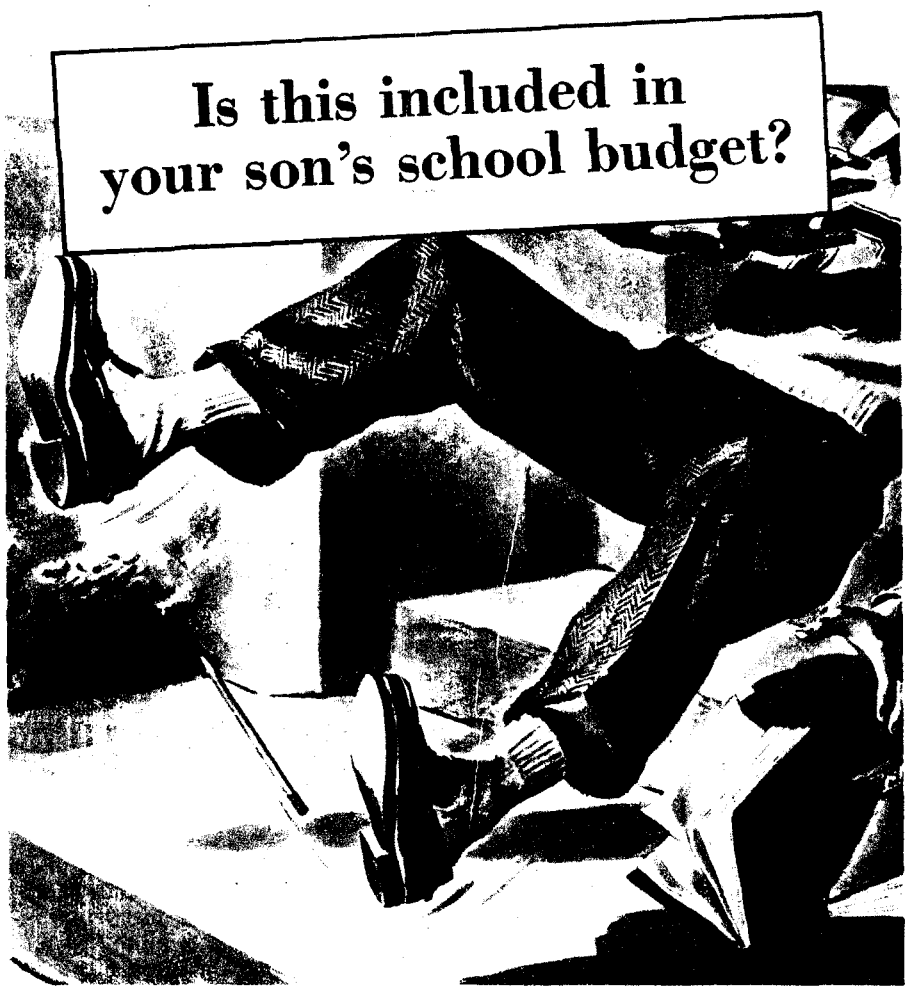
"It was to give you a little help," he said.

"When I want it I'll say so."

The crickets were singing for winter, and night came solidly in and a breath of breeze crept along Bakeoven Creek. It was the faintest touch of wind that gave him the sensation of the earth rushing outward into the blackness and endlessness of space. He relighted his pipe and his lips made puckering sounds. Yesterday he and his wife had been young, and Ellen a child, and tonight she was a woman anxious to sleep with her man. It had come on before he knew it. He grew entirely still in the chair, patiently waiting to catch the close-by meaning of that strange thing which carried him so cruelly, so rapidly, through the days of his life; it was for an instant at the end of his fingers, and then he lost it entirely. He relaxed in the chair.

"We'll keep the couple a week," he said. "I can dig some ditches with the old man's help."

THE END



Oops! Looks like a siege at the hospital for this lad . . . and stiff medical expenses for his dad!

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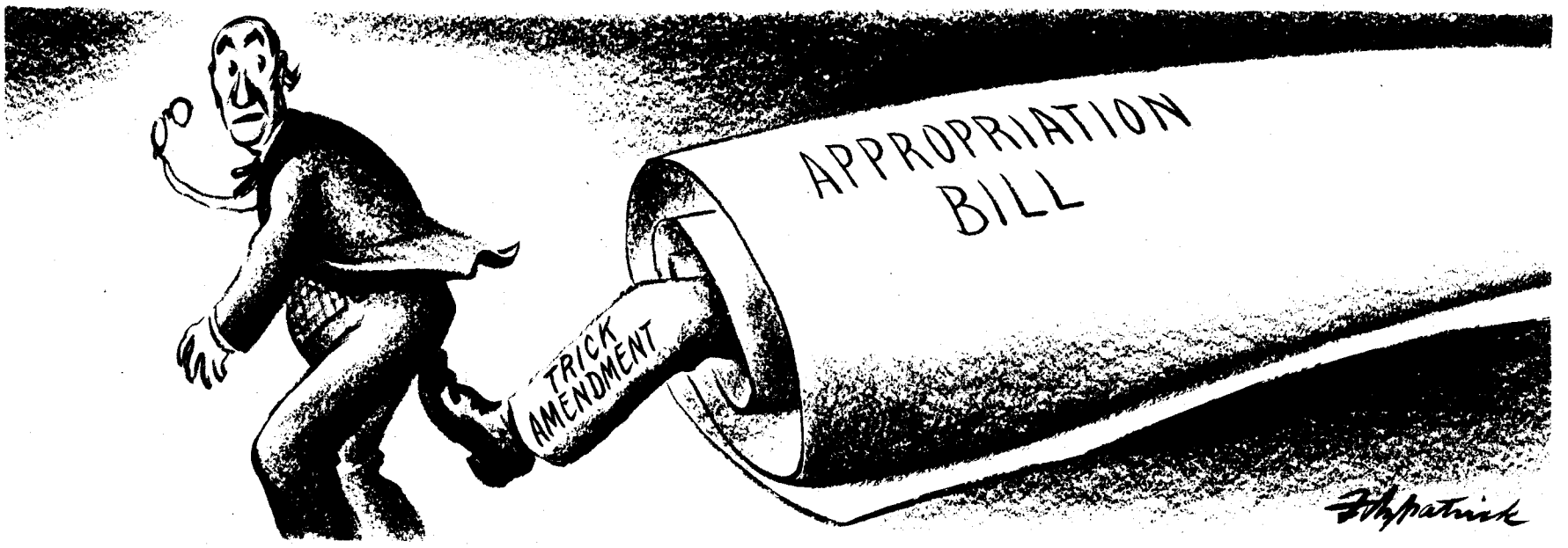
Collier's believes...



...CONGRESS BETTER BE CAREFUL

WELL, the House Appropriations Committee the other day came near putting its foot into its mouth in just about the most ghastly manner imaginable.

The committee okayed a $56,000,000 fund for the legislative branch of the government—meaning Congress and its appurtenances—and included a recommendation that no federal funds be paid to any employee belonging to a union whose officers had failed to file affidavits that they weren't Communists.

The main object was to prod Government Printing Office employees belonging to the International Typographical Union (A.F. of L.), whose leaders up to that time had refused to swear that they were no minions of Moscow.

Come to find out, though, several members of Congress itself belonged to unions whose leaders were similarly stubborn on this point. That meant that if the fund were approved as recommended by the Appropriations Committee these union congressmen's $12,500 salaries would stop.

The danger was perceived in time, and now it's a 1,000-to-1 shot that Congress won't ever put such a knife to the bank accounts of its own members. But the incident is certainly a lesson that lawmakers should take to heart; the lesson being that you can't be too careful in drawing up even minor laws or appropriation bills.

When it comes to explosive powers and the ability to blow up in your face, TNT sometimes hasn't a thing on the pen or the typewriter.

●

. . . WE NEED LABOR STATESMEN: The phrase "labor statesman" is a bit of a mouth-filler, and perhaps overworked, to boot. But we don't know of a better term to describe the kind of man we think the United States badly needs today.

We have a crop of labor leaders who are highly competent so far as they go. John L. Lewis seldom fails to get what he starts out after for his coal miners. The Steelworkers Union (C.I.O.) hasn't done at all poorly under Philip Murray, for all Phil's moans and groans to the contrary. The Railway Brotherhoods have succeeded in fastening impressive wage scales and even more impressive featherbedding rules on the carriers.

So it goes; and within reason it's fine. As Henry Ford, Sr., loudly remarked in 1914, workers in a capitalist economy must be in position to buy a lot of the goods they make if the economy itself is to survive.

But there is a limit. That limit is reached when employees or their leaders lose sight of the company's or the industry's over-all productive power and potentialities and set out simply to milk it of every dime they can.

When that happens, we have a few rail unions threatening to tie up the country with a strike unless granted higher wage hikes than those their fellow unions have already accepted as fair. We have Lewis choking the mine operators—and the nation—for higher and higher coal prices regardless of what those prices will do to the general public. And we have many other sinister and dangerous episodes in this same category.

The end of it could be the wrecking of the American system and people; nothing less.

If we are to by-pass such a catastrophe, it seems to us the nation will have to evolve a new kind of labor leader. He would be a man who understood economics as well as he knew how to fight with his mouth at a collective-bargaining table. He would have the courage to educate his followers in the basic facts of industrial and economic life: that it is suicidal for any one group to play the hog; that the only way to get more pie all around is for everybody to produce more and more efficiently, and thereby keep enlarging the pie; and that neither laws, smart labor politicking nor strikes can change or dilute these facts. This new-style labor statesman, too, would be smart enough not to let himself be maneuvered into positions where the hopped-up ambitions of his men forced him to demand bigger pay increases or more benefits than he knew the traffic could safely bear.

On occasion, he would have the superlative courage to say things like this: "Now, boys, I'm sorry; but we've come to a point in this company or this industry where we'll have to agree to a pay cut. If we don't, we'll kill off our own jobs, because the boss(es), in the present market, can't sell enough of the product to pay the wages we've been getting, let alone go for a raise."

There have been and are a few of such labor statesmen in this country. It is surely no coincidence that these few have always had the respect of their followers and those followers' employers, and haven't driven employers to the wall and employees out of jobs by impossible demands. Unless we can develop quite a number of true labor statesmen, and rather swiftly, it looks as if the country is in for a bad if not calamitous time laborwise.

●

. . . JOE MUST BE RADIOACTIVE: Some strange stories come out of Soviet Russia these days; but, if you ask us, the most wonderful one in at least two years last past was the recent yarn in the Moscow Izvestia about Joe Stalin's Black Sea trip in August, 1947, aboard the cruiser Molotov.

To hear Izvestia tell it, a sort of supernatural glow was still clinging to this Red Navy vessel nine months later. The Molotov's sailors were solemnly reported to treasure in their memories every detail of Stalin's stay with them. Those who had stood near to him at any time, or had spoken with the great man, were alleged to "enjoy special sympathy from their comrades, as if there still lies in them a trace of Stalin's attention."

We suppose that if one of them had snitched a lock of Joe Stalin's hair from the ship's barbershop the lad would be a Hero of the Soviet Union by acclamation.

All we can say is that Joe Stalin must be radioactive, to leave an afterglow like that in his wake. Ain't it too bad we don't grow such miracle men in our own benighted country?

●

. . . THESE ARE THE WORST DRIVERS: Looking back over quite a number of years of riding the motor highways of the United States we have two nominations to offer for the title of Most Dangerous Driver.

They are: the snail on wheels, who drives a good deal more slowly than the traffic around him or her; and the road hog who waddles along at a leisurely pace in the fast lane and refuses to move over to the slow lane.

We have no statistics on the subject. Perhaps none can be had. But we think it stands to reason that these two driver types are the most dangerous of all. For one thing, there are so many of them, as a Sunday-afternoon ride on any fairly populous highway will demonstrate. For another, these slowpokes and road hogs infuriate many good drivers, and tempt them to take chances on passing on the right, cutting over momentarily into the opposite-direction lane, or even giving the offending car a nudge with the trusty old front bumper.

Any of those measures of desperation can cause an accident. You can't lay the whole blame for such mishaps on the slow or hoggish driver, but in our opinion he or she rates at least 75 per cent of the blame.

If these birds would just get off the roads and stay off, or let somebody else do the driving while they admire the scenery, we have a hunch that our terrific annual motor-accident totals would take a nose dive.

Any other nominations for Most Dangerous Driver? Pending receipt of powerful proof to the contrary, we think we've got the two champs. As to which of the two is the champ of champs—or the chump of chumps—we haven't yet been able to make up our mind.

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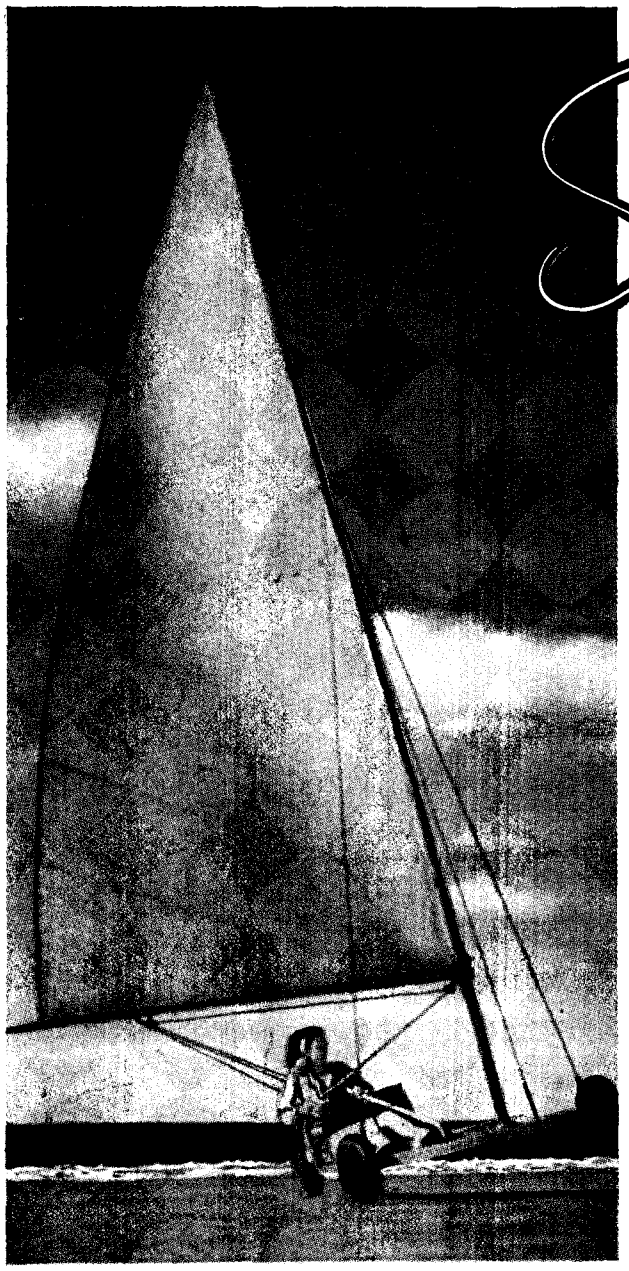
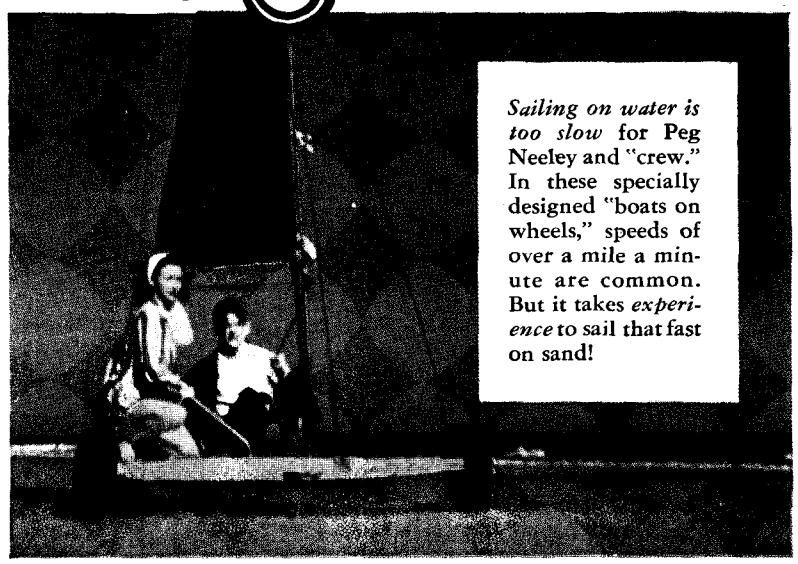
IT TAKES EXPERIENCE TO GO

Sailing on the Sand

Skipper
PEG NEELEY
agrees: "In sand sailing—and in cigarettes too—
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"



On Florida's Daytona Beach, Skipper Peg Neeley "heels over" in a stiff breeze.



Sailing on water is too slow for Peg Neeley and "crew." In these specially designed "boats on wheels," speeds of over a mile a minute are common. But it takes *experience* to sail that fast on sand!

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